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DISINTEGRATION OF EMPIRES.*

THE disintegration of empires is the spectacle of the time now passing. In four notable instances, this process, either of political solution or of actual dismemberment, is going on in our view; and each of these instances recommends itself to notice, as well by the magnitude of the movement, regarded by itself apart, as by the importance of its consequences, affecting other nations far and near.

Political disintegration, or imperial dismemberment, may be of several kinds; but of these varieties, the four following are especially to be noted: 1. It may be a consequence of the slow decay of the vital forces within a political body. In such cases there has been going on for a long

time a corruption of the solids and fluids of the social organization. The "sick man" is a scrofulous subject; and even if ulceration and gangrene are stayed in one limb, disease does not fail to break forth in another; so that the inevitable end is only delayed for a while. This is the case with China. 2. Dismemberment may be the breaking up of a crazy and cumbrous machine, which is sure to ensue if it be attempted to put a too high speed upon its movements, in relation to the age of the framework, and to the quality of the materials, and the manner of the jointings, and the worn condition of the revolving parts, and the loss of steady-pins, and the wear of the cogs. Throughout the machine, in such a case, there is too much back-lash. Things might have gone on well enough at the old rate of going; but

* *The Drift of the War.* By EDWARD BUCK, Esq. Boston. 1861.

the machine will not hold together if it be attempted to turn off as much work as is done by a modern machine, constructed on improved principles, and with better materials. This is the case of Russia. 3. The disintegration of an empire may take place in a manner which may be likened to the blowing up of a machine in consequence of a faulty construction, or an ill-adjusted relationship of its motive functions, which, as they are partly chemical and partly mechanical, as in the instance of the steam-engine, require great care and skill in the engine-room. A dismemberment of *this* kind takes place suddenly; there is an explosion; the enginemen are killed, or torn limb from limb; ruins and wrecks are scattered far and wide; the spaces around are strewn with fragments. This is the case of America. But there is yet another (4) kind of disintegration, which in its nature is auspicious, and which is fruitful of good. It is the maturing of an organization while the vital forces of the body are still in full vigor. It is not decay; it is remote renovation. In this instance we must find our resemblance in what takes place so often under the paternal roof. The parents, while they are in mid-life, or are only approaching the next stage beyond it, call their sons and daughters around them; the sons are robust, well-trained, and full of hope, and thrifty in their habits; the daughters are women-grown, and each is "polished after the similitude of a temple." The parental voice thus utters itself: "We, your parents, have done our best for you; we have taught you all we know; we have endowed you with such wisdom as we have ourselves acquired by painful experience, or with such as we inherited from the founders of the house. You are now well able to make your fortunes for yourselves in the wide world; go, then, and may the blessing of Heaven attend you! This is in the future for the British Empire.

The disintegration of empires, which is our subject at this time, should be distinguished always from a process which may often come to be intermingled with it in fact, and therefore confounded with it in our thoughts—namely, the decline, the decay, or the transmutation of religions, or of national beliefs, or systems of philosophy. These, or any such like, shiftings of sand-banks in the ocean-bed of thought may either accelerate or they may retard

the fate of empires; but they should be set off from the account, when we are intending to consider the more ostensible revolutions and catastrophes of the political world. We do not *forget* that such movements are actually going on; but they stand only incidentally related to our proper subject. Solid bodies sometimes disappear from under the hand and eye of the chemist by a slow process, which he calls *sublimation*. So it is sometimes with forms of religion. Paganism disappeared throughout the Roman world in the fifth century and the sixth, by a process of *sublimation*, not by catastrophe; it *had been* a ponderable and visible body, but it disappeared; and the places that had known it knew it thenceforward no more. At this time Brahminism, with its atrocities and its abominations, and its *caste*, is yielding, not so much to our Christianity as to the import of our civilization, and of our European lights in science, politics, and history. It will be gone, in its time, though not very soon. Buddhism is not defunct; but it has lain in a swoon or trance now for centuries. In its present condition it is to be reckoned as a permanent mood of the Oriental mind, nor is it likely soon to give way to any thing better; for, in fact, this metaphysic infatuation has long ceased to possess any momentum of its own upon which a force from without might take effect. Whether regarded as a philosophy or as a religion, it is a vapor; it is a miasma, which has settled down upon the levels of the Asiatic mind, and it benumbs the human mass wherever it rests.

Mohammedism still possesses every where a virulent vivacity. The body and the limbs show convulsive life; but the body has no head; it has no central consciousness; it has no power of assimilation toward other bodies; it is itself in a less decrepit condition than are the political bodies to which it adheres; the parasite is more alive than the animal on the juices of which it lives. Yet, in this scheme of religious fervor there is coherence enough to make a renewal of its hold upon the Scythian and the Persian races *possible*. Shall this religion ever see an Elijah of its own? Christian missionaries throughout the East might do well to prepare themselves for an encounter with an antagonist that is not to be despised. What shall be said of Romanism? It would be discreet to say nothing, at a

moment when this religion, rich as it is in fascinations, and so well fitted as it is to human nature in the Latin races, is approaching its crisis, whether for its renovation or for its disappearance. The error which is likely to be fallen into on the Protestant side is that of mistaking the jeopardy or the overthrow of the *Paparchy* in Italy for a sign of the decay or disappearance of *Romanism*. The very contrary of this many well be imagined. Only let a Hildebrand at this moment walk forth from Rome barefoot and cowled as a Dominican, and he would be hailed as master of the spirits of a third of the human family!

It is needful that we keep clearly in view what it is we intend by the word *empire*, when we affirm, concerning certain *empires*, that they are now undergoing a process of disintegration. And why is it that *four* only should be named, when in fact the name is ordinarily applied to six or eight existing bodies, and is not yet conventionally applied to one of the four which we have actually so designated? These are states the chiefs of which have come to be called emperors; nevertheless we do not bring such states into our account just now. We know nothing, in these pages, of the Turkish Empire; for it has long ceased to be a potency; it subsists to stop the way only of Russia, southward. Nor do we speak of the Austrian Empire; for it is a political problem more than it is a power. Nor do we reckon the Brazilian empire, although we know it in our markets; for we have little political consciousness of any such existence in the southern hemisphere. But Russia is an empire, as we shall show, although neither Austria nor Prussia is an empire. China is an empire, but not India. Britain is an empire in a sense to which France can not at *this time* pretend; and could not, even if it had become the more powerful state of the two. The States, lately United, of the North-American continent were, and are now struggling to become, an empire, in a sense which, if it were realized, would imperil the liberties* of the world, and which must obstruct the progress of civilization every where.

* We think this writer needs to revise his knowledge of American history. Certainly, he is grandly mistaken, if there is any truth in facts.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

Understood in the sense which we are now assigning to the term, an empire is a state extended beyond the limits of what might seem to be the *natural* limits of a government. By conquest, or by colonization, or by any other means, lawful or lawless, the central power has stretched its arms, east and west, north and south, through many degrees of latitude and longitude. Such an empire will therefore include differences of climate so great as to imply very dissimilar conditions of human life, and dissimilar national habitudes. These diversities of climate, moreover, must include diversities of produce—exchangeable among the constituents of the empire. Such diversities may be of a kind which will become either the grounds of commercial intercourse, and therefore bonds of coherence, or else the sources of commercial rivalries, and the occasions of fiscal anomalies, and the incentives of smuggling and piracy. An empire of this sort—geographically extended beyond any natural limits—must often be contending with the problem of how to bind together races that refuse to amalgamate, and which perhaps regard each other with hatred—centuries old. Such an empire has need of interpreters at its center; and its chief officers may be barbarians one to another. Such an empire is mighty so long as it is thought to be so; but it ceases to be mighty at the moment when the breath of opinion fails to pronounce it to be omnipotent. It lives in peril hourly upon the prestige of its reputation. An empire, in this sense, can have no period of stable equilibrium, for at every moment it must be either in growth or in decay. Accretion or dissolution are its only conditions. It is not so with a *people*, or a *nation*, which passes at a slow pace through the wonted stages of infancy, youth, maturity (and perhaps decrepitude.) A *nation* has a consciousness of itself, and it has a memory of its gone-by times; which consciousness is to it strength, and it may give it a green old age. The vital forces of an extended empire are likely to be in *inverse* proportion to the strength and vitality of its several constituents. So it is that the central administration is liable to be driven toward the dangerous extremes of incertitude, laxity, rigor, and variable tyranny, in its treatment of the nations that are under its sway; and it is always open to the temptation to spend its strength in ambi-

tious inroads upon its neighbors, as the likeliest means of diverting the dangers that are threatening itself from within.

The four empires which we have now named, accord with these definitions in different degrees. Not one of them entirely with all of them; yet each of them answers to the description in its principal articles. This will appear in taking a glance at each in its turn. Each, at this very moment, is reaching a crisis in its fate; and the issue of this crisis must deeply affect the welfare of other nations. But are we now regarding these impending changes in a merely political and secular light; or is it chiefly in a religious light? Mainly in the first; and, as a consequence, or inferentially, in the second. We may take account of the operation of natural causes in bringing about revolutions; and then we may read in these revolutions a DIVINE INTENTION, which again and again, in the lifetime of the human family, has shown a fixed purpose, and which comes in at the moment to forbid the realization of some scheme of boundless ambition. But a providential purpose, the very contrary of this, which stops the way against the enterprises of lawless ambition, may seem to be the intention of a course of events in some other quarter—as, for instance, in the case of China, where what is needed is an opening of the road of national improvement and advancement, by the breaking up of a vast obstructive polity. A superannuated empire does not better suit the present needs of the great polity of nations, than does an over-ambitious empire. The word that is spoken out from on high among all people at this time is this: You must neither obstruct the highway of the world; nor may you drive other men from off it. So it is that the police, in a crowded city, has two lines of duty to keep its eye upon—namely, *first*, to give those a jog who are lounging upon busy thoroughfares; and *then* to restrain those whose selfish energy might overpass due bounds. Each year, at this time, as it passes, is setting the nations forward a step or two on a path of improvement; and while it does so, it imparts a new emphasis to this world-wide regulation, which forbids at once *obstructions* and *encroachments*.—The time is gone by when a three hundred millions of the human race might be allowed quietly to take a new lease for

another five thousand years of stagnant sensuous enjoyment. One might wish to think it could be so, but in the times that are coming it can not be.

The many nations—the Chinese included—that fill the space between the valleys of the Nile and the Irrawadi, must henceforth yield themselves to the mightier influences of the Western nations. They must either submit to be governed, or they must listen to the terms granted to them; or they must in some manner (may we borrow the word) ask for, and use, a Ticket of Leave, signed somewhere in Europe. How is it that it should be so? Let us forget for a moment this our Western world, with its arrogance and its noisy energies. Imagine that the Eastern races are now the sole inhabitants of earth. We ask, then, with amazement, what has become of the human family? Are *these* peoples, indeed, the only survivors of the once mighty nations that constituted the empires of the ancient world? Where are those giants of pride and power that led hosts counted by millions? Where are the kings, and their subject, that left their colossal monuments upon the banks of the Tigris, and the Euphrates, and the Oxus, and the Indus, and the Ganges? Where are the bright stars of those ages—the rulers, the wise men, the poets? Where are the splendors of the ancient Eastern heavens? Is this decay—is this decrepitude—is this feeble and sepulchral aspect of things, or this gew-gaw semblance of royal state—is this the realization of what the human family long ago promised to be, and to do? Lucifer, son of the morning! how, then, art thou fallen! Old things have, indeed, passed away; for the human family has, in these last ages, taken a new start, and is now occupying the earth on new and more strenuous principles. Therefore it is that the residuary peoples of the East must give way, and quietly yield themselves to whatever is involved in those movements that spring out of another order.

On several grounds, such as the industry of the race, and its proficiency in the arts, and its literary culture, the people of China might fairly claim to stand apart from the account which we are taking of the Oriental nations at large. Nevertheless China also may see its destiny foreshadowed in the course of events at the present time. From without, and from

within, China is threatened, not perhaps with dismemberment, yet with disintegration, and this of a peculiar kind.

Foremost among the many marvels of China is that conservative instinct which has availed to hedge in these vast regions through long periods. The marvel, indeed, is this—that a condition which is felt to be indispensable to the maintenance of a national existence—in itself so fragile, should have endured the many shocks and have met the many chances of age after age, even until now. It might have been that a people a few millions strong, advantaged in some peculiar manner by its natural defences, might have done this; yet the people of Palestine have found their only possible means of conservation to consist, not in concentration, but in dispersion. The national seclusion of China has been effectually maintained in behalf of a third or a quarter of the human family, and it has been carried out around a border of eight or ten thousand miles! This could not have been done by the mere vigilance of a central government; but it has been rendered possible by those qualities of the race which find no other exemplification on all the earth. These qualities, physical mainly as they are, and thence become moral and mental also, have, we might say, been congested in the social organization and the political structure of the empire. The paternal doctrine (not the same as the patriarchal of the Western Asiatic races) may be thought of in one way as if it were the *firmest*, as it is the *simplest*, of all social principles. But it may also be thought of as more precarious than any other. In truth, this Paternal Belief, if it be taken as the law, and as the religion, and as the feeling, too, of a great people, might admit of an argument for it, and against it, with a curious interchange of probable reasons. Herein it resembles other instances of what are spoken of as cases of “Unstable Equilibrium”—they are the surest of any, so long as no finger touches them, but the most evanescent of any the moment when they are disturbed. One might think a government *thoroughly* paternal would be a safe structure, if it were attempted within the most narrow limits, but quite impracticable if stretched over vast spaces; and yet the very contrary might be argued on probable grounds; for, in proportion to the vastness of its grasp, will be the imagined en-

ergy and force of a principle which, in fact, can have no force at all beyond that which is factitious. The Paternal Polity might be potent within a region bounded by skirting ranges in our prospect; or if not so, then it may be potent because hundreds of millions of men bow to and respect it. Nevertheless, the perpetuity of a government like that of China can not be conceived of otherwise than as it is guarded against the intrusion of any foreign element. There must be an undisturbed *entireness* where there is so high a rate of simplicity. Small admixtures—in *quantity*—may put in jeopardy the coherence of the mass. And are we, indeed, sure that we wish it to be put in jeopardy in China? Yes, doubtless, we *must* wish this, if only at such a price benefits of a higher order are to be purchased, or are to find any way of entrance there. It must not be supposed that, when those higher benefits are taken into the account, we, or any believers in civilization and in the immortality of man, could desire to rebuild the broken wall of China, and to carry it around its coasts. China *must* now give way, for the mighty shakings of this troubled planet forbid the longer continuance of the China of past ages. Ought we to grieve although it be so? We are forbidden to grieve on this behalf; for the world *must* now move forwards—the nations can no longer stand still, even if they would do so. But yet, if they *might* stand still, and if a choice were to be made among the several *Asiatic* modes of national existence, then we say at once—Let it be national life, according to the Chinese idea of what is good for man. Better accept an easy-tempered, unimaginative, secular *now*, then embrace the horrific unseen, and the future of those Eastern races, whose frontal line is more perpendicular, and whose cerebral mass towers higher. Better live among a people who represent themselves, as the people of China do, lounging in sunny gardens, than with nations whose painting and sculpture is murky, filthy, and demoniacal. Although we may not believe that China is now, or that it has ever been, as bright and as gay as it looks on its vases, and its screens, and tea-cups, nevertheless it must be true of a people whose decorative art always takes to this style of cheerful summer's-day enjoyment, that the gentle amenities of common life stand foremost in its estimate of earthly good. Shall we

vex in thinking of a people—so many as they are—to whom so much of daily good has been given, age after age? Higher destinies have, indeed, been worked out among the Western nations, but not anywhere has a larger sum of the every-day weal of human existence been granted from above.

If at this time the Imperial structure of China were in peril in one manner only—that is to say, in consequence of the rebellion which still ravages its provinces—or if it were in peril only as a consequence of foreign intrusion, many years might yet elapse before any great and obvious change would thence ensue. The rebellion may die out; or it may exhaust itself; or it may be crushed; or, more probably, it may itself become absorbed at the center of government, marking itself only by the substitution of some names and forms for other names and forms. But an extensive rebellion, if it maintains itself along with foreign intrusion (not *invasion*) brings every thing into three-fold or five-fold peril. In truth, if a civil war be a visible danger, which may be averted, a foreign intrusion is a solvent, against which a system like that of China can scarcely protect itself. How shall a mass of elements so inert resist the penetrative force of elements that are pungent, acrid, fiery, and, we might say, are galvanic in their operation. European nations have, in their turn, made conquests in India; but they will not, in like manner, conquer China; they may, however, *transmute it*, and disintegration will thence silently ensue. If we be asked, why should it do so, or how this should take place, and yet no military subjugation be attempted, our answer must be of this sort: This great people reposes upon its conceit of itself. Its serene opinion of itself, is to it, its center of gravity. There would be a mistake in thinking of this Chinese national self-esteem as if it were only a frivolous personal vanity, belonging to three hundred millions of individual men. A man's individual conceit carries with it always much of the ridiculous; but the Chinaman's opinion of the universal Chinaman has about it something almost of the sublime. Vanity may be magnified into the vast—like a flea shown upon a hydro-gas screen of twenty feet diameter—until you take it for a living megatherium. The people's opinion of itself has the force of a physico-moral instinct. All, therefore, is safe, so long as

no mortifying comparisons are driven in upon the popular consciousness. Hitherto, or until the occurrence of recent events (say 1860) nothing attaching to the intercourse of the Chinese people with the "Western Barbarians" had availed seriously to damage the national delusion concerning itself; the international intercourse had only skirted this vast inclosure; and, moreover, there was always much in these commercial transactions that might well be interpreted in a sense flattering to the celestial pretensions. At Canton, barbarian traders were seen to be virtually bowing the knee to the brother of the sun.

But the time of the end at length came on; and a first lesson—the A B C of the various learning which Europe has in store for China—was delivered in thunder and lightning at the gate of Peking. France and England joined hands in knocking this loud knock at the imperial door; and it does not seem likely that the startling noise will soon be forgotten. It can not be forgotten; for other lessons in quick succession are in course of following the first. The important circumstance attending this instance, was the delivery of the thunder-clap so close upon the imperial auditory nerve. The very persons most nearly concerned in the lesson could not fail to hear it. And when *these* heard it, all China heard it in echo. In what manner, then, will this rude assault upon the ancient vanity of this people take effect? We venture to predict, that it will take effect in a mode the *very contrary* of that which might at first seem probable. The Chinaman's national conceit, which shows itself to be quite impenetrable to any ordinary abrasions, is the very quality we should wish to find in those—whether individuals or nations—that may best be wrought upon for purposes of extensive improvement. If once the glossy, glittering surface of conceit gives way, and is fairly shattered, then does the substance underneath yield itself to the molding hand. It is China, it is not India, that will take the lessons which Europe will be ready to teach it. This process of impartation, not only of military science, but also of the applicate sciences and of mechanical appliances, and generally in the elements of civilization, must have its time; but it is certain to go on. The early lessons have already been listened to, and now there can be no stepping

back into obsolete Asiatic illusions. We do not propose to risk any conjecture on the momentous subject of those advancements of a far higher kind which in the end may follow. In truth, such advancements, such Christianizings, when they come in, must arrive on another path, and must take their course under influences of altogether another order.

What we are intending just now, is to point out the natural tendency, as we think, of recent disturbing causes to bring about, sooner or later, some organic changes in the imperial administration. This brings us upon what may seem a contradiction; for while we speak of the impenetration of European science and of European forms of public business, we are supposing that these hopeful indications might entail the disintegration of the political structure. This is a result which, in fact, the fixed habits of the race might very long delay, if it were not that the civil war—the rebellion—is tending to accelerate it. We have already spoken of China personified as the “sick man,” and have pronounced him to be dangerously out of health; in fact, that process which is welcomed by surgeons as “curative inflammation,” does not ensue when extensive injuries have endangered the national life. The vast body of China is so far wanting in national nervous consciousness—the national pulse is so tremulous and so languid, that limbs might be severed, and the “man” barely know what it was that had happened to him. China is deficient in that of which the ancient republics of Greece in one manner, and of Rome in another, and the Italian States in another, were over full. China might rub on well enough, as heretofore, if it were let alone; but not if brought into active comparison with the energies, the individual vigor, the individual sense of duty, and the loftier motives which are the characteristics of European public life. Whether it be the official persons of France, or those of England, or even those of Russia or of America, whom the official persons of the Chinese Government will come to know, and are now coming to know, it will be apparent to them that China, in all its vastness, is quite wanting in certain qualities for which they have no well understood designation, but for which they will instinctively feel there is an indispensable necessity. Already this vague consciousness of a want, which the national

fund is not likely to furnish, is leading their official persons to look for it elsewhere. Military instruction will be had from Russia, maritime instruction from America; what sort of instruction from France, must be determined greatly by the continuance, or the interruption of amity between France and England. But from England, whence hitherto China has not received the instruction which it could best give, China may probably come to receive some sort of consciousness of what *most of all it lacks*, and which it is the least likely to find any where else, either at home or in other countries—namely, that firm sense of public duty which gives coherence to our own political life.

It must not be imagined that we are reckoning upon any such probability as this, that England, in future, will be sending first-class statesmen to Peking. This need not be supposed, nor will it be so, in fact; but whereas, hitherto, China has seen at Canton few but tea-dealers and commercial men—very worthy gentlemen often—and such also at Shanghai and elsewhere on her coasts, she is likely in future to see England's men of wholly another class, not only at Peking, but, to and fro, as travelers in all the land. Take now the *average man* in the naval or military service of England, or in the consular service; he is probably a gentleman born; and if so, the astute Chinaman, with his quick perceptions, will come to know that there is a something in such a man which is new to him, and which he fails to comprehend. Between the two men there is the vast interval resulting from that patriotic consciousness on the one side, of which, on the other side, scarcely a trace is discoverable. Nevertheless, it is the want of *this quality*, whatever we may call it, which renders the administrative forces of the Chinese Empire inefficient for its purposes. Otherwise, why should not the rebellion have been crushed long ago! Evidence is wanting which might prove it to be an intelligible quarrel, or a violent remedy for some ancient grievance. The aspect of the Taeping rebellion is that of devastating ruin; it is a plague which empties populous and fertile provinces; it is an un-mixed mischief and misery. If only there were life at the heart and life in the limbs of the empire, it might clear itself of these disorders. The rebellion is the malady of a diseased subject; the powers

of life which should throw it out of the system are wanting; so it lingers in the constitution, and breaks out anew here and there.

We do not forget that a very different opinion of the merits of the Taeping rebellion has been professed, and is still maintained, in England and abroad. The facts stated by Colonel W. H. Sykes, and by those residents in China to whose evidence he appeals, wear an aspect highly favorable to the leaders of this now extensive revolt. To adjudge between the parties in this case is far from being our purpose; nor, in truth, could we think ourselves qualified to attempt such a task. Statements in the most peremptory style are even now advanced on both sides; and it could only be after a hearing of all parties, and on the testimony of some whose evidence does not find a place in Parliamentary "Blue-books," that a competent opinion could be arrived at. The actual testimony which bears upon the question betrays the influence of trading interests, as well as of prejudices.* Among these, the powerful opium trade is conspicuous. Military prejudices also come in. Civil service and official prejudices say their say. Nor must it be denied, that the impressions and the feelings of missionaries get an undue hearing with the religious public. In reference to the purport of this article, all that need be said is this, that if statements disparaging to the Taeping chiefs are admitted, then we shall have before us a miserable confusion; for on the part of the rebels so called, there is lawlessness and violence, in no way redeemed by better qualities; and, on the part of the Tartar Government, there is a corresponding inefficiency and helplessness. On this supposition, the breaking up of the empire, or a political dissolution, seems inevitable. But if, on the contrary, there is mind and purpose among the Taeping chiefs, and if, as is affirmed, the rebellion has actually possessed itself of nearly a fourth part of China, including the most productive districts and many millions of the population, then it would follow as an almost inevitable consequence, that the empire will, in the course of events, be rent in twain, or perhaps split into many

fragments. In that case, European interference would not be slow to act in its customary mode; and so it would be, that the gigantic carcass would be torn in the scuffle between Russia, England, France, America, and perhaps others. Henceforward, in any case, the affairs of China must be managed, not on obsolete Oriental principles, but on the intelligible ground of European politics. Ancient fictions in government must give place to realities, commercial and political.

Even now, there are what might appear unimportant items of civilization let in upon the upper classes at Peking, and elsewhere, which will surprisingly take effect upon this shrewd and highly imitative people. We would not risk conjectures upon this speculative ground, and therefore refrain. There is, however, one element of European progress which is sure, in its time, to reach Peking. If others do not attempt it, Russia will carry it thither; and so Europe will be seen to be coming in upon China—railway foremost. We might challenge capitalists to make sure of their shares in the future "St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Peking Great North-Eastern!" When this destined line runs weekly, what will have become of the Celestial Empire? It will not have been conquered in a military sense, nor yet dismembered or parcelled out among European disputants; but it will have passed away among other gigantic things of remote times. "How so?" the traveler may ask; for he will still find, as before, a dense population, in costume as heretofore, in its modes of industry the same as ever, in speech, and in etiquette, and in its decorations the same; but China, in its administrative order, and in its military array, and in its business doings, and in those adjustments—partly political, partly mercantile—which connect it with other countries, China will have submitted to extensive modifications. The Celestial Empire will have been puffed from off its seat by the railway engine.

Come wherever it comes, the railway is fatal to illusions. Not only does it carry every where recent information, and effect an interchange of minds and the breaking up of prejudices, and the riddance of incommodious local usages, but it brings with it, in its own style of irresistible force, commercial influence; shareholders' votes come in—merchants' proposals come in. The railway takes effect

* We refer here to the pamphlet by Col. W. H. Sykes, F.R.S., M.P., entitled, *The Taeping Rebellion in China; its Origin, Progress, and Present Condition*. In a series of letters addressed to the *Aberdeen Free Press* and the *London Daily News*.

in transferring power from old centers of power to the Stock Exchange and the Bourse. Shall not this be seen when Russia, with her own line across Siberia to the banks of the Amoor, shall be bidding for the carrying of Manchester goods, Birmingham wares, and Sheffield cutlery, to Peking, and to the banks of the Yellow River. China, joining hands with Europe, *through Russia*, will become a business-doing country on a far greater scale than heretofore; and when *this* revolution has had place, whether or not a political revolution may supervene, it will be no longer possible to administer the affairs of the empire on the dreamy basis of the paternal doctrine. At present, the Father of the State is wont to impute blame to himself—sinful man as he is—when calamities afflict his children in any province. He will be too wise to practice any such Oriental candor when these his children shall have come, in European style, to impute blame to the paternal government, or to its agents, whenever they think themselves aggrieved, and shall say, "You must learn to manage our interests in a better manner."

As to that effective disintegration which European interference involves, it is already in operation, and it is likely to advance at an accelerated pace. While we write, it is announced (or affirmed) that Russia has made a territorial bargain with the Peking Government, on undertaking to put down the Taiping rebellion. At the same time France engages to drill and discipline Chinese recruits or conscripts. England is furnishing to order officers for the navy, as well as accomplished accountants and heads of mercantile establishments. To the Chinaman it will be left to use the hoe, to steer junks, to arrange matters of etiquette, and to fill subordinate positions. In a word, China will be China still; but the representatives of European civilization will be always at its elbow, doing, advising, directing all those matters, whether of the central civil government, or of military command, or of direction in commerce, in the management of which mandarins, higher and lower, are now coming to feel that the barbarians can do the work better than themselves. The disintegration of China—we do not include the supposition of actual *dismemberment* by the Taipings or by foreign aggression—is in its course to be effected by the absorption into its sub-

stance of the manifold energies of Western civilization. Heretofore these strenuous foreign forces have wrought upon the extremities of China only, and as from without. They are now working upon it, not merely from within, but as from their new place of lodgment, at its very center.

Against the risks of either dismemberment or disintegration, both of which now threaten her, Russia is putting forth her utmost strength, and all her skill; and she may be able to hold her own yet for a long while to come, by the brute force of her armies. Russia may at length break the strength of the Caucasian tribes on the one hand, while, on the other hand, Poland in vain renews its struggle for national existence. Eastward, as we have already said, the Siberian wilds afford what has already proved itself to be an unobstructed pathway, *first*, to a spacious and very promising territory, which gives her the command of the Eastern Ocean; and, *next*, to China and its markets. Thus it is that Russia, although beaten off from the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, and forbidden to indulge the golden dream of Constantinople, is circumventing Western Europe, while stretching out a long arm to China, and to the far East, through China. It may be seen that this way round is, in fact, to Russia, *the nearest way* from the Baltic to the remotest East. It might seem, then, that there can be little room for entertaining a question concerning the probable disintegration of Russia. Nor would any such course of events, a few years ago, have been thought of as on any ground likely to occur. But ought this probability to be rejected at this moment? It must not be affirmed that the elements of social and political disorder were not existing, or were not in movement beneath the surface, at the moment of the death of the Emperor Nicholas; nevertheless, these disturbing forces were not then in *action*; and if his successor had inherited, with the iron rod of office, the iron will and the ruthless hand of that autocrat, the threatening danger, both from within and without, might have been warded off for years to come. A double peril has now ensued, from the granting of imperfect political existence to the less numerous classes, and of release to millions of bondsmen; and also, from the denial of

national existence to a people long grievously wronged.

During the same lapse of time, which may be reckoned roundly at three hundred and sixty or three hundred and seventy years, courses of events have had place in Russia and England tending in precisely contrary directions; or if the year 1688 were assumed on our side, and a year later on the other side of Russia (the year in which Peter became autocrat) that point of time would mark the culmination of both those movements in events that have been determinative of what was to follow, and that were characteristic also of what had been long in preparation on both sides. Here, on our side of the European commonwealth, there had been in process of growth the middle-class force, and with it the gradual development of civil, political, and religious liberty. What England is *now*, as a free country, dates itself back to the times of the first of the Tudors for its commencement. In Russia, from about the same date, those good things which we most highly value, and which then were in a condition of probable expansion and endurance in Russia, have been slowly disappearing, or going into decay or desuetude. At the moment of the Czar Peter's accession, and just when our English liberties had come to be fixed upon a rock, the entire fabric of Russian political liberty went down, to rise no more; unless now, peradventure, it may be coming up to-day. But shall it be so? or otherwise to frame a question—are those things—we do not mean the *semblance*, but the reality of them—which we here so highly value—are they of a nature that can be bestowed, in lump, by imperial benevolence? During these three centuries and more, the people of England have not merely fought for, and struggled to obtain, the good things of our political and social existence, but, in so struggling to get them, we have come into a condition to know distinctly what they are—to enjoy them—and to improve them; the long conflict has been itself our schooling

in the art and mystery of political existence. If we had not so *striven*, not only should we not have *obtained*, but we should not have been qualified to enjoy and to use these inestimable benefits. What we thus possess and enjoy at this time, could not, *in the nature of things*, have been poured out of the lap of a benign autocrat, for our benefit and comfort.

We need not call in question the benevolence or the good intentions of Alexander II., at least his intentions toward his Slavonian subjects. The questionable points are the nature of the bestowment, and the preparedness of the recipients. To return for a moment to our comparison of instances; the slow acquisition of political life among ourselves has served to consolidate in an admirable manner the constitutional structure. Every expansion of the constitutional mass has given it so much the more solidity, and has served to fix the equilibrium of the whole. But can it be affirmed that the benign autocrat, who is now reversing the acts of the stern autocrat of 1689, is setting Russia upon a basis of granite? Is it not rather upon the flanks of an Etna? Peter, mighty and rude, and practical in his mode of thinking, labored to bring in upon his Russia the benefits of the *material* civilization of Western Europe; but he had no wish whatever to import, along with these solid advantages, the soul, and the mind, and heart of Western Europe—certainly not the free heart of England. The present autocrat, fully possessed as he is of those things which his sturdy predecessor so much coveted, and in great measure obtained, for his people, desires to import, and to *grant* to them, an extemporized political existence. This gracious bestowment might indeed realize itself in Russia, if a season of the most perfect repose were to be lengthened out through the years of a reign which ought to be so long, that a preparation demanding centuries might perhaps be compressed within the limits of a life.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From the London Quarterly.

G R E E C E A N D T H E G R E E K S .

ON the morning of the 6th of February, 1833, King Otho, then a youth of seventeen, landed at Nauplia from the English frigate which had conveyed him to the shores of his new kingdom. A fleet of twenty-five ships of war and forty-eight transports, at anchor in the bay, attested how important was the occasion in the view of the great powers of Europe. Every thing conspired to give brilliancy to the scene. The sun was warm, and the air balmy with the breath of spring; while a light breeze wafted freshness from the sea, where boats, filled with people in holiday attire, were gliding amidst the gaily decorated frigates of the allied squadrons. The landscape was beautiful; and it recalled memories of a glorious past. Three thousand five hundred Bavarian soldiers had landed before the king, and were in position to receive him as he stepped on shore. The numerous mounted officers, the prancing horses and splendid plumes, the music of the bands, and the decorations, crosses, and ornaments of the new comers, produced a powerful impression upon the minds of the Greeks, accustomed to the sight of a wasted and poverty-stricken country. Anarchy and order shook hands. Greeks and Albanians, mountaineers and islanders, soldiers, sailors, and peasants, welcomed the young monarch as their deliverer from a state of society more intolerable even than Turkish tyranny. It is true that the residence provided for royalty was none of the best. The king's German attendants had a house allotted to them which could not afford shelter from the rain or from the north wind. Not half-a-dozen oxen, scarcely a hen or an egg, were to be found in the whole of Greece. Every thing had come to the worst. Even the members of the government and the high officials, who had been devouring the resources of the country, hailed the king's arrival with pleasure; for they felt that they could no longer extort any profit from the starving population. Enthusiasts, who recalled

the poetic glories of the Greece of Homer, and the historic greatness of the Greece of Thucydides, might be pardoned if they then indulged a hope that a third Greece was emerging into life, a new Christian kingdom incorporated in the international system of Europe, which would unite the developments of modern progress with the splendors of ancient renown.

The anticipations then formed might have been fulfilled, notwithstanding the limited capacity of the young king, if only he had been surrounded by advisers capable of forgetting themselves, and of directing with wisdom and energy the affairs of the new state. But every thing went wrong from the first; and after twenty-nine years of splendid misery, the king and queen have been driven, with the unanimous consent of all classes of Greeks, from the throne and court of Athens. It may be urged in behalf of Otho, that since his accession the population of the kingdom has more than doubled; that Athens, which was then a collection of a few miserable huts, is now an increasing city of fifty thousand inhabitants; that a university and schools, and recently a steam-packet company, have been established; and that Greece has been gradually becoming of increased consequence in the estimation of civilized states. But these facts are altogether insufficient to turn the tide of European opinion. The Greek kingdom has not answered the expectations which had been reasonably formed with regard to it. How far this may have been the fault of the king, how far it is the fault of the people, or how far it may be ascribed to the force of circumstances, are questions which can be answered only by referring to the past history and present condition of the country.

It is only within the last half century that the modern Greek has attracted the attention of civilized Europe. Fifty years ago he was as little known to Englishmen as the Montenegrin or the Circassian is now. For four hundred years, a combi-

nation of prudence and courage, of toleration and cruelty, had enabled two or three millions of Mussulmans to retain three times their number of Christians in subjection; and no Christian government, except that of Russia, considered itself entitled to interfere with the manner in which the sultan treated his subjects of the Greek Church. The sultan would have considered himself as much entitled to suggest measures for the government of the Mohammedans in India, as the king of England to advise any changes in the government of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Very little was known in England concerning the condition of the modern Greeks; and the testimony of the few travelers who had visited their country was singularly discordant. The character of the Greek race was in the mean time silently and steadily undergoing a process of change. The corruption and servility which had retained it in a degraded condition from the time of its conquest by the Romans, had been expiated by ages of suffering under the Ottoman yoke. The want of laws, of a judicial constitution, and fixed forms of legal procedure, rendered the Turkish administration of justice arbitrary, occasioned flagrant acts of wrong, and retained society in a state of barbarism; whereas, among the Greeks, individual virtue had been developed, and individual improvement accelerated and extended, so as to lead to an increase of moral energy, a desire for action, and a longing for national and political existence. The progress of education was also a herald of liberty. Several individuals endowed schools, and sought to raise their countrymen from the degradation into which they had sunk.

These improvements, it is true, were only upon a very limited scale; but they were sufficient to render the Ottoman misrule more and more insupportable. At the same time, the progress of events in other parts of the world afforded the Greeks opportunities of acquiring knowledge and experience. English liberty and American independence had struck chords that vibrated wherever civilized men dwelt. The chief impetus, however, was given by the events of the French Revolution. We do not believe, with M. Thiers, that it was the crowing of the Gallic cock which first discovered to Europe the dawn of liberty; it did succeed, however, in fixing the attention of man-

kind on Paris, and in stimulating to the uttermost political ideas. It became every where the fashion for the discontented subjects of established governments to imitate the French. The Greeks were excited more openly to urge their nationality as a reason for throwing off the Ottoman yoke, when they found similar doctrines supported by large armies and glorious victories in other lands. The influence of the clubs of Paris was peculiarly calculated to produce a powerful impression on the minds of the Greeks; for it seemed to prove that great results might be effected by small assemblies, and that words, in which Greece has always been rich, might be made to do the work of swords. They began to form literary clubs and secret societies. The Philomuse Society was founded at Athens in 1812; and the Hetairia was founded at Odessa in 1814. The latter was established expressly to accelerate and direct a revolution in Greece, and to teach the Greeks to expect immediate assistance from Russia for the overthrow of Turkey. It was composed of bankrupt merchants, intriguing adventurers, and fanatical churchmen; it extended its organization throughout Greece, to Constantinople, and the Russian ports of the Black Sea; it alarmed, year by year, the Turkish administration. But neither the Hetairia, nor any other of the secret societies, ever effected much toward the establishment of Greek independence. They were hotbeds of internal intrigue, and sources of serious calamity to the nation.

Still less was the national cause indebted to the Klephts, or brigand chiefs, whom some writers have elevated into heroes. A life of independence, even when stained with crime, has always been found to throw a spell over the minds of oppressed nations; and we can not wonder that the hatred to the Turk, which these robber-bands ostentatiously professed, should secure for them not only tolerance but popularity during the early struggles of the Greek nation. But the patriot brigands of Greece are a mere creation of poetry, or of the opera. The Klephts were ignoble thieves, infamously sordid, whose cowardice would not allow them to attack unless they were three or four to one, and who compelled the poor people to maintain them at free quarters in idleness and luxury; just as truly heroes, in fact, as the garotters in the streets of London, or as

the bandits who are at this moment flourishing under the protection of Pio Nono.

We shall not attempt the impracticable task of relating, within the narrow limits of a passing article, the tedious history of that twelve years' struggle which ended in the recognized independence of Greece under a constitutional monarchy, but must content ourselves with referring our readers to the carefully-prepared volumes of Dr. Finlay. The author possesses the advantages of a long residence in the country, a perfect familiarity with its language, and a personal share in the events which he undertakes to describe. He was a volunteer in the staff of General Gordon, and was in intercourse with the most noted English Philhellenists of that day. His *History of Greece under Foreign Domination* has secured for him in this country an unquestioned position in the department of literature to which he has devoted himself; and the gratitude of the Greeks has been evinced by the title which they have conferred upon him, of "Knight Gold Cross of the Order of the Redeemer." To say that Dr. Finlay has produced a highly interesting book would be to ascribe to him a miracle. No amount of literary skill could make the Greek Revolution attractive. In the whole long struggle the nation did not produce a single man of eminence. Dr. Finlay is aware of this disadvantage; and his language, written before the recent outbreak in the United States, suggests a parallel which can scarcely pass unnoticed:

"From some circumstance which hardly admits of explanation, and which we must therefore reverentially refer to the will of God, the Greek Revolution produced no man of real greatness, no statesman of unblemished honor, no general of commanding talent. Fortunately, the people derived from the framework of their existing usages the means of continuing their desperate struggle for independence, in spite of the incapacity and dishonesty of the civil and military leaders who directed the central government. The true glory of the Greek Revolution lies in the indomitable energy and unwearied perseverance of the mass of the people. But perseverance, unfortunately, like most popular virtues, supplies historians only with commonplace details, while readers expect the annals of revolutions to be filled with pathetic incidents, surprising events, and heroic exploits."—Vol. i., p. 283.

Of great events there is almost as trying a scarcity as of great men. The siege of Missolonghi was a glorious piece of resist-

ance, rivalling the siege of Plataea, as our historian remarks, in the energy and constancy of the besieged; the siege of Athens has its points of professional interest; the battle of Navarino effected the destruction of the Turkish navy, but politically it was stigmatized by George IV., in his speech at the opening of Parliament as "an untoward event."

It was in the spring of 1821 that the first insurrectional movements took place. Three Turkish couriers were waylaid and murdered by the Greeks. The next day eight tax-collectors were murdered, and a day or two afterwards a band of three hundred Greek volunteers attacked and defeated a marching party of sixty Turkish soldiers. These trifling events were the torch that kindled the flame of war; and so intense was the passion with which the Greeks threw themselves into the work, that in three months they had rendered themselves masters of the whole of Greece south of Thermopylæ and Actium, with the exception of the fortresses, and these were all blockaded. Had there been any man equal to the occasion, they would probably have succeeded in expelling the Turks from Greece before the end of the year; for the fortresses were inadequately supplied both with ammunition and provisions. It proved far otherwise. The nation, moved by a sudden and unanimous impulse, rushed to the contest with wonderful impetuosity. But selfishness, jealousy, and discord soon revealed themselves; scores of merchant vessels were hastily extemporized into a navy, but there was no commander—the sailors and officers were more intent upon enriching themselves than upon defending their country—and the fleet, instead of being ruled by authority, was managed on the principle of universal suffrage. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, the Greek cause rose in importance. At first it was merely a struggle of the Porte—so Turkey represented—with a few rebellious rayahs; but before the close of 1822 the independence of Greece was boldly asserted, and the war became a contest of an oppressed people against a powerful monarch. The strength of the one cause lay in the hearts of the people; the strength of the other lay in the energy of the sovereign.

Sultan Mahmoud II., the last of the royal race of Othman, had been thirteen years upon the throne at the time of the outbreak of the Greek Rebellion. At that

time the Ottoman empire appeared to be upon the verge of dissolution. The spasms of the "sick man" were already even more death-like than when Nicholas of Russia, thirty years afterwards, suggested the partition of his estate. The tyranny of the empire had awakened universal discontent, and its weakness incited to open rebellion. Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, were virtually independent. Ali Pasha of Albania had established a successful revolt, and was treated as an independent sovereign both by France and England. Even the Arabs and Egyptians showed a disposition to shake off the sultan's authority. At Constantinople, the janissaries were not more loyal than the chieftains of the distant provinces, and the *Ulema* had converted the administration of justice into an organization for the sale of injustice. Universal discontent rendered the Mussulmans quite as rebellious as the Christians. Statesmen pointed to this uneasiness and anarchy as a proof that the downfall of the empire was inevitable, while omens and prophecies were cited by the people to prove that the House of Othman was doomed to a speedy end. To this frail and shattered fabric the revolt of the Greek provinces was another terrific blow; nor could the Turkish empire have been saved from destruction, had it not been for the matchless strength and invincible energy of a single hand.

The calm and melancholy look of Mahmoud gave no adequate indication of that fearless energy, undaunted courage, and inexorable will, which, braving the perils that had proved fatal to so many of his race, could subdue them all—could stamp, by his single hand, a different impress upon the institutions of a vast empire—and could, for a generation at the least, arrest its apparently inevitable fall. Ferocity was not natural to Mahmoud; but he had recourse to unflinching rigor upon principle, and death was for many years the lightest penalty he inflicted. Few travelers entered his court of the *serai* without seeing a head or a pile of ears and noses exposed in the niches of the gate. Dead bodies hanging from shop-fronts, or stretched across the pathway of a narrow street, were sights of daily occurrence, and proved that the sultan was indifferent to human suffering and regardless of human life. When the Revolution broke out in his Greek provinces, he endeavored to paralyze its movements

by sheer cruelty; and was so far successful that he turned the tide of the Greeks' early successes, and would have reduced them to subjection, had they not received assistance from the Christian powers. This war was one of extermination on both sides. The Greeks rivalled the Turks in cruelty, and exceeded them in perfidy. They murdered in cold blood the Mussulmans inhabiting Greece—men, women, and children were indiscriminately put to the sword, even after they had surrendered themselves on receiving the most solemn pledges of safety—no promises could bind these Greeks, no motives of humanity soften them—prisoners were taken on board ship, and tortured with inconceivable refinements of barbarity—Turkish mothers, wounded with musket-balls and saber-cuts, rushing into the sea to escape, were deliberately shot, and their infants dashed against the rocks, till the dead bodies washed ashore, or piled upon the beach, threatened to cause a pestilence. Dr. Finlay himself passed a spot where lay the bleaching bones of two thousand Turks, of both sexes and all ages, who had been decoyed by the Greeks into a ravine, and every one of them murdered; and with all his attachment to the Greek cause, he is constrained to acknowledge that the lapse of thirty centuries has not made the Greek race better, but "a good deal worse," than in the half-savage times of the Iliad. At the same time we fully admit the force of his exculpatory suggestion that "the fury of slaves who rend their bonds, and the fanaticism of religious hatred, have in all ages hurried men to the perpetration of execrable cruelties."

In three months after the commencement of the Revolution, a committee of oligarchs was appointed; in seven months the people, dissatisfied, demanded that a national assembly should be called. Orthodoxy was as potent an influence as patriotism. The Greek peasants served without pay, on the understanding that the money which could be raised or borrowed was to be expended in a regular fleet and in procuring artillery. Various actions of more or less importance, by land or sea, inclined the balance of fortune more and more to the side of the Greeks; and, like the Confederates in America, they were singularly successful in capturing their enemy's ammunition and stores, thus securing for themselves a great ad-

vantage. In January, 1822—less than a year from the first outbreak—a constitution was promulgated, and Alexander Mavrocordatos, a man totally unequal to the position, was elected the first President of the Greek republic. The effect of these successes, and of the cruel measures of repression which the Sultan began to adopt, was to interest the feelings of all liberal men, and all sincere Christians, in favor of the independence of Greece, as the only means of establishing peace in the Levant. On the other hand, the power of Turkey was brought to bear more decisively in the struggle, and a long and tedious history of conflicts commenced which was not brought to a decisive close till the Turkish navy was destroyed by the Allied Fleet in 1827, in the bay of Navarino. During these years, under the new Government, Greece itself was in a state of anarchy. The leaders, both military and political, were selfish, little-minded, and avaricious; and it was not by the men of position and power that the liberation of their country was effected. The Greek Revolution, says our historian justly,

"was emphatically the work of the people. The leaders generally proved unfit for the position they occupied; but the people never wavered in the contest. From the day they took up arms they made the victory of the orthodox Church and the establishment of their national independence the great objects of their existence. . . . A careful study of the Revolution has established the fact, that the perseverance and self-devotion of the peasantry really brought the contest to a successful termination. When the Klephts shrank back, and the *armatoli* were defeated, the peasantry prolonged their resistance, and renewed the struggle after every defeat with indomitable obstinacy."—Vol. i., pp. 178-195.

The issue, however, would have been against them had not other nations come to the rescue. When the independence of Greece was asserted, and a temporary government appointed in 1821, the conflict with Turkey, so far from being ended, had scarcely commenced. So far from being able to maintain their independence, the Greeks, six years later, were utterly exhausted, and the interference of the European powers alone prevented the extermination of the population, or their submission to the Sultan.

To Russia the natural right appertained of protecting the adherents of the

Greek Church. But the Russian autocrat saw clearly enough that Mahmoud's hands were heavy upon his Greek subjects, not because they were Christians, but because they were rebels; and to a democratic revolution he was as hostile as the Sultan himself. Nor could any interference be attempted on the ground of cruelties endured; for it was notorious that the palm of humanity must be conceded to the Turkish rather than to the Greek commanders. When at length, in 1824, the Emperor Alexander proposed terms of reconciliation, they were to the effect that Greece should be divided into three governments, thus destroying its political importance, and that it should be retained in subjection to Turkey in such a manner as always to stand in need of Russian protection. The Greeks saw with astonishment that the Czar, whom they had trusted in as a firm friend, was coolly aiming a death-blow at their national independence; and, virtually abandoned by the orthodox Emperor, they turned for support to England.

In England their cause had already become popular. The British people, accustomed to think and act for themselves, soon learned to separate the crimes which had stained the outbreak from the cause which consecrated the struggle. Toward the end of 1824, the Greek Government sent a communication to Mr. George Canning, then Foreign Secretary, adjuring England to frustrate the schemes of Russia and to defend the independence of Greece. To this Mr. Canning replied, that as Turkey would at present be satisfied with nothing short of unconditional surrender, and as Greece would demand nothing short of absolute independence, in the opinion of the British Government mediation was at that moment impossible; but that, should a favorable juncture occur, the Government would not be indisposed to offer its services. The mere circumstance of the British minister replying to the Greek note was a recognition of the right of the Greeks to secure their independence.

The English people went far beyond the Government. The Lord Mayor of London subscribed a large sum to support the Greeks. Lord Byron and the Earl of Harrington openly joined them. Lord Cochrane (afterward Earl of Dundonald) undertook the direction of their naval operations, and a large sum was raised wherewith to build a fleet for him at Co-

penhagen; the ships were about half completed when the war was over. William Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett floated pleasantly for a while on the stream of public enthusiasm. English bankers and capitalists supplied the Greeks with money, and were foolish enough to intrust the spending of it to Greek officials. The result was, that Greek loans passed into a proverb. Henry Lytton Bulwer was sent to ascertain what had become of the money, and ascertained that the Greek patriots were not clever at keeping accounts, nor over-scrupulous about appropriating the money to the particular object for which it had been subscribed. The acknowledgment of General Gordon, himself an ardent Philhellenist, who fought bravely in their cause, that the Greek executives were no better than public robbers, has been pretty well borne out by the fact that the subscribers to the first Greek loan have never to this day received either a shilling of interest or a syllable of gratitude. The Greeks appeared to think that they laid the English under an obligation in permitting them to fight for the land of Demosthenes and Plato, and in conceding to them the further privilege of paying the expenses.

Notwithstanding all the assistance rendered by Sir Richard Church and others on shore, and by Lord Cochrane at sea, so vigorous and able were the operations of the Sultan's forces, that Greek prospects grew worse and worse, until in August, 1825, an act was signed by a vast majority of the deputies, clergy, and military and naval officers, placing Greece under the protection of the British Government. The provinces of Epirus and Thessaly had been brought thoroughly under the Sultan. Early in 1826 Sir Stratford Canning was sent to Constantinople, charged with the delicate mission of inducing the Sultan to abandon the war; and the Duke of Wellington was sent to St. Petersburg to obtain an acknowledgment from the Czar of the right of the Greeks to secure their independence. Matters dragged slowly along, and Greece was being utterly wasted; at length a convention was signed, which opened the way for formal mediation on the part of England and Russia in the beginning of 1827. This mediation was rejected by the Sultan. France now joined the two mediating powers, and an armed intervention was proposed. France had just been engaging in a dispute

with the Dey of Algiers, which ended in the conquest of that Turkish dependency. The fleets of the three powers united, and on the twentieth of October, 1827, found the Turkish fleet, amounting to eighty-two sail of all sizes, at anchor in the bay of Navarino. The allied fleet consisted of eleven English, seven French, and eight Russians; but their proportion of line-of-battle ships was to the Turkish as three to one. The Turkish fleet was completely destroyed, and the efforts of Turkey against Greece were virtually brought to a close. The Porte has never recovered its navy since; and England and France in the Crimean struggle have been made to pay dearly for the victory at Navarino. After this action at sea, the French troops undertook to expel the Turkish forces who still occupied the Morea, and thus France gained the honor of completing the work which England had begun.

To eject a hated ruler is often difficult; it is sometimes more difficult still to supply his place. The five years which intervened between the expulsion of the Turks from Greece and the arrival of King Otho were years of misrule and misery. John Capodistrias, an able man, of some political experience, but censured as too Russian in his views, was elected President of the Greek State; and a little later, after a reduction of the frontier artfully contrived by Russia, and foolishly acquiesced in by England, Prince Leopold of Saxo-Coburg accepted the offered sovereignty of the diminished kingdom. There was an outbreak of national enthusiasm similar, though not equal, to that which has just occurred in favor of Prince Alfred; but three months after his acceptance of the crown Prince Leopold resigned it. He had not counted the cost, and the machinations of Capodistrias were a terror to him. Capodistrias resumed the presidency, but was assassinated shortly afterward; and thenceforth for two years the state of Greece may be summed up in one word—anarchy. At length the Sultan, in July, 1832, was prevailed upon formally to recognize Greece as an independent sovereignty, on receiving an indemnity of forty millions of piastres, about half a million sterling. The allied powers guaranteed a loan of sixty millions of francs to furnish supplies to the government of the new King, and pay the Turkish indemnity. They invited Prince Otho, of Bavaria, to become King of Greece, and secured for

the Greek monarch an official admission among the sovereigns of Europe. Thus elected King Otho was hailed by the Greek nation, and landed, as we have seen, amidst the general acclamations of

his new subjects, little dreaming, probably, that it would afterward be his fate to be expelled from his throne without a voice being raised for his recall.

From the Book of Days.

EARTHQUAKES IN ENGLAND.

THE last earthquake of any considerable violence in England occurred on the 8th of February 1750. Such commotions are not so infrequent in our island as many suppose; but it must be admitted that they are generally innocuous or nearly so. Even in that notoriously mobile district about Comrie in Perthshire—where during the winter of 1839-40 they had a hundred and forty earthquakes, being at the rate of about a shock a day at an average—they seldom do much harm. Still, seeing that movements capable of throwing down buildings do at rare intervals take place, it might be well to avoid the raising of public structures, as church towers and obelisks, beyond a moderate elevation. Perhaps it will yet be found that the Victoria Tower at Westminster is liable to some danger from this cause.

According to Mrs. Somerville (*Physical Geography*, ed. 1858) there have been two hundred and fifty-five earthquakes put on record in England, most of them slight and only felt in certain districts. The notices of such events given by our chronicles are generally meager, little to purpose, of no scientific value, and more calculated to raise curiosity than to gratify it. Still, they are better than nothing.

In 1101 all England was terrified "with a horrid spectacle, for all the buildings were lifted up and then again settled as before."* In 1133 many houses were overthrown, and flames issued from rifts in the earth, which defied all attempts to quench them. On the Monday in the week before Easter in 1185, "chanced a

sore earthquake through all the parts of this land, such a one as the like had not been heard of in England, since the beginning of the world; for stones that lay couched fast in the earth were removed out of their places, houses were overthrown, and the great Church of Lincoln rent from the top downwards." (Holinshead.) The next earthquake of any moment, occurred on St. Valentine's Eve, in 1247, and did considerable damage in the metropolis; this was preceded by a curious phenomenon—for three months prior to the shock, the sea ceased to ebb and flow on the English coast, or the flow at least was not perceptible; the earthquake was followed by a season of such foul weather that the spring was a second winter. On the 12th of September, 1275, St. Michael's Church, Glastonbury, was destroyed by an earthquake. John Harding, in his metrical chronicle for 1361, records

"On St. Mary's Day

The great wind and earthquake marvelous,
That greatly gan the people all affraye,
So dreadful was it then, and perilous."

Twenty years afterwards another was experienced, of which Fabyan, while omitting all particulars, says, "The like thereof was never seen in England before that day nor since;" but the very next year (1382) Harding writes:

"The earthquake was, that time I saw,
That castles, walls, towers, and steeples fyll,
Houses, and trees, and crags from the hilt."

This happened on the 21st of May, and was followed three days afterwards by a "watershake," when the ships in the har

* William of Malmesbury.

bors were driven against each other with great violence.

About six o'clock on the evening of the 17th of February, 1571, the earth near Kinaston, Herefordshire, began to open; "and a hill, called Marclay Hill, with a rock under it, made at first a mighty bellying noise, which was heard afar off, and then lifted up itself a great hight and began to travel, carrying along with it the trees that grew upon it, the sheepfolds and flocks of sheep abiding thereon at the same time. In the place from whence it removed, it left a gaping distance forty feet wide, and eighty ells long—the whole field was almost twenty acres. Passing along, it overthrew a chapel standing in the way, removed a yew-tree growing in the churchyard from the west to the east; with the like violence it thrust before it highways, houses, and trees, made tilled ground pasture, and again turned pasture into tillage." (Burton's *General History of Earthquakes*.) Three years later, in the same month, York, Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol, Hereford, and some less important towns, felt the shock of an earthquake, which so alarmed the good people of Norton, who were at evening prayer, that they fled from the chapel, fearing the dead were about to rise from their graves; but this was nothing to the excitement created in London by a similar event which took place on the evening of Easter Wednesday, (April 6th,) 1580. The great clock bell at Westminster struck at the shock, and the bells of the various churches were set jangling; the people rushed out of the theaters in consternation, and the gentlemen of the Temple, leaving their supper, ran out of the hall with their knives in their hands. Part of the Temple Church was cast down, some stones fell from St. Paul's, and two apprentices were killed at Christ Church by the fall of a stone during sermon-time. This earthquake was felt pretty generally throughout the kingdom, and was the cause of much damage in Kent, where many castles and other buildings were injured; and at Dover a portion of a cliff fell, carrying with it part of the castle wall. So alarmed were all classes, that Queen Elizabeth thought it advisable to cause a form of prayer to be used by all householders, with their whole family, every evening before going to bed. About a century after, according to the com-

pilars of chronologies, Lyme Regis was nearly destroyed by an earthquake; but the historian of Dorsetshire makes no allusion to such an event. On the eighth of September, 1692, the merchants were driven from 'Change, and the people from their houses, by a shock, and the streets of London were thronged with a panic-stricken crowd, some swooning, some aghast with wonder and amazement. This earthquake was felt in most of the home counties. Evelyn, writing from Sayes Court to Bishop Tenison, says: "As to our late earthquake here, I do not find it has left any considerable marks, but at Mins, it is said, it has made some demolitions. I happened to be at my brother's, at Wotton, in Surrey, when the shaking was, and at dinner with much company; yet none of us at table were sensible of any motion. But the maid who was then making my bed, and another servant in a garret above her, felt it plainly; and so did my wife's laundrymaid here at Deptford, and generally, wherever they were above in the upper floors, they felt the trembling most sensibly. In London, and particularly in Dover-street, they were greatly affrighted." Although the earthquake did little damage, it sufficed to set afloat sundry speculations as to the approaching end of the world, and frightened the authorities into ordering a strict enforcement of the laws against swearing, drunkenness, and debauchery.

The year 1750 is, however, the year *par excellence* of English earthquakes. It opened with most unseasonable weather, the heat being, according to Walpole, "beyond what was ever known in any other country; and on the eighth of February a pretty smart shock was experienced, followed, exactly a month afterward, by a second and severer one, when the bells of the church clocks struck against the chiming-hammers, dogs howled, and fish jumped high out of the water. The lord of Strawberry Hill, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, draws a lively picture of the effect created by the event, and we can not do better than borrow his narration:

"Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name."

"My text is 'not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go toward lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be

sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain springing up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimnies, and much earthenware. The bells rang in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. The wise say that, if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London; they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord, one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was in the Ridotto, at which, being the following morning, there were but four hundred people. A parson who came into White's the morning after earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said: 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe, if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment!' The excitement grew intense; following the example of Bishops Secker and Sherlock, the clergy showered down sermons and exhortations, and a country quack sold pills 'as good against an earthquake.' A crazy Lifeguardsman predicted a third and more fatal earthquake at the end of four weeks

after the second, and a frantic terror prevailed among all classes as the time drew near. On the evening preceding the fifth of April, the roads out of London were crowded with vehicles, spite of an advertisement in the papers threatening the publication 'of an exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.' 'Earthquake gowns'—warm gowns to wear while sitting out of doors all night—were in great request with women. Many people sat in coaches all night in Hyde Park, passing away the time with the aid of cards and candles; and Walpole asks his correspondent: "What will you think of Lady Catharine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play brag till four o'clock in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?" However, the soldier proved a false prophet, and expiated his folly in the madhouse. On the eighteenth of March, in this year, an earthquake was felt at Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight. In April, Cheshire, Flintshire, and Yorkshire were startled in like manner; this was followed by an earthquake in Dorsetshire in May, by another in Somersetshire in July, and in Lincolnshire in August, the catalogue being completed on the thirtieth of September by an earthquake extending through the counties of Suffolk, Leicester, and Northampton.

The great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, in 1755, agitated the waters of the three kingdoms, and even affected the fish-pond of Peerless Pool, in the City-road, London; but produced no damage. Since then several shocks have been experienced here from time to time, but unattended with any circumstances calling for notice; the last one recorded being a slight earthquake felt in the north-western counties of England on the ninth of November, 1852.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION has often been defined as the offspring of ignorance; and no doubt, in the earlier history of the human race, there is a very close and intimate connection between them. Where there is much ignorance, there will always be much superstition, because many of the phenomena in the material world remain inexplicable, and superstition is neither more nor less than the introduction of the supernatural element to explain that which can not be solved by the known laws of nature. It differs from ignorance, inasmuch as ignorance merely ascribes known effects to wrong causes, with which they may have no connection, direct or indirect; while superstition attributes them to supernatural causes, and creates imaginary beings to explain them. It is not superstition to believe that the sun rises and sets, or to hold, with the Hindoos, that this world of ours rests on the back of an immense tortoise; such a belief may be evidence of great ignorance, and, in the latter case, a proof of the wickedness of the logical faculty, but it is not to be confounded with superstition. The sun seems to rise and set, and to those ignorant of the laws of the physical world it is far more credible that the sun should move than that the earth should revolve around it; and the fanciful idea of the tortoise is merely an attempt at the solution of a felt difficulty by the creation of one still greater. It is a proof of the ignorance, but not of the superstition of those who hold it, for a tortoise is an actual creature, and not a supernatural creation; and granted that the tortoise is sufficiently large, and has found that which Archimedes could not find, there would be no difficulty in admitting that the thing was possible, provided always that we were still ignorant of the Copernican system.

When man, in obedience to the Divine command, began to multiply and to replenish the earth, he must have found himself at first very much in the same condition as Robinson Crusoe on his desert

island. He must have been at a loss to know whether he was the only inhabitant of the earth, or whether it was peopled by other beings, distinct from the animal creation, and closely resembling himself. He must daily have witnessed phenomena which produced as powerful an impression upon his imagination as the sight of the footprints on the sand did on that of the solitary islander. The rustling of the leaves of the forest gave birth to the wood-nymph; the wreath of mist on the mountain, rising aloft in a spiral form, was the spirit of the air; the white vapor rising from the stream was the breath of the river god. Unable to explain what he daily saw, man created imaginary beings to satisfy that thirst of knowledge which is inherent to us all, and cared nothing how much he multiplied them, so long as he could find in them an explanation of what was otherwise inexplicable.

The superstitions of all countries, however diversified they may appear, can be traced to one common origin; and a work of deep interest might be written on this subject. In the earlier ages of the world, no distinction can be drawn between religion and superstition; the mythology of the ancients, in fact, is nothing more than the popular superstitions classified and arranged into a system. Many of these popular superstitions were not rooted out by the introduction of Christianity; they were too deeply imbedded in the human mind to be displaced without a struggle; in many cases they were embodied with existing forms of religion, and stamped their impress upon them. They were transmitted from age to age; they were borne, as it were, on the wings of the wind to the most distant lands; they were incorporated with the popular belief of nations who had nothing else in common; they gave rise to the romances of the middle ages, and are the source of those charming tales which form the delight of our infancy. The history of popular superstitions, traced from their first

origin to the present day, would prove that they are closely connected together, and that the inventive powers of man are far more limited than might at first sight be imagined.

We have neither the time, the talent, nor the learning for such a task; but we shall endeavor to throw out a few hints which may prove useful to those inclined to follow out such an undertaking. While superstition is generally the result of ignorance, it is also sometimes the offspring of a false system of philosophy. The works of all the great writers of the middle ages are more or less tinctured with superstition; so that in reading them we are surprised that so much learning should be accompanied with so much folly. Let any one read a few pages of Marsilio Ficino's *Teologia Platonica*, and he will at once perceive the truth of this remark; yet Ficino was recognized by all his contemporaries as one of the greatest writers of the fifteenth century. His superstition was the necessary result of his system of philosophy. In attempting to reconcile Plato with Aristotle, he had to endow all created things—stars, water, plants, trees, stones, etc.—with a *third essence*, or individual souls. These souls are the vital principle of the universe; it is through them that water produces living things, the earth blossoms, the stars move, the whole system of nature is preserved. This belief was not a mere abstract theory; it had an immediate and powerful influence on the affairs of every-day life, and the language in which this influence was expressed is still used at the present day. We often remark to a hilarious friend, "You seem to be in good spirits to-day," without knowing that we are alluding to the spirits with which Ficino peopled the universe. The idea has died out, but the language in which it was expressed survives. Ficino would have told our hilarious friend that his hilarity was owing to the planet Mars summoning into vigor the martial or good spirits in his soul. Again, he would have told our friend Croaker, who is persuaded that there will be a universal smash in 1867, and is very melancholy in consequence, that his low spirits were produced by Saturn, who has always a very depressing influence. He would have advised him to put on his fingers rings mounted with different stones; the spirits of these stones would resist the influence of Saturn, and act as an antidote

to his habitual melancholy. He would have told him that he changed his rings from day to day according to the state of his mind, and initiated him into all the occult virtues of the agate and the topaz. He would have comforted him by taking the horoscope of the world, and proving to him that it would survive the fatal 1867. In this way Landino took the horoscope of religion, and foretold that it would undergo an important change on the 25th of November, 1484, in consequence of the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. It is rather a singular coincidence that Luther was born on the 25th of November, 1483 or 1484. Such a happy guess would have made the fortune of Zadkiel at the present day.

Nor did Ficino stand alone in these fanciful ideas; they were common to all the great men who lived at that period known as the *Renaissance*. Cardan, the mathematician, tells us in his life that his genius appeared in the shape of a fly buzzing in his ear; a volume of predictions was inspired by a wasp that entered his study; one of these referred to his own death, and he took care to verify it by abstaining from food. Macchiavelli, as a writer, might be supposed to have risen superior to the superstitious feelings of his age, and yet he tells us (*Discorsi*, lib. i. cap. lvi.) "that the air is full of spirits, which from a feeling of compassion to mortals warn them by sinister auguries of the evils which are impending over them." Guicciardini, the historian, who lived at a still later period, candidly expresses his belief that there are spirits of the air which converse familiarly with men; "for," says he, "I have had such experience of them, as appears to me to place the matter beyond all doubt." These strange ideas were the direct result of the Neoplatonic philosophy, the influence of which is perceptible in many expressions still employed, long after the system itself has been exploded.

The belief is still prevalent among the Irish peasantry that sneezing is caused by some one of these aerial spirits attempting to effect an entrance into the body, which can only be prevented by pronouncing a blessing on the person thus affected. This superstition is not indigenous to Ireland; the Messalians in the fourth century believed themselves to be full of demons, which they strove to exorcise by constantly spitting and blow-

ing their noses. Something of the same belief is to be found among the lower classes in Scotland, who imagine that these spirits take an ungenerous advantage of them while asleep, and cause them to awaken in a state of terror. We must all remember the fearful dreams to which childhood is subject; we have woke up at night in a state of unspeakable and undefinable terror, and have been told "to sain ourselves"—that is, to make the sign of the cross, which is supposed to put these midnight visitors to flight. The early reformers in Scotland strove to root out all the weeds of Romanism from the popular mind; but impressions printed on the imagination are not easily destroyed. Many of the rites and festivals of the Romish Church are still partly observed by those who have an utter abhorrence of "the harlotry of Papistry." The rowan-tree has always been possessed of something of a mythical character; in certain parts of the country small crosses formed of the branches are still placed over the doors and windows on the 2d of May, the eve of the invention of the Holy Cross, as a protection against evil spirits, warlocks, and witches. This is often done by those who have no faith in the existence of such beings, from respect for an old and time-hallowed custom. We have assisted in the erection of those bonfires with which the whole country is illuminated on Hallow-even; this custom is clearly of Romish origin, though the peasantry believe it to be in commemoration of a massacre of the Danes similar to that which occurred in England. The reader is referred to Burns for a description of the different superstitious rites which are observed on the same occasion. Many still pull their "castics," and have their fortunes told from broken eggs, who regard these observances merely as a means of amusing the young people. In our younger days, Christmas (old style) was observed for three days; an ample supply of food for man and beast was laid up in store; all labor ceased, and the inhabitants of the district spent the time in feasting and social enjoyment. It was usual to give the horses and cattle an additional feed—a custom which will remind some of our readers of Burns' *Address to his Auld Gray Mare Maggie*. At the wakes it is still customary to place a plateful of salt and a burning candle on the body of the deceased; the salt is supposed to sym-

bolize the immortality of the soul, while the candle, which is allowed to burn out, represents the shortness of human life.

Many of the wells or springs bearing the names of Romish saints are still regarded with a superstitious feeling, against which Presbyterianism has waged war with little success. This war has been carried on for more than two centuries, but deeply-rooted superstitious die hard. The well of St. Fethac, in the Bay of Nigg, near Aberdeen, is still visited by the sick, who have implicit faith in its healing properties; and so early as 1630, we find the following entry (which we give in modern English) in the minutes of the kirk-session in Aberdeen. On the 28th of November: "This said day, Margaret Davidson, spouse to Andrew Adam, was adjudged in a fine of five pounds (Scots?) to be paid to the collector for directing the nurse, with her child, to St. Fiacke's well, and washing the child therein, for recovery of her health, and the said Margaret and her nurse were ordained to acknowledge their offence before the session, and do penance for leaving an offering in the well." Nor was the kirk-session satisfied with this deliverance against poor Margaret; as a warning to others, it was at the same time ordained "by the whole session, in one voice, that whatsoever inhabitant within this burgh be found going to St. Fiacke's well in a superstitious manner, for seeking health to themselves or children, shall be censured in penalty and repentance in such a degree as fornicators are after trial and conviction." The latter part of the sentence amounted to this, that all future visitors to the well would have to take their seats in the kirk on the "cuttie stool," or stool of repentance, in presence of the whole congregation—a species of punishment which we are happy to say has now been done away with. The custom of visiting these sacred wells has become more rare; but those of St. Devenick and St. John, on the banks of the Ythan, in Aberdeenshire, are still supposed by some to retain their healing qualities. Their healing power, like that of the pool of Bethesda, is supposed to be more effectual on one particular day. Till within a recent period, the peasantry used to visit them on the 1st of May, and, after performing their ablutions, dropped votive offerings of small pieces of silver into the

water. These offerings were intended, of course, to propitiate the saints who presided over these wells and gave efficacy to their waters. Whether they actually accepted them or not we can not undertake to say; all that we can vouch for is that they soon disappeared.

The belief in witchcraft has prevailed, more or less, in all countries; in none more so than in Scotland. So early as the thirteenth century we read of Sir Michael Scott; his name is almost as familiar to the peasantry as that of Thomas the Rhymer, whose poetical predictions are still fondly remembered. His renown was so great that Dante has honored him with a place in his *Inferno* as one "who truly knew the art of magical frauds;" and any great work supposed to be beyond the power of man is still ascribed in the south of Scotland to "auld Michael," or the devil. On one occasion he is reported to have been sent as ambassador to the King of France, to remonstrate with him on account of certain acts of piracy of which his subjects had been guilty. In point of economy the Scottish monarch could not have had a better representative; he was such a diplomatist as would have rejoiced Mr. Gladstone's heart at the present day. He required no costly retinue or princely allowance; the devil, in the shape of a black horse, bore him rapidly through the air. On reaching Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, and presented himself before the King, who was not disposed at first to give much heed to the words of such an unceremonious diplomatist. At auld Michael's request, however, he suspended his decision till he had seen his horse stamp thrice. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and set all the bells a-ringing; the second brought down three towers of the royal palace. The King's curiosity was satisfied without witnessing the effects of the third stamp; the ambassador was treated with the highest consideration, and all the grievances complained of were at once redressed. Another anecdote of Michael may be inserted, because it tends to prove the antiquity of a superstition which has not yet altogether died out, and is common to other countries besides Scotland. Artists are ever fond of measuring their own powers with those of their rivals. It was some such feeling as this which led Michael to visit a weird sister known as the Witch of Falsehope.

When complimented on her powers, she modestly denied all knowledge of the black art. In the course of conversation, Michael incautiously laid his wand upon the table, on observing which the witch darted upon it, seized it, and struck him. In a moment he was transformed into a hare, and on issuing from the house was pursued by his own hounds, and pressed so hard that he could only escape by taking refuge in his own "jaw-hole," the name given to the outlet in ancient Scottish houses into which dirty water was "jawed," or poured. We must refer the reader to Scott for an account of Michael's revenge on the witch who had played him such a scurvy trick, while we bring under his notice another anecdote, which proves that this kind of superstition was common to France as well as Scotland. We have all heard of the *wehr-wolf* and the *loup-garou*, the names given in Germany and France to those hags who transformed themselves into wolves in order to gratify their taste for human flesh. Michelet (*La Sorcière*) would have us to believe that in the middle ages the ladies of noble lords, tired of the *ennui* of their feudal state, and anxious to see a little life, sent for the witches among their serfs, and commanded them, under pain of immediate death, to transform them into wolves, that they might roam the forests at night in search of adventures. This metamorphosis of themselves into "minions of the moon" was not without its attendant dangers, and we should advise any lady who at the present day may be tired of the dreary conventionalities of fashionable life, to have recourse to some safer expedient than the wife of a certain lord of Auvergne, who came to grief by resigning her own lovely form for that of a *loup-garou*. Boquet relates that one night a sportsman, in crossing the mountains of Auvergne, came upon a she-wolf, fired at her, and missed her; the shot, however, carried off one of her paws, which he picked up and placed in his game-bag. He did not think of pursuing the wolf, which limped away, and was lost in the darkness of the forest. After this adventure he proceeded to the house of a neighboring gentleman, where he intended to spend the night. The master of the house, after bidding him welcome, expressed a hope that he had had good sport. In reply to this question, he wished to produce the paw which he had picked up in the forest; but what

was his surprise, on opening his game-bag, to find, in place of it, a human hand, with a ring upon one of the fingers, which the host at once recognized to be that of his wife. He rushed to her chamber, and his worst fears were confirmed on finding that she was wounded. It was in vain that she tried to conceal her arm; on examining it, he found that the hand was gone. It was, in truth, her hand which the sportsman had picked up; and when taxed with her guilt, she confessed that she had attacked the hunter under the guise of a wolf, and had escaped, leaving her hand, or rather her paw, to him as a trophy. There was no convenient court of divorce in those days to take cognizance of such a crime; but the husband thought it prudent to get quit of a lady of such eccentric tastes, and denounced her to the authorities, who consigned her to the stake.

Nor was the wolf or the hare the only animal into which the sorcerers and witches transformed themselves, or were transformed by others. In common parlance, at the present day, it is almost as opprobrious to call a woman an old cat as to call her an old witch; in fact, the terms are nearly synonymous, and they may have arisen from the vulgar belief that witches had a certain predilection for the forms of the feline race. Sprenger in his *Malleus*, or hammer for crushing witchcraft, relates that one day three ladies of Strasburgh complained to him that on the same day, and at the same hour, they had all received invisible blows. Sprenger, who had as keen a scent for detecting the presence of witchcraft as any other monkish inquisitor of the fifteenth century, at once pricked up his ears, and inquired if they suspected any one. They could only account for it by supposing that a certain suspicious-looking man had bewitched them, and the suspicious-looking man stood a very bad chance of being burned. When brought before Sprenger, however, he swore by all the saints of the calendar that he knew nothing of these ladies, whom he had never seen before. The grave inquisitor shook his head, eyed him with attention, and thought what a beautiful blaze he would make. It was in vain that he swore, and wept, and appealed to heaven and earth; Sprenger was not to be cheated out of his victim; the man who could inflict invisible blows on three respectable ladies did not deserve to live;

and a little torture might have the effect of bringing him to confess. The thought of the rack quickened the man's inventive powers, or recalled to his memory a circumstance he had previously forgotten. "I remember now," he said, "that at this very hour I did beat" (here Sprenger rubbed his hands with glee; the suspicious-looking man was going to unbosom himself) "no Christian man or woman, but three cats, which rushed at me in a fury, and began to scratch and bite my legs." The case being altered, this altered the case; Sprenger saw through the matter at once; a man was not to be burned because he was ugly, nor were three witches to be saved because they were pretty; three, after all, would make a better blaze than one; the legs of Christians were not to be scratched with impunity, and the devil and his followers would find that he, (Sprenger,) with his *Malleus*, was a little too much for them. Thus the suspicious-looking man got off; the fair sufferers from invisible blows were burned; and Sprenger's *Malleus* became the text-book of all witch-hunters in those witch-hunting days. Sprenger would have delighted the heart of James I., who had a keen nose to discern witchcraft or tobacco-smoke, and inveighed against the one as "the devil's airt," and the other as "the devil's reek."

We remember in our boyish days a poor old creature who lived in a solitary cottage near the confluence of two streams in our native parish. She had been married, and her husband was an uncannily sort of body, who would lie watching whole nights on the banks of the river in the hope of getting a chance shot at an otter. At length he died, and she was left poor and childless. She continued to occupy her solitary hut, and strange reports began to be circulated regarding her. Lights were seen burning in her single window, and strange noises were heard around her house at unseasonable hours; a large hare was seen at times cropping the cabbage-leaves in her small patch of garden-ground. The neighboring farmer had seen the same hare among his cattle; immediately after one of them died, and the cows ceased to give the usual quantity of milk. He had watched this hare, and seen her disappear near old Eppie's house. No doubt it was old Eppie herself. If so, no ordinary shot could reach her; but next time he would try

her with a silver six-pence, the virtue of which the devil himself can not resist; for was it not with a silver sixpence that Ringan Gilhaize shot that emissary of the devil, Claverhouse, at the battle of Killiecrankie, after the bullets had glanced aside from his body like rain-drops, and the contents of Ringan's cartouch pouch were all but exhausted? Did not the silver sixpence bring him down from his black horse and establish William of Orange on the throne of England? And if Bloody Clavers was not proof against the silver sixpence, what effect might it not be expected to produce upon old Eppie when she next assumed the form of a hare? The experiment was at least worth trying; it was an *experimentum in vili corpore*; none would lament her loss, and he himself would be hailed as a public benefactor. So the farmer took down his old gun, known as Queen Anne, because it dated from the reign of that queen, rammed down a double charge of powder, and placed a new silver sixpence on the top of it. Thus prepared, he watched, and waited, and bided his time. At length his patience was rewarded. One morning he saw the hare issuing from the place where his cows were kept. No doubt she had been casting her cantrips over them, and robbing him of his milk. With trembling hands he raised old Queen Anne to his shoulder, took as steady an aim as he could and fired. Queen Anne, not having been discharged for many years, gave a roar which made mountain and glen ring again, and, to borrow his own expressive language, "gaed me sie a deevil o' a kick wi' her doup end that I gaed clean heels o'er head." He soon recovered himself, however, and rushing to the spot occupied by the hare when he fired, found there one or two drops of blood. Throwing aside Queen Anne, he hurried with all his might through the glen, in the hope that he might reach old Eppie's hut before she had time to assume her usual form. He found the door shut, but one vigorous kick broke it open, and there he found the old hag wrapping a piece of rag round one of her fingers, which was bleeding. "Ha! ha! ye auld wutch," he cried, exultingly, "I gaed ye skondrom. I am thinking ye'll no' care for shaking hands wi' Queen Anne again in a hurry."

"It is easy to see, guidman, that you hae been at the bottle this morning," was

Eppie's rejoinder; "and we a' ken that when wine's in wut's out."

"What's the matter wi' your finger, Eppie?"

"Oh! I hae just peeled the skin aff wi' the sneck of the door."

"Ah! dinna ye meddle wi' the sneck of the door again, Eppie, or wi' my kye, or I'll maybe gar ye claw whaur it is no biting."

With these words Eppie and the farmer parted, and for a time nothing remarkable occurred. Old Queen Anne was not to be trifled with. At length, however, new cantrips began to be thrown over his cattle. A valuable bull-calf, the descendant of illustrious sires, died, and his best foal, which he would not have sold for fifty pounds, was found, one morning, floating in the deepest pool of the river opposite Eppie's hut. There could be no doubt that she had bewitched the foal into the stream by black art, and drowned it from pure spite. The farmer took down Queen Anne again from the ledge in the kitchen where she had been quietly reposing since her last appearance in public, and found to his sorrow that her voice would never more be heard on mountain or glen. The overcharge had burst her. No silver sixpence could again be propelled from her mouth. This Scottish Hodge scratched his head, and made semblance to think. A bright idea occurred to him. He would borrow a few of my lord's fiercest dogs from the keeper, and hound old Eppie to death if she ever appeared again about his premises. He at once proceeded to act on this idea. The dogs were obtained, and for several successive mornings he watched from earliest dawn in the hope that the well-known figure might reappear. At last, as before, the hare was seen issuing from the same place, and with many a shout and cry he encouraged the dogs to go at her. The dogs, nothing loth, soon gave tongue, and a most exciting chase ensued. The hare made direct for Eppie's hut, closely pursued by the hounds, and followed at a distance by the farmer. When close to the hut the hare disappeared, and on hurrying up he found the dogs wild with excitement and rage, howling around the entrance of a drain which passed under the house, and striving in vain to force their way into it. He peeped into the drain, but no traces of the hare were to be seen. It was clear that there was some exit under the hut. Eppie

had already reached a place of safety. Perhaps she might not yet have regained her normal appearance; he might still catch her in a state of transition. He hurried to the door, which he opened without difficulty. The cold ashes on the hearth showed that the fire had long ceased to burn. Nothing of Eppie was to be seen in the dim light of the single window. At length a feeble groan attracted him to the box-bed—so called because it is a compromise between a box and a bed. He opened the folding doors, and there was Eppie panting and almost speechless, with large drops of perspiration trickling down her face. He reproached her with her conduct, and swore that the next time she should not escape so easily; but Eppie gave no heed to his words, and seemed unconscious of all that was passing around her. In the course of the day the village doctor happened to call, and on learning the events of the morning, lost no time in visiting the hut, where he found Eppie in the last stage of weakness. She told him that for three days she had been suffering from what she called sweating sickness. Unable to rise from her bed, she had tasted neither meat nor drink. No one had visited her. Hope had almost fled when the doctor called. She was removed at once to the house of a kind Samaritan of her own sex, who did not share in Hodge's superstitious fears, and under her care she recovered. Soon after this she left her solitary hut, and removed to another part of the country; but Hodge still believed himself subject to her baneful influence. One misfortune succeeded another till he lost all, and was obliged to leave his farm. My lord, who, partly from pride, and partly from kindness of heart, never liked to lose an old tenant, offered to let him have it at a reduced rent.

"My lord," said he, thinking of the witch, "I do not think that I could hold it if you gave it to me for nothing."

"You must be a fool," said my lord, haughty and indignant, "or you would know that I do not hold it for nothing myself."

And Hodge *was* a fool, a downright, impracticable, unmanageable blockhead. Every one but himself saw that it was not old Eppie, but his own folly and mismanagement that brought him to ruin.

In the new locality to which Eppie removed lived an elderly man of the name of Peter Baxter. Peter was one of a class

seldom or ever to be met with out of Scotland. He was a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, with a face about a foot and a half long, clothed with an expression of superior wisdom, which impressed every beholder. He was a sort of Scottish Bunsby; all his neighbors swore by him; and yet it was difficult to say how he had acquired this reputation, as the only talent he seemed to possess was *und grand talent pour le silence*, as Madame de Stäel once said of a similar Solon. He seldom spoke, and when he opened his mouth, which, in point of capaciousness, resembled an alligator's, his language was about as unintelligible as the renowned Bunsby's. His words had something of a Delphic character; to be prized, it was not necessary that they should be understood. Like the responses of the oracles of old, or the tenets of certain ancient schools of philosophy, they were supposed to possess a certain mysterious, esoteric sense, which could only be discovered after much cogitation; but which, when once discovered, never failed to impress every one with the unfathomable wisdom of the speaker. Peter's ungainly figure was a phantom of terror to all the poor probationers who "wagged their paws" in the pulpit of the parish church. One young licentiate had broken down altogether beneath the steady stare of that long, cadaverous face, and all dreaded his criticism more than that of the Presbytery. For Peter had as keen a nose for heresy as good old Sprenger had for witchcraft; and the *Malleus* of his criticism was ever ready to crush it. He was profoundly versed in the peculiarities of Arminianism, Calvinism, Erastianism, and all the other *isms* of which the Scottish peasantry have learned to talk so glibly since 1843. If Peter was silent (for he never praised,) the young man might pass muster; but if Peter shook his head and spoke of Arminius and the five points, it was all over with him; he never wagged his paw in our pulpit again. Never did Peter come out so strongly as under the trying circumstances connected with the election of a new minister after the death of the Rev. Mr. McWhey, the previous incumbent. The patron was an old lord of eccentric habits, who, when asked for a leet, gave them one of twenty, and expected no small amusement from this clerical tournament. The mass of the parishioners were delighted with his lordship's liberality, and disposed to listen to the

twenty probationers in succession; but a few, perceiving that much inconvenience was likely to arise from such an extensive leet, summoned a meeting to consider what was to be done. Various opinions were emitted. The people generally were opposed to any curtailment of their Christian liberty, or, in other words, to any reduction of the leet, and much confusion ensued. From the midst of the sea of angry faces Peter's gaunt form emerged like a lofty rock. The audience was at once subdued to silence. For a moment all was still. Peter opened his mouth, but no sound issued from his lips. He had to dive far down into the recesses of his inner being before he could find his voice. At length the voice was found, and the oracular deliverance came forth, slow and solemn. "There are three persons in the Trinity," said Peter, "*and therefore I hold there should be three candidots.*" The logic of this solemn deliverance was irresistible, and it was unanimously agreed that the leet should be reduced to three. The connection between the premises and the inference of this syllogism may not be more evident to the reader than that between the Goodwin sands and Tenterden steeple; but while Peter's logic might be at fault, his conclusion was sound, and the people proceeded to act on it by choosing the best of the three candidates, which is more than can always be said of popular elections in the north.

Now Peter was a sort of *esprit fort* in his way. He never condescended to reason, but he laughed to scorn the superstitious feelings of his less-enlightened neighbors. No one ventured, in his presence, to speak of witches, hobgoblins, bogles, fairies, kelpies, ghosts, or dead lights. He had no more faith in the existence of these supernatural beings than Mrs. Gamp's friend had in that of Mrs. Harris. It so happened, however, that there were certain young fellows in the parish who doubted whether Peter was quite so much of an *esprit fort* as he affected to be; so they resolved to put his skepticism to the test of a somewhat severe ordeal. Having ascertained that he would have to pass one night close to old Eppie's cottage, they got hold of a calf-skin, and stuffed it with straw. To this they attached a rope of considerable length, and when they had completed their preparations, they placed the calf-skin in the center of the road by which Peter had to pass, and, holding the

rope in their hands concealed themselves behind a wall. The moon was out, but her light only appeared at times through the rifts in the dark clouds. At length the storm burst forth:

"The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd;
That night a child might understand
The de'il had business on his hand."

The young fellows were drenched to the skin, and nothing but their intense desire to know the result could have induced them to remain. At length their patience was rewarded. Peter's form was seen to approach, stooping and struggling against the wind and the rain. They waited with bated breath till his foot had almost touched the calf's skin. By a sudden jerk of the rope they made it leap into the air, and fall down a few yards before him. He drew himself up to his full height, and stood for a minute or two considering the situation. What passed through his mind no one knows, for his lips were sealed for ever as to all that happened that night; but after a pause he advanced till he was close to the dark object in the road before him. Again it leaped into the air, and fell down at the same distance as before. It took Peter longer time to decide than at first; but whatever his fears may have been, they did not prevent him from marching up to the cause of his terror, which again described the same saltatory movement. On this, Peter, like Bob Acres, felt his courage oozing out at his elbows; but there was dignity even in his discomfiture. His was no sudden rout, no hurried retreat; he turned slowly round, and without looking over his shoulder, walked back the way he came. The young fellows kept their secret, and Peter kept his; but it was observed from that time that a great change had come over him, which was evident in his bearing towards Eppie, whom he had hitherto treated with a sort of superior indifference, and in the eagerness with which he listened to all the ghost stories with which his neighbors beguiled the tedium of the long winter evenings. Instead of treating these stories as old wives' fables unworthy of the notice of a man of his superior discernment, he showed the keenest relish for them, inquired into their minutest details, and showed a special predilection for the socie-

ty of those who were favored by the appearance of these supernatural visitors. Of course there were not wanting those who, on observing this tendency, were ready to fool him to the top of his bent. Ghost stories were invented for his special delectation, and from being the most skeptical, Peter became the most credulous of all our parishioners. This credulity was also apparent in his bearing toward Eppie, who, he evidently supposed, had some connection with the events of that fearful night. He never passed her cottage after dusk, and he would often make a circuit of half a mile to avoid meeting her on the road. It so happened, however, one day that, on turning a corner near his own house, he met her face to face. Thrown off his guard by this sudden apparition, he held up his hands in terror, and exclaimed, "The Lord preserv 's! here is the witch."

"Call you me a witch, honest man?" said Eppie, indignantly.

"Walk on, woman," said Peter with returning dignity, "and do not insult me on my own territories."

Peter's territory extended to about three acres. If they had been three thousand, he could not have spoken of them with an air of greater consequence. Peter's gaunt figure is no longer seen at kirk or market. Eppie also has gone the way of all living. A short time before her death a neighbor candidly remarked to her, "Eppie, people say that you are a witch."

"Ah, guidman, people say many false and foolish things," was her very sensible reply.

And thus poor Eppie died in the odor of witchcraft. If the poor, inoffensive creature had lived in the days of "gentle King Jamie," she would unquestionably have been burned. We have reason to thank God that we live in more merciful times. Poor plain-looking, lonely old women have special ground for gratitude.

There is another supernatural being which has stood its ground manfully against that tide of advancing civilization which has swept away so many of the other landmarks of former superstition. We allude to the water-kelpie, which is not to be confounded with the river-god, or spirit of the stream, which might be of either sex, and which often mounted behind the belated horseman as the woman in white, and dragged him down in her deadly embrace. The origin of a fine old Scottish family is connected by tradition

with the amorous propensities of this water-sprite. A gallant knight, whose lands lay along the border, tired of the ungodly society of moss-troopers, and anxious to make some reparation for the practical disallowance of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, into which, through some weakness in the logical faculty, he had unfortunately fallen, assembled a few of the bravest and least disreputable of his retainers, kissed his young wife, took a last look at his old castle, and started for the Holy Land, where he remained for several years, and made many a proud Saracen bite the dust. Unfortunately there was no electric telegraph or *clair-voyante* in those days to inform him of what was passing at home; and the reader is doubtless aware that the penny post was an invention of a later period. His enthusiasm, moreover, evaporated in a war, in which, doubtless, as in many other wars, he received more blows than bannocks, and there were no fat English kine to reward his prowess; so he turned his face to the west, and after many adventures, reached his ancient keep in the north. There he found all that he expected, and something more; for his wife presented him with a boy of an age which proved that he owned some other father. At the present day such an incident would probably have come under the notice of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and we question whether that sagacious judge would have accepted the lady's explanation as satisfactory. It was this: One day, as she was walking along the banks of the Tweed, the stream suddenly overflowed, and this boy was the consequence. The husband, fortunately, was not of a skeptical character. It was right, however, that the boy should bear his father's name, and prudent that all further intercourse with the water-sprite should be carefully avoided. So the boy was baptized by the name of Tweedie, the Scottish diminutive of Tweed, and became the founder of a numerous and powerful family. This tradition tends to prove that if in past times superstition punished some women for crimes of which they were innocent, it saved others from the penalties which they had incurred through their guilt.

The hobgoblin known as the water-kelpie never assumed the human form: it often presented itself to the belated traveler close to some stream which he

had to cross, in the shape of a small pony which easily allowed itself to be caught. The traveler, glad to be able to cross the stream without wetting his feet, unsuspectingly mounted the supposed pony, which, with a shout of eldritch laughter, rushed into the deepest pool of the river, before the rider was aware of his danger, or had time to dismount. Next morning the body would be found at the bottom of the pool or some distance down the stream, and as there are no coroners in Scotland, the kelpie escaped without even the imputation of wilful murder. We question whether the coroner could have amended the matter; the kelpie could scarcely have been regarded as amenable to human law; and even if he were, the smartest detective from Bow-street would have some difficulty in catching him. And yet the popular instinct of justice has not allowed this wicked sprite to pass altogether unpunished. At a romantic spot on the banks of the Deveron, which flows between the counties of Banff and Aberdeen, stands the Mill of Maggie. There is some good fishing-ground in the neighborhood, from which in former days we have decoyed many a speckled trout and sent it flapping on the greensward. There is also a deep pool at the bend of the river, which in former days the kelpie had selected as his special haunt. The miller often saw him in the bright moonlight nights running imaginary races with other kelpies along the banks of the river, kicking his heels in the air, and neighing with pure delight; but he was too cannie ever to venture upon his back; he knew too much of kelpie-nature ever to think of that; but as his goblin neighbor was possessed of enormous strength, the idea occurred to him that it might be well to turn it to some useful purpose in the building his new mill. Some stones were required of a larger size than could be conveyed there by ordinary means; no rock could be too difficult for the kelpie to remove; but how was the kelpie to be won over? Evidently by no ordinary means; he delighted in drowning men; he had no taste for building mills or earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Being a sprite, perhaps he required no bread, and was thus exempt from the usual conditions of labor. Be that as it may, the miller resolved to try what effect the horseman's word would have upon him. Now the horseman's word is

a great matter in the north—there was a race of Rareys there before the American horsebreaker was ever heard of. The secret charm, the word of power which could tame the wildest horse into subjection, was known to few; but the miller belonged to this privileged class, and made up his mind to try its effect on the kelpie at their next meeting. He concealed a magic halter beneath his coat and took his stand on the other side of the river opposite to his own house, as if he were meditating whether he would cross. In a few minutes a small horse came up to him, pawing the ground, and placed himself before him, inviting him to mount. The miller stooped down and whispered the horseman's word in his ear, slipping at the same time the halter over his head. The creature gave a sort of cry of pain; he knew that he had found his master, and offered no resistance. The miller quietly mounted on his back and rode him across the stream. On reaching home he was careful to secure him with the halter in the vacant place in the stable, and then told his wife with much glee all that he had done. The wife, however, was naturally skeptical; she had no faith in the horseman's word, perhaps because she was free from the spell herself; nor did she give implicit credence to the miller's story even when she saw the small black horse dragging the heaviest stones to form part of the walls of the new mill. Meanwhile the work went swimmingly on; the miller's black pony was the talk of the whole country side; he might have named his own price for it; but he knew better than to part with an animal of a hundred horse-power which it cost him nothing to keep. He had warned his wife never to remove the halter from its neck, or to touch it at all. But where since the days of Bluebeard has there been found a woman who obeyed her husband implicitly in all things? She knew that the gray mare was the better horse; must not she, who ruled her husband, be able to manage this little brute so subject to her husband's will? At all events she would try. The mill was now finished, and the miller had gone out for a day's pleasuring; a better opportunity for essaying her power was not likely to occur again. She slipped out to the stable, and there was the pony, looking as demure and peaceful as any well-conducted pony could do. *That* a kelpie!

ha! ha! she was not such a fool as the miller thought. She would just slip off the halter and lead him to the water by the mane. So the halter was slipped off accordingly; but no sooner was this done than a wonderful change came over the pony; it gave a wild scream of delight, bounded over her head, whisked through the wall, and was off to the river, singing as it went—

"Sore back and sore bones,
Driving mile of Maggie's stones;"

or, rather, for it was a Scotch kelpie, and proud of its nationality—

"Sair back and sair banes,
Drivin' mule o' Maggie's stanes."

The kelpie, taught by experience, deserted the old pool and was never seen in the neighborhood again. The kelpie was one of those sprites

"That syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses;"

though he seems to have been far more dangerous and impracticable than Caliban.

There is some old doggerel of a similar character associated with the ancient church of Old Deer in Aberdeenshire, the remains of which are still to be seen. The workmen at first attempted to build it on a small hill in the neighborhood; but their labor was in vain—the spirits during the night destroyed as fast as they built. At length some "airy tongues" were heard chanting these lines, still familiar to every Buchan peasant—

"It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the church of Deer,
But on the top of Tillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie."

The masons took the hint, and many a corpse is still lying there, though the parish church has been removed to a less elevated site. There are some lines, supposed to have been uttered by Thomas the Rhymer, (a great prophet but an execrable poet) which are still remembered in connection with the Brig of Balgownie, a fine old Gothic bridge of one arch, which spans the Don at Old Aberdeen. We are afraid that we can not quote them correctly, but they were something to this effect:

"Brig o' Balgownie! black be thy wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son,
And a mare's ae foal,
Down ye shall fa'."

They are possessed of some interest from their supposed connection with the poet Byron, who spent the early years of his boyhood at Aberdeen, and whose name was to be seen, till a recent period, cut out on one of the desks of the Grammar School. The poet was "a wife's ae son," and as he could not be certain that the animal he rode might not be "a mare's ae foal," he was careful never to pass the bridge on horseback. There are also several superstitions traditionally associated with the old ruined castle which belonged to his mother's family. It is related that during the civil wars in Scotland, the old castle was besieged, and the laird, anxious to save the family treasures, had them conveyed by a subterranean passage to the river, and thrown into the Hagberry Pot—a deep pool at no great distance from the old keep. It appears that, from reasons unknown to us, he was never able to recover them, and they are supposed to be still there. A good many years ago a venturesome rustic, who could swim, dived into the dark pool, in the hope of finding the treasure. After some minutes he reappeared on the surface, with his face and hair covered with mud, and his strength so much exhausted, that at first he was unable to speak. If we are to believe his report, his adventures at the bottom of the pool were as wonderful as those of Don Quixote in the cave of Montésinos. He found Old Nick—the familiar name by which he devil is known to the Scottish peasantry—seated on an old iron gate which had once belonged to the castle. He seemed to be aware of the object of his visit, and after some preliminary remarks, pointed to several bags full of gold lying at his feet, and told his visitor to help himself, which John was nothing loth to do; but no sooner had he touched the money than it burned his fingers to the bone, and he was dismissed with the parting admonition to be sure to put his gloves on the next time he called upon a gentleman. John's fingers were certainly much injured; but his less credulous neighbors ascribed this to their having been brought into contact with the broken glass at the bottom of the pool. This superstitious belief that hidden treasures are watched over by evil spirits is to be found in the East

as well as the West. The Bedouins believe that immense treasures were concealed by Solomon beneath the foundations of the city of Palmyra, and in the subterranean passages beneath Jerusalem, and committed to the care of Jins, or evil spirits, which still watch over them. When they see European travelers searching among the ruins, they believe them to be in quest of these treasure, and claim a share in them in the event of their being found. Victor Hugo relates that the French peasantry believe from time immemorial that the devil is in the habit of concealing his treasures in the forest of Montformeil, near Paris. He is often to be seen, toward dusk, in the solitary parts of the forest, dressed as a waggoner or wood-cutter, but easily recognizable, from the pair of immense horns which adorn his head; he is always engaged in digging a hole. If the spectator marches boldly up to him and addresses him, he perceives that it is nothing but a peasant cutting grass, and that the immense horns are the prongs of a fork on his back, which, owing to the perspective, seem to issue from his head. The spectator returns home, and infallibly dies in the course of a week. If he waits till the devil has finished his work, and then tries to dig up his treasure, the result is pretty much the same. After toiling the whole night in removing the earth and stones, what does he find? Sometimes a crown, a stone, a skeleton, a bleeding corpse, a piece of paper, a powder-flask, a pack of cards, or oftener still nothing at all. The treasure-hunter, wearied with his ill-requited toil, returns home and dies in a month. If the spectator, more influenced by terror than by avarice, closes his eyes when he sees the digger, and rushes home in all haste, his days are lengthened, but he must inevitably die in the course of a year. All these superstitions, common to countries so different in other respects, have doubtless sprung from one common origin.

There are other superstitions connected with Mrs. Byron's early home, at which we can merely glance. It is a trite remark that genius often borders so closely on insanity that it is difficult to distinguish between them; we suspect that the poet derived much of his peculiar mental idiosyncrasy from his mother. There is a tradition that her father became insane and hanged himself on a tree near the castle, where he was found by one of

his tenants. The farmer was a prudent man, and spoke to the laird's wife before giving the alarm. Anxious to avoid scandal, she hurried to the spot, and with his assistance cut him down, and so arranged the body as to make it appear that he had died of apoplexy. All turned out as she wished; and after the funeral she asked the farmer in what way she could prove her gratitude. Judge of her surprise when he said that he wished for nothing but the rope with which her husband had hanged himself. He received the rope and a free lease of his farm for life. His descendants are among the most flourishing of the tenantry on the estate, and their prosperity is of course ascribed to the possession of the rope. The same superstition is prevalent in France. One of Alphonse Carr's most amusing stories is founded upon it: it is the case of an old millionaire, who had acquired his fortune in this way; and at his death bequeathed to a parasite, who had sedulously courted his good graces, not his money, but his rope, the procuring cause of all his wealth.

After Mrs. Byron's marriage the estate did not remain long in her possession; the tradition is that her husband, "Mad Jack Byron," squandered it all away in six weeks. He kept open house to all; assembled rich and poor in the old keep, and made them dance day and night for six weeks to the music of the parish bagpiper, who happened to be one of his own tenants. Such was the tension on the poor piper's fingers during this time, that he lost the use of those of his right hand forever, and remained to his dying hour a monument of the mad extravagance of the young Englishman, who had soon to quit the castle forever. The estate passed into the hands of the "auld lord," who had, no doubt, been chuckling like a merry old spider at the web he was drawing round the young people, and calculated from the first what would be the result of this merry-making. But there is a Nemesis in popular belief as well as in ancient mythology; a worse evil befel him than the tenants of the barony quitting their former home. His son, a gallant young nobleman, remarkable for his strength and generosity, who was as much liked as he himself was hated, was thrown from his horse as he was exercising it on the green before the castle, under the admiring eye of his lady. His handsome figure lay still and motionless on the ground; his ear was

closed forever to the cry of sorrow and the voice of love; he had fallen on his head and his neck was broken. His death caused a profound sensation throughout the country; a headless horseman was seen twenty miles from the spot at the very moment of his death; the report of the accident reached the most distant parts with supernatural swiftness; and even at the present day the belated peasant who has occasion to pass that way at night can see the specter-rider exercising his horse, and the specter lady looking admiringly over the castle wall.

Among the fishermen it is esteemed as unlucky to rescue a drowning man, as it is thought lucky to cut down one who has hanged himself. We suspect, however, that this superstition was merely a cloak for leaving the drowning man to his fate, that there might be no dispute about his property, which they invariably appropriated. Dead men tell no tales; and of course it was unlucky to save a man who might be guilty of the ingratitude of reclaiming his own. Many superstitions, exploded elsewhere, are still to be found lingering among the fisher-folk, and rendering them averse to all the benefits of modern science. At a very recent period there was as strong a prejudice against the use of the barometer as there was many years ago against the use of winnowing machines, which one worthy minister characterized as "devil's machines," and Mause Headrigg indignantly denounced as "a new-fangled machine for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently whatever dispensations of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the sheeling hills." A certain minister in the north was less patient than honest Mause under a somewhat powerful dispensation of wind and rain, which threatened to destroy the crops of his parishioners. It was toward the close of harvest; the weather was unpropitious, and serious fears were entertained that all would be lost. In the course of his second prayer, one rainy Sunday, he had just completed the well-known petition "for such weather as may enable us to gather in the fruits of the earth that there may be abundance for man and beast," when there came a sud-

den blast of wind and rain, which made the windows of the old church rattle in their frames. Luther would have ascribed this phenomenon to the devil; the poor minister saw in it an unfavorable answer to his prayer, and impatiently exclaimed, "Weel, weel! blaw awa'; muckle guid may it do yon, spoiling a' the puir bodies corn."

The stalwart fishwives, while marching in single file from their villages to dispose of the contents of their loaded creels in the country districts, have a decided objection to being numbered. This superstitious feeling may have originated from the knowledge of the disasters brought upon Israel through David having numbered the people; be that as it may, we ourselves can bear witness to the strength and intensity of the feeling. While proceeding to school we have often met some of the fishwives, and have at once burst forth in the doggerel lines then familiar to every schoolboy in the north:

"Ane, twa, three,
What a lot of fisher-wives I *do* see!

which never failed to elicit some strong remonstrance, such as—"Haud yer lang tongue, ye deevil's buckie!" It is not unusual, even at the present day, to see a horse-shoe nailed on the doors of their houses; it has been placed there to protect them against witchcraft. Other superstitions may be regarded as comparatively harmless; but this belief in witchcraft is often productive of crime. We do not allude to the crimes to which it gave rise in the Middle Ages, but to its effects at the present day. It was only the other day that a farmer in the neighborhood of Villedieu, in France, having lost some of his relatives by death, consulted a wise man, who informed him that they had been bewitched by a person whom he mentioned by name, and who, he said, was at that moment casting his spells over him. Driven to despair, he resolved to cut off his tormentor by poison; but, after several unsuccessful attempts, he was detected, and brought to trial, when the jury, on hearing these facts, gave the usual French verdict of guilty under extenuating circumstances.

Of a less serious character were the effects produced by superstition on certain ignorant but well-disposed people in our native parish. In all cases requiring the assistance of the black art, they had re-

course to a supposed warlock and witch, who lived in a fishing-village at the distance of some twenty miles. They were brother and sister, and bore the names of George and Eppie Foreman. We describe them merely from report, but we have always understood that George was club-footed, and Eppie ugly as Hecate. Their fame was not confined to their native village, where they were in the habit of selling winds to the seafaring people, like Norna of the Fitful Head. The owner of a boat never thought of venturing to sea without consulting them; their house was also a common rendezvous for all who had lost their property or their hearts. George and Eppie produced their magic mirror, the wonders of which were almost equal to Aunt Margaret's. The lover beheld there the charmer who had overthrown his mental peace; the peasant the thief who had despoiled him of his lawful goods. We remember one wretched old miser, who was reduced to despair by having one of his bee-hives carried off. On rising in the morning, and finding that it was gone, he started off at once to have an interview with the Foremans. When he had crossed their hands with silver, they wished him to peep into the magic mirror, where he beheld the face of one of his neighbors, a respectable farmer, whom he believed ever afterward to have been the thief. Of course he spoke of his suspicions to others, and some were silly enough to believe that they were well founded, and avoided the society of the supposed thief. Another innocent person was subjected to suspicion through the Foremans having exhibited her face in the mirror to a woman who had come to consult them in reference to some property which had been stolen. Where superstition is harmless it may be allowed to die a natural death; but such miserable imposters should have been put down by the strong arm of the law. It was somewhat remarkable that Eppie's upper lip was garnished with an ample moustache, thus verifying part of the ancient saying:

"A hairy man is a happy man.
But a hairy wife is a witch."

Ladies with the smallest *soupsçon* of a beard on their upper lips had better bear this in mind. But perhaps, after all, a slight moustache on the feminine lip is no

more a proof of witchcraft than a flowing beard is a proof of happiness.

It is somewhat singular that Virgil has long had the reputation in Scotland of being the mightiest of sorcerers. This idea has probably originated from an imperfect knowledge of that part of the *Æneid* in which he describes the hero's descent to the infernal regions. A smattering of Latin (thanks to the parochial schools) has not been uncommon among the peasantry from the days of Roderick Random's friend Strap till the present day. The cotter who can get his son into the Latin class for a year or two, though it should lead to nothing further, is a sort of notable in his way. Sportsmen in the north have sometimes been surprised by hearing their guides or gillies using Latin words; their knowledge of the language is very limited, however, and perhaps they are all the more vain of exhibiting it on that account. But to return to Virgil. The belief in the poet's powers as a sorcerer seems to have been very general in the Middle Ages; and Scott, in one of his works, alludes to a rare old romance, which "treateth of the life of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he did in his lyfetime by wycheecraft and nygramancey, through the helpe of the devyls of hell." Nor was this miraculous power confined to the poet alone; his works were supposed to contain the secret spell which could evoke the spirits of evil, and make them subservient of the human will. This belief was held by an old miller, who flourished in our native parish some half century ago. He was in the service of an extensive farmer, who had attended one of the universities in his youth, and still retained a taste for the classical authors. John, the miller, a strange old pedantic fellow, who was fond of letting every one know that he had been in the Latin, and had only been debarred by the poverty of his parents from being an ornament to the National Zion, was very much put out on one occasion through some thieves having broken into the mill, and carried off part of the meal. John could have borne the loss philosophically enough, as the meal belonged to his master; but he could not bear the idea of allowing the mystery to remain unsolved; and as he could not unravel it by ordinary means he came to regard it as one of those exceptional cases in which he was justified in having recourse to the black

art. He was resolved, however, to have no accomplice in his dealings with the powers of darkness; his hand alone should draw aside the mysterious veil; he alone should meet the forms of evil face to face. Under the influence of such thoughts he presented himself one evening before his master, who inquired his business. John, with a sheepish air, said that he was anxious to brush himself up in the classics a bit, and requested the loan of his master's Virgil for that evening. The farmer, amused at his vanity and affectation, but suspecting nothing worse, gave him the volume, and for the moment thought nothing more of the matter. He had occasion to be out that evening, and on returning home at a late hour was surprised to see a light in the mill. Remembering his former loss, and suspecting a second attempt at robbery, he crept stealthily up to the mill, and peeped through the window. There, in the center of a magic circle, drawn with chalk upon the floor, stood John the miller, holding Virgil aloft with both hands, and reading the sixth book of the *Æneid* with such an accent and utter disregard of quantity, as would have made an Oxford tutor shudder. His face wore an expression of dread expectation; but perhaps the devil did not understand John's northern accent and execrable reading; at all events he refused to appear. The farmer contrived to enter the mill without being seen, stepped up behind John and pinioned his arms. Believing himself to be in the direful grasp of the evil one, he roared for mercy, and could with difficulty be persuaded that his master was his only assailant. The latter threatened at first to hand him over to the tender mercies of the kirk session, who would not have hesitated to apply to him the penalties thereanent provided; but, moved by John's abject entreaties and solemn promises to have nothing more to do with Virgil or the devil, he consented to overlook the matter.

Almost as formidable as Virgil, in the popular belief, was a certain laird, who belonged to a neighboring county. He had spent the greater part of his life in Italy, and had only returned to Scotland on the death of the relative who had left him the estate. Half a century ago the Scottish lairds as a class were far from being the most refined beings in existence; they knew of few pleasures save those of the table and the chase. With such men the

new laird had nothing in common; he avoided their society and spent most of his time in a laboratory which he had fitted up to enable him to pursue the study of his favorite science. There at night the windows were illuminated with lights, which shone with supernatural splendor, and dazzled the eyes of those even who beheld them from a distance; at times, also, reports were heard which shook the old mansion-house to its very foundations. No wonder, then, that he came to be regarded as a sorcerer; was not Italy the land where the black art was openly taught, and had he not spent the greater part of his life in Italy? What was the meaning of those dazzling lights; of those unearthly reports? Why did he not take his liquor like a man and follow the hounds as his fathers had done? Was it not clear that he was a warlock, and that the singular animal with the shaven body and the erect mane, which followed him about like a dog, was his familiar spirit? It was clear as noon to those men of Gotham; so they began to watch him. It was observed that while the slanting rays of the sun or moon lengthened out the shadows of all surrounding objects, he was ever shadowless. The shadow of the horse he rode was visible, but it was the shadow of a horse without a rider. The explanation of this singular phenomenon was simple and easy—he had cheated the devil, and given him his shadow instead of himself. It was well known that before the master of the black art would initiate his pupils into its mysteries, he exacted a promise from them that he should be allowed to seize the one who was the last to leave the school-room on a particular day. The pupil on this occasion had proved himself worthy of such a master. Through some inadvertency the laird was the last, and the claws of the arch-fiend were closing upon him, when he had the presence of mind to exclaim, "Deil tak the hindmost!" and Satan, mistaking the shadow for the substance, had to remain content with the former. We have often heard the laird's exclamation used by schoolboys as the signal for starting in a race; it was fortunate for them that they had formed no such paction as the students of the black art, or they might not have got off so easily. The laird was rather admired than otherwise for his adroitness in cheating the devil; still he was looked upon as being uncannie, and avoided as much as possible.

The familiar spirit which accompanied him in the shape of a French poodle was watched with almost as much interest as his master; he had been seen pirouetting round the room on his hind legs to the sound of the violin, and holding up a stick, like a soldier presenting arms. Of course the thing was clear; no Christian dog could ever be expected to do *that*. But the most dangerous gift conferred on the laird by his study of the black art was the power of *reesting* or arresting all those who were obnoxious to him wherever he happened to meet them, and of detaining them there spell-bound till he was pleased to release them. There are, or there recently were old men alive who would have sworn in any court of justice that they themselves had thus been arrested; we ourselves have conversed with one of them. Perhaps the reader will detect in John's own narrative the key to solve the mystery, without the admission of any supernatural element. His story stripped of all extraneous matter, was simply this: John was driving his horse and cart along the road, when he saw the laird's carriage approaching at a rapid pace. In the excitement of the moment he took the wrong side of the road, and thus brought his cart into collision with the carriage. He was so overpowered with terror at this untoward accident that he remained helpless and speechless in his cart; while the laird and his coachman were trying to extricate the wheel of the carriage, which they at length succeeded in doing. Indignant at John's stupidity and apparent indifference, the laird produced from his pocket a small knife, and stuck the blade of it into the ground. "Now, my man," he said, "you are reested; you must remain here till I return." "Well, John, what did you do then?" "Oh! I just bade still for two hours till the laird came back; syne he took out the knife and let me gang." "But did you never try to move?" "Na, na," said John, with a sagacious shake of his head; "I kent better than *that*; gin I had moved a foot I mith ha' been standin' there yet, like Lot's wife." It is worthy of remark that the laird enjoyed the reputation of being a necromancer, and was thus regarded with a feeling of dread bordering on admiration, as one who had gained the mastery over the evil one, and rendered him subject to his will; while such poor creatures as Eppie were looked upon with a mixture of hatred and con-

tempt, as having sold themselves to Satan, and thus become the instruments of his will.

It is a characteristic of evil spirits in the north that they can not cross a running stream. However close upon their victim, or anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, as soon as he has crossed flowing water he is safe. Burns has turned this popular belief to good account in his admirable tale of *Tum o' Shanter*, in which he thus addresses the hero's mare, when hard pressed by the witches:

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystone of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross."

The same belief was at one time prevalent in Ireland; the wizards were in the habit of disposing of pigs formed out of clods or stones, which resumed their normal condition on reaching a running stream. We hope the wizards no longer possess this power, the exercise of which must have considerably affected the price of Irish pigs. We have only met with one old man in the north, who had any experience in the matter. He used to relate, that returning home one night through a desolate part of the country, he was startled by seeing a small black dog start up in the narrow path before him. At first he thought little about it, but gradually a feeling of terror stole over him—he was on haunted ground, and this could be nothing but an evil spirit in disguise. He altered his course and walked rapidly in the direction of a small rivulet, the spirit-dog still preceding him. On reaching the brook it stopped short while he crossed. On turning round he saw it gradually melt away into thin air and disappear; he hurried home as fast as his trembling limbs would carry him, and was careful never to visit the same spot again at night.

In the Middle Ages, when so many of our Scottish youth fought and fell on the battle-fields of France and Germany, it was *de rigueur* that they should announce their fate to their mothers and sweethearts by appearing before them at the moment the soul quitted the body. At the present day, when correct lists of the slain and wounded are published, and the intelligence flashed from end to end of the earth on the electric wires, the ghosts take it more coolly, and allow their friends to find out their fate in the usual way. Oc-

asionally, however, a ghost of enthusiastic temperament or strongly conservative tendencies, adheres to the good old way, and persists in appearing before his friends as soon as he has entered on his new state of being; though what good may be effected by such visits except nearly frightening them to death, we are at a loss to perceive. It was only the other day that a lady, the daughter of a Highland laird, received one of these ghostly visits in a hotel at Boulogne, where she was temporarily residing. A gentleman, a near relative of hers, who held an important appointment in the East, was dangerously ill; her thoughts were naturally much occupied with the subject of his illness, and she was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the next mail. One day, while sitting alone in her room in broad daylight, she happened to raise her eyes from her work, and there, standing out from the wall, was the figure of her sick relative. The apparition looked at her for a moment mournfully and then faded away. She was a lady of strong nerves, so she neither screamed nor fainted, but took out her note-book and watch, and wrote down the exact hour at which this happened. Some time after she received letters announcing the death of her relative, and, of course, the moment of his death corresponded exactly with the time when she beheld his apparition. The lady, however, was simple enough to overlook the fact, that time varies considerably in the two hemispheres, but the interval was not too long even for a ghost to cross some ten thousand miles of sea and land.

Many superstitious expressions are still used, though the ideas which they embodied have long been exploded. It is not unusual to say to a quiet man who shows unwonted hilarity, "You must be fey," in alluding to the old belief that such hilarity often precedes sudden death. The farmer's wife, when her supply of milk or of butter falls short of her expectations, still says, "The cows or the cream must be bewitched;" but she does not believe it—she merely uses the language which expresses a past belief, now happily gone forever. We have heard a *phrasing* old woman say to a handsome youth: "Ah! laddie! the glamour o' your bonnie black een will gar some puir lassie greet yet." The speaker did not even know that the word *glamour* referred to the magic power of so altering the appear-

ance of objects as to make them appear to the spectator quite different from what they really were. The lines of the old ballad, which tells how a lovely countess eloped with Johnnie Fa, the King of the Gipsies, are doubtless familiar to our readers:

"Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the *glamour* o'er her."

When a thing has been lost sight of in a room, and can not be found, nothing is more common than the remark, "The good people must have taken it;" yet no one now believes in the existence of fairies. A sudden shiver often elicits the remark, "Some one must be trampling on my grave;" every one knows that there is not and can not be any connection between these two events—it is merely the language of the past retained through habit. True, genuine, downright superstition is only to be found lingering in our nurseries; and so long as it is of an innocent character, long may it be before it cease to linger there. Next to the consolations of religion, the greatest pleasure enjoyable on earth is derived from works of imagination, especially the books of our childhood. It would be as unreasonable to banish flowers from our gardens as to banish from our nurseries those fascinating fairy tales which have been the charm of our infancy. Heaven knows the period of disenchantment comes soon enough to us all; leave it to come at its own good time, do not force it on prematurely. A child that has never read a fairy tale would be like a flower that has never received a drop of dew or a blink of sunshine—a child to be pitied and to be wept over. We like to detect in young people a slight *souppçon* of the superstitions of the nursery. It was only the other day that a dear little lady of our acquaintance told us that even in her twelfth year she imagined that a pretty bantam cock, which ran about the house, was an enchanted prince. Nay, she was candid enough to confess to us that she once decked her hair and adorned her person before appearing in presence of the bantam, in the hope that he would fall in love with her and make her his wife when he resumed his princely form. Oh! the charming simplicity of childhood! How rare and how refreshing thou art in the wilderness of this world! Even now, when time is beginning to silver over our

hair, and to tell us that we can not live forever, we long for the happy dreams and the sweet illusions of our childhood; though far from blind to the advantages of the age we live in, we have no sympathy with that spirit of innovation which cries aloud, in streets and openings of the way:

"All your ancient customs,
And long descended usages, I'll change.
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move,
Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do,
For all old practice will I turn and change,
And call it reformation—marry will I."

With such reformation we have no sympathy; far more congenial to our habits of thought and feeling are the natural though vain regrets of another and far superior order of intellect.

"But lost to me, forever lost those joys,
Which reason scatters, and which time destroys.

No more the midnight fairy train I view,
All in the merry moonlight tipping dew.
Even the last lingering fiction of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again."

P. C. B.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

IN MEMORIAM.

THERE is a grim but striking metaphor representing human life as the scene of a stately dance upon a flooring beset with many hidden pitfalls. The dance proceeds, while every now and then one of the dancers is precipitated into the shades below. For the most part, the sad but stately pageant continues uninterrupted. Sometimes, however, a loss occurs, so great and so sudden, that the pageant stops its movements for a moment, to contemplate the misfortune which has taken place in the quick vanishing of one of the principal actors from the scene.

Such was the loss of Sir George Lewis—a loss which threw gloom over the highest political and literary circles, and a shadow even over all England; for some notion of the high merits of this quiet, grave-looking, wise man was beginning to be entertained very widely by all classes of his fellow-countrymen.

As this magazine has sometimes been honored by contributions from this learned man, it will not be unbecoming in us to give a short account of his character. Alas! the deep regret that so often occurs in such cases, comes upon us now; would that we had known him better, and noted

his high qualities more carefully, now that he has departed from us! Then, perhaps, we might write a character of him that should less inadequately portray his rare and noble nature.

He was a good man and a wise man in the largest sense of the words. His intimate friends declare that he had no vices; and, what is far more extraordinary, it would be difficult to name a single foible in him. For instance, he was entirely devoid of vanity; and, being one who excelled in so many ways, he yet seemed to be thoroughly indifferent to the possession of that varied excellence. With all his claims to distinction, his demeanor was so quiet, homely, and simple, that it disarmed the natural dislike in mankind to so much virtue and ability in a fellow-man.

Many panegyrics of Sir George Lewis have already been written and spoken, and none more warm and hearty than that delivered by the leader of the opposition in his place in the House of Commons. But there was one considerable mistake in that panegyric, which so discerning a person as Mr. Disraeli would never have made if he had been brought into closer contact with the man whom, for the most

part, he justly as well as generously praised.

Mr. Disraeli spoke of Sir George Lewis' organizing faculty. Now the truth is that Sir George did not possess this faculty in any remarkable degree. Other merits he did possess of the highest order, of a far higher order even than the faculty of organization. That, however, was not a strong point with him. But, indeed, this faculty is seldom appreciated with accuracy, because men have not noticed carefully the remarkable instances in which it has been exhibited. Putting aside the living persons who excel in organizing, we would refer to man well-known in official circles—the late Under-Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Drummond. There, indeed, was a man who could organize a new department; make an old department work as it had never worked before; collect, arrange, divide, and convey masses of information in forms which at once rendered all the information available.

This faculty of organizing is so rare, and so peculiar, that we are a little jealous of having it attributed in any case where it did not exist.

Neither, to confess the truth, was Sir George Lewis exceedingly distinguished amongst his fellow-men for aptitude in business. No man obtains the position of a cabinet minister, and of a cabinet minister so universally respected, without being more than an average man of business; but Sir George was not very far above this average.

Where he did excel, and in this excellence he was not to be surpassed, as we believe, by any man of his time, was in the wisdom and the justice which he displayed when dealing with the highest questions of principle. Moreover, he was one of the most outspoken, fearless, candid, honorable men that ever lived. He never indulged even in the more pardonable kinds of cant. The opinions of other men never weighed down his judgment. He never thought with the many, merely because they were the many. In our opinion, such qualities are at the present moment perfectly invaluable. The danger of our time is always lest the foremost men should be too fearful of criticism, too subservient to the clamor of the day, whatever that may be, and, in fact, that they should become the slaves of public opinion—not of public opinion in its final form, but of that opinion hastily formed day by

day. Our danger is, not that there should be a deficiency of persons who can read, and write, and understand anything; but that there should be too few who really can think for themselves, and have the courage to express their thoughts. In arts, in letters, and in politics, there is always the fear lest we should be approaching a Byzantine period—a period in which there is a great mass of general cultivation, a vast superabundance of criticism and comment, and very little that is original attempted, or accomplished. Now Sir G. Lewis neither feared "gods, nor men, nor newspapers;" and, in his quiet, simple way, was ready to affront all popularity rather than deviate from the opinions which, after long thought, he had carefully formed for himself.

He could have been a martyr for those opinions. It may bring a smile upon the faces of those who knew him well, to think of that quiet, homely man, with the stoop and indolent movement of a student, being a martyr. His martyrdom might not have been altogether voluntary, but would have been caused by the persistency of his nature, and by his great love of truth. When coerced by authority, he would have gone on uttering, in lower tones, "But it does move, though;" and it would have been very difficult indeed to have compelled his signature to any thing he did not believe in.

Moreover, he was ready to take upon himself any responsibility when he had once thought much upon a subject, and made up his mind upon it. Such qualities place him in a much higher order than that of mere men of business; though such men, in their way, are by no means to be despised.

In that part of business, however, which consists in dealing with other men, Sir George Lewis must be admitted to have been admirable. He was thoroughly frank in his intercourse with them; he had that highest courtesy which does not think at all about being courteous; and his respect for thought, and his love of facts made him an attentive listener to any argument or information that you could bring before him. He did not think about the person who brought it, but looked at once to the substance of what was addressed to him. We believe there does not live the man, unless he is some person remarkable for conceit, whom it was a public duty to discourage, who

can say, "Sir George Lewis was, in the least degree, unkind, unjust, or supercilious to me."

He was marked out for a very prominent person in public affairs, and was a man to rely upon in any great crisis. He never appeared to be conscious of the greatness that was in him, his being one of those thoroughly British characters—untheatrical, undemonstrative, making no pretence to grandeur, but often acting greatly—which the people of this country delight in when they come to know them well. It is a credit both to the leaders of his party, and to the House of Commons generally, to have appreciated this man, who did nothing to court appreciation, so soon and so fully as they did.

As regards his literary talents and labors, they were vast, various and profound. We suppose that he was the most learned man who ever became a cabinet minister. Sir. W. Temple, Bolingbroke, Somers, Fox, Grenville, Wellesley, Melbourne, Lansdowne (we forbear to give the names of many distinguished living men,) were, after all, but scholars amongst statesmen; whereas Sir George Lewis was a scholar amongst scholars; and his labors were duly respected by the foremost men in scholarship of his day. His mind was not a subtle one, but it had as much acumen as that possessed by any man of our time; and the same fearlessness which he showed in politics, was also manifested in literature. It was in vain that the most learned antiquarians endeavored to impose any doctrine upon him. He would look into the matter for himself, bring his great amount of varied learning to bear upon it, and if he came to an opposite conclusion to that generally received, he maintained his opinion with good-humored tenacity against all comers.

To complete the account of Sir George Lewis's character, we may say of him that he was not impulsive, not enthusiastic, not

imaginative. But still it must not be supposed that he was a cold friend, or an indifferent spectator of human affairs. On the contrary, he was a warm-hearted, though not a demonstrative man. His interest in human knowledge and affairs was very wide; and whatever he did care for, he cared for deeply. His intellectual powers were not of a cramped or confined nature. He was a considerable statesman, and an eminent man of letters; and if he had remained in the profession which he was bred up in, he would have proved an unrivalled judge.

Sir G. Lewis had far more sense of humor than was generally attributed to him; and we think that one of his later sayings was as deep and witty a thing as has been said for some time. "Life would be very tolerable," he exclaimed, "but for its pleasures." Seldom have the defects that often beset modern society—its pompous inanity, tediousness, its formality without grace, its crowded dullness, and its want of geniality—been indicated in fewer words than in that saying of Sir George Lewis. In this biting but truthful maxim there is, in reference to society, an outspoken honesty akin to that which he always manifested in politics and in literature.

Sir George Lewis had a singularly happy temperament. It was very equable and very cheerful. Even in the midst of the most serious business, any thing that could enliven it was always very welcome to him. And, like all men who really love what is facetious, he could put up with pleasantry and enjoy it, even if it were not of a first-rate or novel kind.

It is almost needless to add of such a man that he was extremely loved in the inner circle of his friends and relations. The public will long lament his loss; but upon this inner circle it has thrown a gloom that will never in their lives be altogether lightened.

From the London Eclectic.

GHOSTLY BUSINESS.*

MR. HOWITT himself, as the translator of *Ennemoser's History of Magic*, gives to his readers the opportunity of knowing how largely he is indebted to the German writers for the production of the volumes before us. Modesty has never been an especial attribute of William Howitt; it is his way to treat with a marked discourtesy those from whom he differs; this is the great sin of his present work. With a great deal of information, derived from all sources of knowledge and history, embodying therefore much interesting statement and observation, and conveyed with Mr. Howitt's usual rapid and rather emotional than thoughtful force, there is a good deal of assumption, some narrowness, and frequently ignorance; we are bound also to say that the volumes are, upon the subjects to which they refer, a compendium of facts. Many, perhaps, will demur to the use of the term, fact; but it must go. There really are multitudes of things which we have to receive, and for the solution of which we have not yet discovered the law. The reading of the work of Ennemoser would perhaps supersede the necessity of referring to that of Mr. Howitt. Ennemoser's insight is far deeper; he writes less as a partisan; he abuses nobody; and without the latter quality, a work of Mr. Howitt's would scarcely be complete. With these qualifications, we may commend his books to those readers who are desirous of obtaining a bird's-eye view of the literature of spiritualism. We do not believe that it is quite so easy as Mr. Howitt seems to imagine, to spell the way to knowledge upon these matters; but we do not think that the statements are so numerous, the reported facts so increasing and abounding, that they act very unphilosophically who simply sneer

and deny; and we only regret that upon such a subject Mr. Howitt has not brought to bear a greater degree of spiritual calm. His volumes will create interest, but they are not likely to allay opposition or to secure conviction.

And we must say that we are glad to see any steady stand made for supernatural facts. More and more the classes of the thoughtful seem to be dividing themselves into those who see nature and nothing more, and those who see nature as inclosed and enveloped in the supernatural. Bishop Butler expressed something like this in his well-known saying: "There are two courses of nature—the ordinary and the extraordinary;" but efforts are being made now by noble men, who seem, however, to have little to command our admiration except their piercing insight into natural causation, to dispense with the supernatural altogether in the economy of the universe and human life. To such persons it seems absolutely necessary to ignore certain undoubted facts; they deal with the brick and mortar side of life. Man's terrestrial habitation seems to grow without hands; it never occurs to them to inquire much into the consciousness which presides over the use of their own. A million phenomena are constantly transpiring within and around them utterly inexplicable, and belonging as much to the order of the unusual and extraordinary; but they excite no interest in comparison with circumstances far inferior in interest and importance. Isaac Taylor has said in reference to the extraordinary instances of ghostly visitation, (and no one will suspect him of great propensity to credulity,) "Once in a century, or not so often, on a summer's evening, a stray Arabian locust—a genuine son of the desert—has alighted in Hyde Park. This is out of the course of nature; it is a very difficult thing to account for, but it is actual, it is believable, it is not supernatural." Why may we not believe that while spirits—we take a large thing for

* *Incidents in my Life.* By D. D. HOME. Longman & Co.

The History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith. By WM. HOWITT. Two vols. Longman & Co.

granted, our reader's perceive—are kept upon their good behavior, and have no power to infringe upon the solid world, there are nevertheless chances and mischances which, in the cycles of times, throw some, like an Arabian locust, upon our shores, giving them the opportunity of disporting themselves, to our annoyance, amongst us for a season? All this, however, takes it for granted that there is a spiritual, say a *super-natural*, kingdom and world. This theory would not satisfy Mr. Howitt and his *confrères*; but we are not very particularly desirous to satisfy that race; for if the supernatural world be demonstrated in the senses of the vision and the understanding, and if it were clearly possible at will to enter it and to obtain answers from it, we should still feel and maintain that God and Providence had so fixed the limitations of our visible diurnal sphere that beyond them it would be impiety to seek to pass excepting in the way of faith and prayer. But we think there is a great deal to be said for the locust, whatever the reader may feel, however the lip may curl, and the sense steel itself against the matter. The literature of the supernatural includes not only a large collection of books not exactly to be treated with contempt, but a number of names also standing a long way above contempt, and very high in the homage of enlightened minds. The testimony to the supernatural is certainly universal in latitude, and nation, and age, and temperament. "The spiritual power," says William Howitt, "is the *lex magna* of the universe." Certainly, in some way, it is so; and nature, sufficiently inexplicable in herself, becomes a millionfold more inexplicable without the law beneath and above nature. Even Comte admits that we know nothing of the sources or causes of nature's laws. He deems their origination so inscrutable that it is a waste of time to inquire into them, and regards the idea of a deity as a mere abstraction, tending to comfort ignoramuses until liberated into the light of science. And what comfort then? Mean time it will be perceived that this is the mere assumption of an atheistic mind, choosing to knock away in imagination the prop from beneath the universe, not from any idea that another law of causation has been discovered, but simply because atheistic intelligence does not choose to recognize the invisible and divine. Was it not said

of old: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God?" But on all sides those who choose to deny the existence of the kingdom of spirits, and that it presses irresistibly upon the frontier of human nature, have much to account for. Sure'y Mr. Howitt's volumes furnish a marvelous chapter in the history of the human mind. Are all seers imposters? Are they all knaves? all liars? all idiots? Very summary this; but even then hardly satisfactory. Collusion, illusion, delusion! But what is the human mind, this haunted chamber, that can be imposed on thus? Supposing this kingdom of spirit to have no objective existence, their subjective is scarcely less a marvel—all ideal, idealogical dreams giving birth to vast drifts of ghosts flocking solemn and sable shores. The thing in the conception is scarcely less marvelous than the thing in existence. Here, while what our writer calls "large-wigged science" shakes its bushy, disbelieving horse-hair, what are we to think of Swedenborg, who constructs a vast science of ghosts, and goes in and out amongst them at pleasure? Do so ungracious a thing as call him liar, or describe the unhappy condition of blood bringing him into such scenery and circumstance; the mystery is no more solved. What are we to think of the miracles at the tomb of the Abbé de Paris? Their imposture is not nearly so satisfactorily proved as Bishop Douglas determined; and as Jesuitism, in its vehement anti-Jansenism proclaimed, If we can not believe Count Montégrow, whom then shall we believe? by what rule accept any history, or any biography? Hundreds proclaimed their cure in the face of a large city and the observation of a not unintelligent age. It is easy to disbelieve. What are we to think of Madame Hauffe, better known as the Seeress of Prevorst. The instance we suppose is far beyond doubt; but it is abnormal; very certainly. So is toothache very painfully abnormal; but a good many people have it. To the strong-nerved and gifted individual who never experienced that pleasant titillation of the nerves, it might seem an altogether incredible thing that a piece of mere bone should possess the power to drive mind and body almost to madness. It is one of the pleasant peculiarities of this our mortal condition, that we who have not felt a peculiar kind of pain can not conceive that pain; but it would be rather ungen-

erous and unjust, in the absence of our own experience, to assail and ridicule the experiences of others. We have no doubt about the abnormal condition of those supposed to be susceptible to visions, and dreams, and spiritual manifestations; but we do not at all suppose, therefore, that it follows that the whole thing is merely an affair of the blood and the brain. It seems certain—nay, it is *ery* certain—that there agents of various kinds capable to superinduce that abnormal condition of body, giving to it unnatural susceptibilities. We are constantly using *nervine* things—doing this, in a measure—such as tobacco or tea. Those who prefer the higher luxuries and diseases of imagination proceed to the intoxication of opium; while others, again, throw themselves into the ecstasies of hashish or napellus. That which in these cases is superinduced by the intoxicating draught may possibly be the ordinary—may we say the diseased ordinary—condition, which some temperaments have upon them as a doom. We are no ghost-seers or table-rappers. Our instincts go as utterly against the practice as their faith turns to the possibility of many such manifestations. Mean time, those who believe themselves to be brought into contact immediately with the spiritual world can scarcely expect their statement to be received without rigid examination. If spiritual appearances be possible, so also is imposture. No doubt apparitions and voices, even to give the largest amount of credence to their possibility, are most happily, very unusual. There are also natures to whom, from their very healthiness, as well as others from their unhealthiness, it may be difficult to believe; and we quite think that such deserve a more candid treatment than they received from William Howitt in the book which furnishes the text for our present thoughts.

Into the supposed various ranks and orders of spiritual existences surrounding man, the allocations of malignant or celestial agencies in his lot or sphere, it would be idle enough to enter, upon this page. The tendency of our remarks points very little further than to a plea for fairness. We have asserted that man believes in nature and the natural. In our day we have obtained an almost unhealthy command over the forces and powers of nature. So much is this the case that we observe and use, and believe in little more than dynamical force. Hence Mr. Home's

book is not likely to receive very fair treatment. The first sentence of an eminent cotemporary reviewer denounces it as an impudent and foolish book. If it be this, it is a millionfold worse than this. But impudent, in the usual sense of that word, it can scarcely be called, and we think at least it may claim a suspended judgment. We surely may say, Mr. Home looks better in his book than many of his reviewers in their articles. We see no impudence, unless the whole affair be a lie. The style is that of quiet narrative, wonderful enough in what it relates, but wholly and singularly devoid of all pretentiousness of style. And certainly, on all hands, the dilemmas to which he reduces able scientific skeptics are remarkable enough. Crusty Sir David Brewster is present at the moving of the great table, but declares he did not know whether it moved or not! Determined, however, that "spirit was the last thing he would give in to," to quote his own words, he exclaims to the more cautious and apparently philosophical Lord Brougham, who was also present, "Sir, this upsets the philosophy of fifty years!" Amidst these complimentary sayings, one can not but, with Mr. Home, indulge in a laugh at the man of science who does not know whether a table moves or not before his own eyes, and conjectures that what was done was produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home! Sir David Brewster's letter, we venture to think, will produce no skeptics. And nothing is more amusing and remarkable than the vast variety of expedients appealed to in order to account for the mysterious noises or manifestations.

"Some instances of the manner in which it is said the phenomena are produced are sufficiently amusing to be repeated. A very popular idea in Paris was that I carried in my pocket a tame monkey trained to assist me. Another is that my legs are so formed as to be capable of elongation, and that my feet are like those of a baboon. Many people suppose that when I go to a strange house, my tables have to be sent first, and that, like Sir David Brewster's 'conjectural' table, they are always copiously draped, and that I take with me wax hands and arms to show at the proper moment. Some suppose that I magnetize or biologize my audience, and that they only imagine they see what they see. Some that I carry with me lazy tongs and a magic lantern, and others have stated that when I am said to rise in the air, it is only a balloon filled with gas in the shape of a man. Others

again will have it that it is done by a magic lantern, whilst some doctors declare that I administer 'a thimbleful of chloroform to each of the sitters.' Sir David Brewster must have had his thimbleful when he could only say that the table 'appeared to rise,' and that 'spirits were the last things he would give in to.' Some have enough spiritual belief to say that I have the devil at command. Others that I raise spirits by forms and incantations. Then we have involuntary muscular motion to account for the phenomena by the learned Professor Faraday. Dr. Carpenter speaks of their being produced by unconscious cerebration, and Mr. Morell, the philosopher, tells us that they are caused by 'the reflex action of the mind.' A common explanation is ventriloquism. Electricity is another, and it is said that I have an electric battery concealed about my person. Then there are the od force and fluid action, and the nervous principle, and collusion, illusion, and delusion. Mechanical contrivances attached to the lower extremities are also suggested by Sir David Brewster, but without specifying their particular nature. But the most scientific and learned explanation, leaving no room for conjectures, was given by an old woman in America, who when asked if she could account for what she had seen, replied: 'Lor, sirs, it's easy enough, he only rubs himself all over with a gold pencil.' The rappings are produced in many ways, each philosopher having his own theory, beginning low down with the snapping of the toe-joints, others getting up to the ankle, whilst some maintain it to be in the knees, or thigh bones. Professor Huxley has his own 'spirit-rapping toe,' with which he amuses his friends. It has even been attributed to a strong beating of my pulse. Some say I rub my boots together, others my thumb nails, and that springs are concealed in the table and about the room. It has been said that I have an electrical quality which I can throw off at the command of my will. A general belief is that I bribe the servants at whatever house I visit, that they may aid me in concealing my machinery. The intelligence displayed in obtaining names, dates, and other circumstances, is previously communicated to me either by my own inquiry from servants, or by visiting the tombstones of the relatives, or even by a body of secret police who are in my pay. Others know that I am clairvoyant, and that I read the thoughts of those present. I am an accomplished juggler according to others, and have always refused to be seen by any others of the craft, although the fact is quite the contrary, and the greatest juggler of France has stated that he could not at all account for what he witnessed by any of the principles of his art."

We are disposed to regard Mr. Home's book—supposing it to be truthful—which, in the main, we really see no reason at all to doubt, in so far as he is concerned—as a philosophical treatise. Its place on the

book-shelf is by the side of the *Seeress of Prevorst*. We, perhaps, should scarcely be disposed to assign him the place accorded by Mr. Howitt, who regards him as a very apostle! It is, no doubt, one of the most suspicious circumstances connected with Mr. Home, that he comes from America. He is, however, an Englishman by birth, and appears to be respectable in all his relationships in life. Mr. Howitt believes his mission to be to go forth and do the preliminary work of restoring faith by the performance of outward marvels. By birth he is connected with the Homes of Scotland. From the earliest period of his life, he informs us, he has been the subject of spiritual visitations, and was very early turned out of doors for his alleged acquaintance with ghosts. In his first year he was a Congregationalist, and when his aunt sent for three ministers to exorcise the devil from him—Congregationalist, Baptist, and Wesleyan—the Congregationalist alone would not enter into the subject, saying, "He saw no reason why a pure-minded boy should be persecuted for what he was not responsible to prevent or cause." We must regard his volume as to us more curious than pleasant. So far as we have read it, we have not felt any absorbing interest in it; while, at the same time, it does illustrate, we think, the permeation of natural phenomena by supernatural forces and laws; illustrating, also, that the author,—which is the really interesting part of the matter—has himself some remarkable and diseased idiosyncrasy of body, rendering him, without any necessity of falling upon the idea of collusion, as, if we may so define him, a kind of spiritual battery. He has successfully imposed, if he has imposed, upon the highest courts of Europe. The Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of France, the King of Holland—by all these princes, and by others, he has been entertained as a guest, and without falling upon the insolence of a charge of deceit, which really would be itself almost miraculous in an age like this, of the hardest skepticism to spiritual, and the most enslaved belief in natural laws; may we not charitably suppose that he is thus pointing to the more occult, but not less certain, indications of the life abounding and overflowing behind the veil? And certainly those who so petulantly and persistently deny the truthfulness of Mr. Home, to be

consistent, should deal in the same manner with more eminent men. What are we to say of Luther's constant intercourse with the devil? his perpetual environment by visions and spiritual things—not only himself, but his household? His good wife Catherine had her visions as well as he, though Mr. Howitt strangely misquotes some particulars, and has especially turned his letter to the Chancellor Bruck, in which he recites the vision of the "Rainbow and the Cloud" into a real vision. The scorn and utter contempt with which Mr. Home is treated would rise to mad virulence and vehemence did we hear any one in our day speaking as Luther spoke. The poor, vexed, glorious, spiritual Titan, saw devils in every thing, and was fighting with them every where. Ludicrous and contemptible indeed it would seem to the nature-lovers and worshippers. "Many devils," said he, "are in woods, waters, and wilderness, in dark poorly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people." He saw devils in the thick black clouds, the hail, the lightnings, and the thunderings. "When these things happen," said he, "the philosophers say it is natural, and ascribe it to the planets; but I see the devil puffing out his cheeks against the light, but the good Lord Christ gave him a blow upon his inflated cheek, and still combats him vigorously, and will to the end of things." One day when there was a storm abroad, "Hark!" said he, "how the devil is puffing and blowing; it is the devil who does this; the winds are good or bad spirits." Often he seemed to be personally near to the arch enemy, sometimes in noises and sometimes in visions. What shall we make of this? Certainly we may make this of it—that if Luther were honest, Mr. Home may be so too. In that age, of course, we know it will be said the superstitions of the world and of the Church were manifold. But has Protestantism reached a perfect state of health in entirely ignoring all these? Have we not reached another state of disease? and whereas our fathers in those ancient ages beheld every thing as ghostly and weird, have we improved by beholding nothing ghostly or spiritual? Certainly, again, those who think it possible that the locust may sometimes come to Hyde Park, find themselves in good company with Melancthon, with Wishart, with Knox and Latimer, with Sir Thomas Brown, with Drs.

Watts and Doddridge, with Robert Barclay and John Wesley, with Whitfield and Dr. Johnson, and Robert Southey, and multitudes besides; with perhaps all the wise and quiet, who—while they desire no immediate manifestations to themselves, avail themselves of all the strength and intelligence nature can give, but feel that behind the veil of nature there is a mystery of life and not of death—humbly suspend their judgment as to how such things can be; but, with Dr. Watts, believe, that in the midst of much mistake, and perhaps imposition, it is impossible all the stories in Glanville or in Baxter can be altogether unfounded; for the quieter the heart is the shrewder the eye is, and there is a prescience deeper than that which sees into fossils and stones, or even into laws and modes of being; and we regard him as a true benefactor to our race who, by placing existence in the full light of the spiritual world, places it also beneath the range of the highest order of motives. It was quite to be expected that an age like ours, rife in transcendentalism, should produce a faith in higher forms and principles than those acknowledged by cold, lifeless sensationalism. Protestantism, in its reaction against Papal imposture, has traveled a little too far, and has in some minds substituted simple Sadduceeism; and our feeling and dread is, that in many of our churches, and amongst many of our teachers, that faith and doctrine is simply taught which believes and sees no angel, and no spirit, and no resurrection. We are far enough, too, from supposing that spiritual existences are to be constantly seen with the eye of sense, as interposing and meddling with human affairs; but, on the contrary, we would not have it supposed that it is essential to a sound and healthy faith in Christianity, that they occupy a region altogether distant and unsympathetic with ours, that they have no interest in our affairs, or that to us they cease to exist, and therefore we are glad of any thing that meets the subject of the supernatural, and keeps it awake as a faith in the mind and in the Church.

We trust that none of our readers will understand us as indorsing the *séances* of modern spiritualism, or even as in any special sense becoming the champions of Mr. Home's book. We should scarcely have devoted the space to this article but for the very obvious unfairness in every

review of the book we have had an opportunity of reading. There are plenty of weak points, too, and especially if it be in this case, as the *Saturday Review* has asserted with reference to the Archimago of spiritualism, "that ridicule is the test of truth." That is a law that does not invariably hold good. Vaccination and the steam-engine were alike greeted with showers of ridicule; the fencing-off disease by the matter from a cow, and the mov-

ing vast ships through the water without oars or sails, seemed fine subjects for ridicule. There is plenty of scope for ridicule, too, in this ghostly business, and the levitation of Mr. Home; the spectacle of a man swimming about in an unearthly fashion in the middle of the room, and fair ghostly arms, and wreaths, and music played by invisible fingers, and echoing cracks and raps on the walls and beneath the tables, and messages from dead friends, and handwriting stamped by invisible presences—all this, no doubt, is very funny, and fair game it seems for ridicule. For our own part, we have left off wondering at any thing; nor is there much that really strikes us as more marvelous, with our notions of what the spiritual

world is, in this than in the illusions of a stereoscope, or the likeness we carry in our pocket painted by the light, or the message we send five hundred miles distant by the fingers of the lightning. Some, perhaps, might say that we have touched so extreme a point in the kingdom of nature, that we have reached the lowest stair of the kingdom of spirit. For ourselves, we are not particularly curious about it; with all the darkness we share in common with our race about the mystery of both worlds, we never regard ourselves as separated far from the sphere of spirit, and while we have no desire to lift the curtain till it shall be lifted for us by God's cheerful angel of death, we put in a plea against the skeptical view of the nature of man. There may be much in manifestations like those of which we read to provoke a sneer, but even the ludicrous aspects, as they strike us, may be only the sweep and eddy of spiritual forces. Many things in embryo look grotesque, which completed and clothed look divine, and we do not hesitate to include ourselves among the number of those who at present prefer waiting to dogmatizing.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A REVOLUTIONARY EPISODE.

THE drums of the National Guard were playing in front of the prison of St. Lazare in Paris. A large crowd was waiting at the gates of the gloomy building, in order to see the prisoners led away to trial; and although people during the Reign of Terror had grown so accustomed to executions, that a cartfull of victims for the guillotine scarce attracted attention, on this day an unusual excitement was visible among the mob. The frightful women, the pikemen, the patriots in the Phrygian cap and dirty carmagnole, with sabots on their feet, the children whose youth was being spent in witnessing scenes of blood, all these swayed about

and shouted confusedly on the 7 Thermidor, Year II., of the French Republic (July 9, 1794.) Before the gates of St. Lazare, whose accursed walls contained as much misery and terror as those of the destroyed Bastille had once done, a cordon of pikemen was drawn up, through which marched the public summoner. A brown carmagnole hung from his shoulders, the red cap covered his bristly hair, a scrubby beard surrounded his chin, he wore red and white striped sailor's trousers, and his feet were thrust into heavy shoes shod with stout nails. He had on a belt studded with short spikes, for the victims might lay hands on him! In this

belt were two ready-cocked pistols, for the condemned men might in their desperation avenge themselves on the summoner, the instrument of the unjust judges. In his hand the man held a sheet of paper, on which were written the names of the prisoners to be tried that day, which in July, 1794, meant so much as "You will learn the hour when you will have to lay your head under the guillotine." Behind the summoner walked two pikemen belonging to the section of the Lombards. Passing through a court-yard and a corridor occupied by armed guards, who were gambling, smoking, and drinking, the three men came to a large door. Confused voices could be heard behind it. At last it was opened, and a semi-obscure room of vast dimensions became visible.

A number of forms could be noticed in the gloom. They were the prisoners of the Convention. Every age and either sex, every rank, every grade of fortune, was represented, for the guillotine despised no food—it devoured without any special choice. When the door was opened, a cry of terror burst from several throats, while others could be heard ejaculating, "Now, it is all over. Good-by," etc. The prisoners flocked up from every corner; and their eyes were fixed on the public summoner and his ill-omened paper. Whose fate is going to be decided now? A startled twitching could be noticed on the faces of some, sullen indifference on others. The summoner coughed to clear his throat, surveyed the crowd, and then read in a loud voice, "André Chénier, litterateur." A young man of twenty-two stepped out of the throng. "Here!" he shouted in a firm voice. "Behind the bar," the summoner remarked. Chénier walked behind a paling, in which the chosen victims were to stand until the procession set out to hand them over to their judges. "Alexander Boucher, ex-captain of the ex-royal navy," the crier continued. "Here I am," a sonorous voice replied, which belonged to a man of about thirty-six years of age, who walked behind the railing with a firm step. "Charles de Bart, ex-officer of dragoons," was the next summons. "Ha, ha! have you got me at last?" a prisoner said, laughingly, in the crowd, and with the words a remarkably handsome man, whose aristocratic exterior even the filth and horror of a prison could not injure, stepped in front of the

crowd. "Behind the bar," the summoner shouted, in a voice of thunder. "How can you dare to look a patriot in the face?" De Bart hummed a chanson and tripped behind the bar. "Frederick, ex-Baron de Trenck, ci-devant officer."

The tall, thin form of the summoned man now slowly rose from the bench on which he had hitherto been seated. He had regarded the scene carelessly till his name was called, gazing with a melancholy smile at the pretty women and girls and powerful young men, who, mixed up with old men and matrons in the horrible prison, anxiously awaited the summons. A smile of disdain played round his lips when he now and then heard behind him a sob of terror, or a light cry of fear. Baron von Trenck had spent the night of July 6th with his legs stretched out at full length before him, and his hands in his breeches-pockets—Trenck had known worse resting-places. Yes, it was he, the mole of Magdeburg, the adventurer, the darling of the ladies, the brave soldier, the ridiculer of his guards, for whom no wall had proved too thick, no chain too stout, or no moat too deep. His sole desire from youth up had been for unbridled, unbridled liberty. This impulse led him to a dungeon, this contempt of all chains and walls rendered him capable to break through them, and his yearning for air and light endowed him with unexampled perseverance, when he dug his way through the earth with wretched tools, and when he at length found a quiet spot, his untamable nature left him no rest, but led him to France—to the prison of St. Lazare. The youth, the man, had proved that there was nothing that could conquer his strength—and the old man was compelled to bow beneath the crushing hand of destiny. It was a fearful fate! Trenck seems to have been destined by Providence to lead a life of imprisonment until the axe liberated him. What a fearful contrast! The brilliant halls of the palaces of Berlin, Petersburg, and Vienna; a man possessing the tender affection of an exalted noble lady, sought by many other fair ones, glistening in the brilliant uniform of the princely warriors, free after undergoing a thousand dangers, and now—the company of candidates for death, the melancholy hall for a residence, threadbare, stained clothing, and a worm eaten form—in the prison of St. Lazare.

Trenck's adventures, which had become

so popular in Germany, were known in France. In that age, which was as rich in great and noble as in horrible and dishonoring events, men like Trenck met with sympathy in all classes of society. People did not ask whether his life was free from every reproach, or whether he had deserved his punishment; it was sufficient that it had been bearable enough to secure the aged man, whose silvery locks were regarded with respect, a friendly reception in France. But he had opposed Robespierre, and he was consequently, with twenty-nine companions in misery, charged with "attempting to restore the monarchy, and causing the prisoners in St. Lazare to rebel." Robespierre acted with terrific decision. He was no longer satisfied with the number of his victims, but wanted people of reputation among them. Hence he resolved to sacrifice to the guillotine any persons of consideration still left in Paris. Trenck, as we said, enjoyed a great popularity in those parts of the city which he usually visited, and as men of repute were becoming rare in Paris, he must fall.

The crier repeated all the thirty names. He then thrust the list into his breast-pocket, took an enormous pinch of snuff, rang a bell, and quitted the hall.

A few minutes later the door was opened, and a double row of National Guards could be noticed drawn up in the corridor. The prisoners selected stepped out from behind the bar and between the soldiers, the order to march was given, and the prison-door was again closed on those left behind. They would never see their companions in misfortune again.

Trenck up to this time had not displayed the slightest emotion, but when the crier quitted the hall, when the summoned men took leave of their friends and relatives who remained behind, when tears and sighs again burst forth, and a hundred trembling hands were stretched out to the bar, Trenck nodded to an elegant-looking young man who was leaning against one of the pillars of the hall.

"My dear Count Bayley," he whispered, "take this as a sign of my friendship. It is the last present I received from the Princess Amalie, my benefactress and friend. I have kept it for a long time. Do you keep it as long as a sign of an honorable recollection of me and her."

With these words he handed the Count

a handsome tortoiseshell snuff-box, set in massive gold.

"My dearest Baron," Bayley exclaimed, "why do you wish to part with this valuable article?"

"Take it. I leave it to you. I am a dying man, so honor my last wishes. We shall never meet again, for my head is about to fall."

"But, dear Baron, as I am mixed up in the same affair as yourself, my head is no safer than yours."

"I know it. But I have a foreboding that you will be saved. I, Count, shall die."^{*}

On reaching the attentive crowd in front of the prison, Trenck was recognized before all the rest. Some yelled at him, while others applauded him. "Sing the *Ca ira*, long Prussian!"—"He is a spy!"—"It must be proved first whether he is no patriot!" Thus the mob shouted confusedly.

On arriving at the court-house, Trenck looked around him. There was the same company as in the street—men, women, and children. In the galleries spectators, and in the front row mothers who gave their babes the breast and looked the while eagerly at the judges. All the repulsive garbs of that time could be noticed, from the plain black coat to the shirt-sleeves of the Sectionist. The clerks wore red caps, red caps flashed throughout the crowd, a red cap was worn by the bust of Marat, which was placed on a console behind the judge's bench, and grinned at the blood-thirsty audience, and a red cap flaunted at the top of the tricolor flag waving over Marat's head. Repulsive smells, hoarse voices, a stifling atmosphere, frightful countenances, all these were combined to render the court a more terrible place than the prison itself. The bell was rung, and a solemn silence set in.

Hermann the Syndic rose and read the charge. Then he turned to the prisoner nearest to him, whose white-haired head rose far above the bayonets of the guard. This head, this face, already devoted to the knife, attracted general attention. Destiny had carved no furrows in it, and

* This prophecy was fulfilled. Bayley was liberated three days later, as Robespierre's influence was already failing. The Count preserved the snuff-box sacredly. He, however, removed the gold setting and gave it to his jailers, otherwise they might have seized box and all.

it seemed as if petrified. The corners of the mouth could no longer quiver, the forehead was no longer contracted; the eye and the tongue were alone able to express what this man had endured, and what he now felt.

"Your name, age, and profession?" Hermann asked.

"Baron Frederick Von Trenck; born at Königsberg in the year 1726; formerly an officer in the Prussian and Austrian service, now a man of letters."

"Accused, you are suspected of carrying on a criminal correspondence with the kings of Europe. One of your letters has been intercepted, and will be read to you by the public accuser. In this letter you express yourself very dubiously about the events of these latter days."

"The public accuser has been deceived. No letter of mine has passed the German frontier. For many years past I have been no welcome guest in the palaces of kings. If the rulers of Europe wish to learn the condition of France, they will not ask information of me, the friend of the people. See here, citizens, the wounds which imprisonment marked on my limbs; and I am charged with raising these hands against the liberators from prisons? You can not, dare not, believe this."

Trenck turned up his sleeves, and raised his still muscular arms high in the air. The audience rose from their seats, and noticed brown rings on the bones. They were the marks which the handcuffs of the Magdeburg Star Redoubt had left behind them. The sight affected the judges, and Trenck's words, uttered in a sonorous voice aroused a buzz of applause among the hearers.

"Can you deny that you have been the correspondent of Joseph II?"

"I was so, but am so no longer. Grant me leave to speak, Citizen Procureur, and I will compel my accusers to silence."

At this moment an individual sprang up on the left of the judges' table, whose horrible countenance froze the blood in people's veins. They were features admirably adapted for the executioners of that age, which was so characteristically called the Reign of Terror. The unusually arched and bushy eyebrows and prominent orbits gave the face a thorough expression of horror. This man, whom the God of Vengeance seemed to have branded for his fearful handiwork, was Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, the peasant's

son of Hervuelle, the bloodhound of the guillotine.*

"I object," the monster croaked; "the accused must not be allowed to go into useless divergences. Time is precious. Sentence must be passed on fifteen prisoners before four o'clock, and it is now twelve, so we have no time to lose."

"You have no time to lose?" Trenck thundered. "Do you consider the few moments spent in defending a human life as lost?"

"Speak, accused," said Hermann.

"Citizen Procureur," Tinville howled, "in that case I cannot—"

"Citizen Accuser," Hermann objected, "I have the management of the trial. Accused, I repeat that you can speak."

Trenck now rose and said:

"Citizens! for ten years I pined in fetters. At length liberated, I employed my freedom in the way a philosopher should do, who is deeply conscious of its value. I was a useful citizen. After marrying the daughter of a burgomaster of Aix-la-Chapelle, I turned my attention to commerce, literature, and military studies. I was the founder of a newspaper, in which I preached the doctrines of a new and pure Christianity. Through respect for a princess to whom I owed my liberty, I gave up the newspaper, but not my principles. From 1774 to 1777 I traveled through France and England. Here I made the acquaintance of the great patriot Franklin. It was who composed the well-known line about him—

"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrum que tyrannis."

On returning to Germany, a public office was offered me, but the death of my benefactress, the great Empress Maria Theresa—"

"You must not misapply the liberty of speech granted you to glorify tyrants," yelled Tinville.

"You can not prevent me from speaking as I ought. It is very strange that a republican official should try to check freedom of speech. When the great empress—"

"We are here to do justice," Hermann

* Fouquier Tinville was guillotined in 1795, because he had assassinated so many Frenchmen. On the road to execution he fainted several times. He shrieked: "The blood is choking me!" He had the fixed idea that he must wade through a sea of blood.

interposed, "but not to hear panegyrics of the enemies of the Republic."

"Say, more correctly, to condemn. But you have granted me leave to speak, and I will take advantage of it. The great Empress Maria Theresa——"

"Gag him if he persists in praising tyrants," Tinville commanded.

"She was my benefactress," Trenck remarked, "and I am bound to say, even in this place, that she was a great empress. When this great princess died, I proceeded to Hungary and became a farmer. Yes, citizen, the man whom you summon as a culprit to the bar was the friend of Franklin, and guided a plough on the plains of Zwabach. In 1787 I was allowed to revisit my native land. I went to Prussia, but only remained there as long as I required to pay a sacred debt of gratitude. The object of it quitted this world, and I fled from the spot where I had suffered so heavily.

"About this time appeared my Memoirs, which attracted the attention of Europe on me. Brilliant offers were made me, but I declined them. I would not be unfaithful to my sentiments, and defied fresh persecution. My enthusiasm for the storming of the Bastille cost me in Vienna an imprisonment of seventeen days. Citizens, is this conduct which can be repulsive to the patriots of France? Since 1791 I have lived in France, and published pamphlets which have not been without influence upon the political education of the French people. If I have not visited the popular assemblies, it was because I believed that, as a foreigner, I should not be allowed to speak. Question my comrades in the section of the Lombards to which I long belonged, and they will not refuse me the character of an honest man. I have spoken, and believe I have proved that I have never undertaken anything against the liberty of the French nation."

Trenck resumed his seat with a haughty gesture, and a fresh murmur of applause ran along the ranks. The public accuser rose again:

"I will not," he yelled, "follow the accused in all his windings, for justice must possess the speed of light. I will even drop a portion of the charge, so far as it relates to hostile behavior beyond the French frontier. But let the accused give me some answer to the accusation to which I now pass. Citizens! a conspiracy

has been formed at St. Lazare, designed to restore the Monarchy and overthrow the glorious Republic. Trenck, Chénier, Boucher, De Bart, and others are the ringleaders. Citizens! you are assembled to try one moiety of the conspirators: the other will be brought before you to-morrow. The evening of 6 Thermidor was selected for the execution, but the genius of liberty foiled the sanguinary plan, and the chief culprits now stand before you. You must condemn them, for the country is in peril."

"Every slave has the right to burst his fetters," Chénier exclaimed impetuously.

"We wished to escape punishment, nothing more," Boucher said. "Every man is not suited for a murderer, and the hand which wielded a sword or a pen with horror despises the dagger."

"When I escaped from prison," Trenck remarked, "heavier chains were laid on me, but I was not punished with death. It was reserved for the court of the Republic to surpass all others in barbarity."

"Why do you anticipate the verdict of the jury?" Hermann asked.

"We know our fate," Boucher said, passionately, "so do not hide the tiger behind the fox's skin. Our death is irrevocable, and we shall only leave this hall to mount the scaffold. Unworthy judges! a Judge is enthroned above you, who will try you also. Woe to you! your blood-sentences will survive you, and your names will be branded on the pillory to the most remote ages."

"I forbid the prisoners speaking, out of charity for them," said Hermann.

"Whether you deprive us of speech or not," cried Chénier, "we will not defend ourselves. It would be a mockery to do so before such a tribunal. The judges of the Revolution disgrace the name of justice."

"Citizen President," Tinville shouted, "put an end to this nonsense. Request the jury to withdraw to their deliberating-room."

"Accused Trenck," Hermann now said, "we esteem the character of moderation in your defence. Do you adhere to the statement that you took no part in the conspiracy?"

Trenck could save himself by one word, and leave the hall a free man. All eyes were fixed on him as he leaped up.

"Citizens," he said, "I declare that I

accept the responsibility of the words uttered by my comrades. Their fate shall be mine: I will live or die with them."

Trenck was lost; but the great moment had found him great. All his faults, all his errors, were expiated by this resolution—he was a martyr to his honor. A frightful pause ensued, but at length the jury reentered the court. All the accused, thirty in number, were sentenced to death on the charge of "having formed a conspiracy in prison in order to overthrow the republic, by the murder of the representatives of the people, and restore the monarchy." The accused listened to the sentence with indifference, for at that day men's feelings were blunted against death and its terrors, and they parted with the words, "We shall probably meet again under the guillotine." The sentence was passed at two P.M., and at four the tumbrils bore the condemned men to the place of execution. The friends had taken a parting embrace, and the air rang with their song. It was the "Chant du Départ" that they sang in chorus.

People sang at that day even when going to meet death; they sang when marching into battle; they sang during the work of blood. Boucher and Chénier were conversing about their visionary hopes, their once sweetly smiling future.

"Why die so young?" Chénier exclaimed; there was something here."

And he smote his forehead.

"André," Boucher replied, "you are leaving your ideas, but I my children and my loving wife. On the other side we shall meet again, so let us die nobly, and not display despondency or weakness in the presence of the hangman."

"I do not tremble," said Chénier; "but I repent that I have not been able to do the world any service."

The people looked at the passing tumbrils with decided signs of sympathy.

"What would you have—what are you staring at?" Trenck shouted, in a firm voice; "it is only a comedy *à la Robespierre*."

They reached the foot of the guillotine, and here Trenck displayed all the strength of his mind and his unbending will. He refused to be the first; he saw one head fall after the other, but stood calmly, with his hands crossed on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the sanguinary drama, which was repeated twenty-nine times in his presence. His tall form rose high above all the rest, and his gray hair blew about his energetic countenance. What thoughts were passing through his mind? "Let him remain with me, and I will make something great out of him," Frederick the Great had said to him, in 1749.

At this moment Boucher's head fell. He was the last but one.

Trenck's turn had arrived. With a firm step he walked up to the scaffold, the boards creaking beneath his heavy tread. On reaching the platform, he calmly surveyed the crowd. "Frenchmen," he shouted, "we die innocent. Our death will be avenged by you—produce liberty by sacrificing the monsters that disgrace it."

He rapidly knelt down. The knife fell like lightning, and the head of the unfortunate adventurer rolled into the executioner's sack. Thirty heads had fallen within fifteen minutes. The mob dispersed, and the cry of "Vive la Nation!" vibrated through the air like the murmur of the heaving ocean.*

* Although we have given a dramatic form to our episode, the facts are literally as we have found them in the documents of the "Droit Public," and other authentic sources.

THEATRICAL SUBSIDIES IN ITALY.—The Italian Parliament has abolished the national grant to theaters. It amounted to £44,000 a year; but very little of this amount ever reached the stage, the money being squandered in jobs and pensions. La Scala, for instance, is starved. It was resisted on the sound ground that such a grant could be justified only as an encouragement to art, that Italian art had never flour-

ished except when independent, that it was doubtful whether the ballet *was* art in any high sense of the word, and that the theater, as a matter of fact, was in a miserably low condition. The Minister pleaded for one year's delay, but the majority ruthlessly stopped the grant. The matter seems a small one, but few debates have been more creditable to the growing social intelligence of Italy.

From the Popular Science Review.

T H E H U M A N S K I N .

BY ISAAC ASHE, M.B., CH. M.

It is a characteristic difference between the works of man and the works of the Creator that the former has to adopt many contrivances, and employ a cumbrous machinery, to bring about a single result, whereas the Creator generally accomplishes several ends by one and the same agent; and in few organs of the body, or in none, perhaps, is this more manifest, than in that one of which we are about to present to our readers a brief sketch.

We little think when we look at the skin of our bodies, apparently so simple, what a wonderfully complex structure it really possesses, or how numerous, how varied and important, are the uses it serves in our animal economy.

Our readers would, perhaps, be startled to hear that our stomach, our liver, nay, even our brain itself, are less necessary to life than our skin. Yet it is well known that we may do without food, live without calling our stomach into action, for several days; that the liver also may wholly cease to act for several days before death ensues; and it has also been known that several monsters have been born without any brain whatever, which yet have survived for several days, discharging all the functions of organic life—exercising motion, sucking at the breast like other infants, digesting their food, etc.—and have continued to do so for a number of days greater than the number of hours it would be possible to survive were the functions of the skin completely stopped. The experiment has actually been made on the lower animals, and the results show that the skin is a most important auxiliary to the lungs in the process of aëration of the blood; and that if its functions be arrested, as has been done by varnishing the fur in a rabbit, or gilding the skin in a pig, the unfortunate animal dies in a couple of hours or so, with all the symptoms which would be produced

by a slow cutting off of the supply of air to the lungs. On one occasion, before this fact was known, the experiment was unfortunately performed on a child, and with a like fatal result. This was on the occasion of the accession of Leo the Tenth to the Papal chair, when he gilded a child all over at Florence to represent the Golden Age; but the unfortunate child died in a few hours very unexpectedly, representing, we suppose, the short duration of the age in question, and causing no little astonishment and speculation among philosophers, and probably no less superstitious feeling in the minds of the vulgar.

From these experiments we can easily infer how important a matter it must be to keep this organ constantly in an efficient state for the discharge of this as well as its other important functions. Indeed, this one organ the Creator has put specially into our charge, while all the other organs of our body are beyond our control. Yet often when we have neglected this charge, and suffer in consequence, we lay the blame upon organs wholly guiltless of our sufferings, such as the liver or stomach, which will work perfectly right without our care or attention if we only give them fair play, and do not, by our neglect of the skin, throw upon them an amount of work twice as great as their proper share.

In insects, the entire respiration is conducted by means of pores in the skin, to which the name of *spiracles* is given, and of internal tubes called *tracheæ*, and they possess neither lungs nor gills. Hence arises the difficulty of drowning an insect in water; for as the pores are guarded by minute hairs, the water can not enter them; but if a feather dipped in oil be applied to the abdominal portion of an insect's body, as to the yellow part of a wasp, it falls dead immediately; being, in

fact, suffocated by the oil, which readily enters the pores in spite of the hairs, and so stops the respiration.

Aëration of the blood is not, however, the only function which the skin has to discharge; absorption is another, though not of equal importance. This is carried on by a system of vessels called the lymphatic vessels, which permeate the skin every where over the whole surface of the body. To illustrate this function, we may mention the fact, that persons in whom disease has closed up the natural entrance to the stomach by the throat have been kept alive for days and weeks by being frequently immersed in a warm milk bath. The late celebrated Duc de Pasquier, who died a short time ago, at the age of ninety, had been kept alive for some weeks before his death by this means. Various salts, also, have been detected in the secretions of persons who have used baths containing those salts in solution, such salts having been taken up by the skin. Persons in distress for want of water at sea have also sometimes relieved their thirst by bathing the body in sea-water, so rapidly is absorption carried on under such circumstances.

Another and a most important function of the skin it discharges as the organ of the special sense of touch, which is only a highly exalted form of general sensation, which also resides specially in the skin. Under certain circumstances the reference of sensation to the part of the body touched becomes perverted; as in the case of a limb which has been removed, where, when the nerves that supplied the removed part are affected with pain, this is referred to the part which has been lost, it may be, years before.

The functions of the skin as a covering for the body, adding beauty and preserving the delicate structures underneath, regulating the intensity of sensations from without, and (by a beautiful contrivance which we shall subsequently refer to) the amount of temperature within, are a further illustration of the multiplicity of ends attained by the Creator through one and the same agency; and, though last, not least, we may mention the function of excretion, or removing from the body materials no longer of use to it, and which, if retained any longer, would become actually injurious to it.

We shall now proceed to describe the beautiful structure of the skin, by which

it is adapted for the discharge of these numerous and important offices. The skin is composed, as most of our readers are aware, of two layers; an outer, called the *cuticle*, or scarf-skin, or sometimes termed the *epidermis*; and an inner, called the *cutis*, or true skin, or sometimes the *dermis*. This latter rests upon a very fine interlaced or netted structure, called the *areolar tissue*, out of which, if we may so express it, the granules and fibers of the skin are formed.

It has been usual to describe a third layer placed between the true skin and the scarf-skin, and called the *rete mucosum*, or pigment layer; but later researches have shown that there is no such distinct layer, and that the pigment cells, to which the color of the skin in different races is due, are but a different stage in the development of the scarf-skin. This scarf-skin is never of very great thickness in any animal, but the true skin is of very variable thickness, and is that portion of the skin on which depends the thickness of the hide of the pachydermatous animals, a character so remarkable as to give name to the class to which they belong, which includes such animals as the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, elephant, horse, pig, etc. In the whale the cutis attains the thickness of about an inch, which is the greatest known in any animal.

It seems the most natural method in describing the skin to begin with the cuticle, which is at the surface, and so proceed from the better known to the less known, as in most other matters of knowledge. The cuticle, then, consists of several layers of laminated scales, the laminated form being best marked at the very surface, where the scales are constantly falling off as a kind of scurf, and are as constantly being renewed from below. These scales are formed by the flattening out of granules more less rounded, which is the form assumed by the particles of the cuticle in its deeper layers; these granules are at first nucleated cells, and the coloring matter of the skin resides in the nuclei, and these granules it was that were formerly described as a separate layer under the name of the *rete mucosum*. They are very minute, being about one three-thousandth of an inch in diameter at first; being renewed from below as the flattened scales are removed above, they gradually approach the surface, and as they do so they more and more lose the granular

form and assume the scaly character, their diameter increasing accordingly to about one six-hundredth of an inch. In many animals, however, they are much larger than this, for the scales of reptiles and fish are indeed only a modified form of these epidermal scales in man; and in some of these creatures, as serpents, the epidermis, instead of being in a constant state of renewal and repair, as in man, is only removed at one particular season, when it comes off *en masse*, and is called the *slough* of the reptile. As may be supposed, the body of the animal is very tender after this process, and it goes off and hides itself for a season, until nature has repaired the loss of the old epidermis by a new one. Something similar to the gradual hardening of its new skin which then takes place we see in ourselves in the gradual hardening and thickening of a new nail, if we accidentally lose one, which we may observe to grow in thickness as well as in length. In fact, the nails are nothing more or less than modified cuticle placed in the position we find them in order to give protection and support to the ends of the fingers, and so enable the tips of the fingers, which are the tactile organs in man, duly to appreciate the nature of the bodies with which they come in contact; and it is found that the tactile sensibility of the finger is much impaired by the loss of the nail. In some of the lower animals the nails are further modified into claws, so as to become weapons of defence and offence.

Into the epidermis or cuticle no nerves or blood-vessels penetrate, and it is nourished merely by the transudation of the serum of the blood through the walls of the vessels of the true skin and subcutaneous areolar tissue; and as it has no nerves it is not itself sensitive, but on the contrary, serves to blunt the too exquisite sensation of the true skin. That it has no sensibility of its own may be proved when a small portion of it is detached from the underlying surface of the true skin, as by a blister; and this is the best way of demonstrating the cuticle in a living person, as it is extremely difficult to detach any portion of it by mechanical means.

Next we come to the structure of the cutis, or true skin, which is much more highly organized, and consists of two kinds of tissue, namely, white and yellow fibers; the former being denser and more

resisting, and being therefore present in greater quantity wherever resistance is most needed, as in the palm of the hand and sole of the foot; while the yellow fibers are a highly elastic tissue, owing to their minute fibrillæ being arranged in interlacing curves, and these fibers cross each other repeatedly, and branch so as to form minute lozenge-shaped interstices, which are filled up principally by the white fibers. These yellow fibers, accordingly, as might be anticipated, exist in greater abundance where elasticity is a special requirement, as at flexures of the joints, the lips, etc.

The uppermost surface of the cutis or true skin is strangely uneven and irregular, being elevated into a vast number of minute papillæ, which are about one one-hundredth of an inch in length, and one two-hundred and fiftieth of an inch in diameter. Minute as these little papillæ are, each possesses a ramification of vascular capillaries and of nerve fibers; the latter, though not traceable to the very surface—being in fact the essential agents in the sense of touch, for that is the function of these papillæ—they are the seat of the tactile power, and accordingly we find them developed in the greatest number and perfection where the tactile power is highest, as along the tips of the fingers and the lips in man, the lips specially in many quadrupeds, as the horse—these organs being the principal seats of the tactile power in them; also along the membranous expansion of the wings in bats, where the sense of touch and appreciation of impact are so delicate that the animal, even though blinded, can fly between suspended threads without touching them. These papillæ are also very well developed on the trunk of the elephant, the snout of the tapir, and at the roots of the hairs of the whiskers in the feline tribe, as well as on the under surface of the prehensile tails of some of the monkey tribe, where the sense of touch is so delicate that they can ascertain by clasping it in their tails whether a nut has a sound kernel or not, and so save themselves a useless trouble and disappointment in cracking it if unsound. These papillæ are quite distinguishable on looking at the hand, for their extremities are received into depressions on the under surface of the scarf-skin, and when this is stripped off and examined with a low power these pits or depressions are well

seen, arranged in single or double rows, which correspond with the papillæ beneath, and above with the grooves or furrows which are visible on looking at the palm of the hand and inner surface of the fingers. These furrows are caused by the scarf-skin dipping in between the rows of papillæ, and all along each furrow at very minute intervals may be seen little cross lines which indicate the separations of the individual papillæ, or rather pairs of papillæ, for they are usually arranged in pairs. The number of these papillæ is immense; a square inch of the palm of the hand will contain more than forty rows, and each row more than sixty pairs, making in all about five thousand individual papillæ in a single square inch of skin. They are not, however, equally well developed in all parts of the body, being nearly absent on the back, where, however, the cutis is tolerably dense, for there is no relation between its thickness and the development of these papillæ; on the tongue, for instance, the cutis is extremely thin, and yet the papillæ there are larger than in any other part of the body, and not that alone, but so thin also is the cuticle here that the individual papillæ are seen, giving that peculiar roughness to the tongue which is found to a certain degree in man, and to a very high degree in some of the lower animals, as the ox and the cat tribe.

Professor E. H. Weber instituted some delicate experiments on the sense of touch with the view of ascertaining its relative delicacy in different parts of the body, the method he adopted being to ascertain at what distance from each other two points of contact ceased to be perceived as one only, and distinctly recognized as two. For this purpose he slightly blunted a pair of compasses with sealing-wax and then applied them to different parts of the body. He then found that on the pulp or soft part of the tip of the fingers the points were perceived as two when separated only one thirty-sixth part of an inch, while on the middle of the arm and thigh they had to be separated as much as two and a half inches. He also found, as might be expected, that they were more readily perceived as two when placed across the direction of the branches of the nerves, than when placed parallel to the branches. A well-known fact is that the sensations of heat and cold, which of course appertain

to the sense of touch, are to a certain degree relative; that is to say, that if we place one hand in warm water and the other in cold, and then plunge both into a vessel containing water at an intermediate temperature, this will appear hot to the hand which has been in the cold water and cold to the other. Weber has also shown a very curious fact, namely, that if both hands are plunged into water of the same temperature without previous preparation it will seem warmer to the left hand than to the right. To obtain an accurate result this experiment ought to be performed with the eyes blinded, and in ignorance of the relative temperature of the water in the two vessels, so as to remove the influence of reason or imagination. Some other curious phenomena regarding the sense of touch have also been found to exist, such as that if two of the fingers be crossed and then a single small object, as a pen, be placed between them, the mind will appreciate it as two objects; or, again, that if two points, as of a pair of compasses, be applied to the skin at a fixed distance, they will feel as if more widely separated when on a very sensitive part than they will elsewhere, or if drawn along the skin from a less to a more sensitive part will seem to separate as they approach the latter; and, again, that a perfectly plane or level surface may be made to appear concave by another person drawing it over the tip of the finger of one whose eyes are covered, and pressing at first strongly, then lightly, and then strongly again, or it may be made to appear convex by reversing this order of pressure; but if the pressure is regulated by the subject of the experiment himself the delusion vanishes. Indeed, all these experiments ought to be performed on a person whose eyes are blinded, and by a second party.

The extreme delicacy to which the sense of touch may be brought by practice often receives curious illustrations. One of the best known is the ability of the blind to read raised letters; and in one case, when the sense of touch of the pulp of the fingers had been much reduced by injury, the sufferer learned to read by applying her lips to the letters. It is said that in counting rapidly a roll of bank-notes, a clerk in the Bank of England will be able to detect a counterfeit note by the touch alone, which no examination by an ordinary individual could distinguish from a

genuine note, even were he aware that it was forged.

Such are some of the wonders of the sense of touch,—a sense whose impressions are conveyed to the mind by nerves set apart for that office, these nerves being the posterior roots of the spinal nerves, and the fifth and eighth cranial nerves. The fifth cranial is, indeed, a very singular nerve; for, besides having motor fibers as well as sensitive, it has some of its sensitive fibers so modified, that in the papillæ of the tongue they become the nerves of the special sense of taste; and, indeed, in some of the invertebrate animals, as the crustaceans, this nerve also receives the impressions of the special senses of sight and hearing.

We come now to the function of secretion, and the description of the beautiful and complex apparatus by which that function is carried on. When we look with a simple lens, or even with the naked eye, at the delicate grooves crossing the furrows of the hand above mentioned, we find that a small orifice exists in the center of each of them, sometimes occupying the whole of the groove. This is, in fact, the orifice of a perspiratory duct; and when the hand is warm the perspiration may be observed, even with the naked eye, to issue from it, forming minute shining dots. The glands by which the perspiration is secreted are seated at the under-surface of the true skin, each embedded in a cavity in it; and they consist, like many other glands, of a ravelled tube formed of basement membrane and of epithelial scales, together with true secreting structure; the materials for secretion being furnished by a minute capillary network of blood vessels arising from arterial trunks, which bring the blood to the gland to be purified, and terminating in venous trunks, which carry off the blood when that process has been performed.

These glands are consequently to be regarded as true excretory organs, removing from the blood materials that are no longer wanted, and which, if retained, would be injurious. Their size varies in different situations, being in the palm of the hand from one one-hundredth to one two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, but in the arm-pits, where they are largest, and form a very thick layer, they reach the size of one sixtieth of an inch. Their ducts are composed of basement membrane and epithelium only; the latter being an inflec-

tion from the scarf skin which runs down the walls of the duct. The length of the tube which constitutes both gland and duct is about a quarter of an inch. It is straight while passing through the true skin; but becomes strongly spiral while traversing the scarf-skin, the turns being as close and regular as those of a screw. The diameter of this tube is about one seventeen-hundredth of an inch. We can have little idea of the importance of these little ducts to the system from considering any single one of them; but when we come to consider them collectively, we may in some degree estimate their value, and the necessity of maintaining their functions in healthy action. Over thirty-five hundred of these little ducts have been found to exist in a single square inch of the skin of the palm; and, accordingly, taking the length of each at a quarter of an inch, as we mentioned above, we find that their aggregate length amounts to seventy-three feet. On a square inch of the heel the length would be about forty-seven feet. About sixty feet would represent the average length of these ducts for a single square inch of skin for the whole body; and as the number of square inches in a person of ordinary size is about twenty-five hundred, we arrive by computation at the startling result, that the aggregate length of the sudoriferous ducts of the body is about twenty-eight miles.

It was to this glandular system we referred, when we said there was a beautiful contrivance for regulating the internal temperature of the body; for the perspiration so poured out is vaporized principally by the heat of the body; and in thus turning into vapor it renders latent, as all liquids do in undergoing that change, an enormous amount of heat, which is thus being constantly carried away from the body as fast as it is generated by the chemical processes constantly going on within the system. Hence we see the cause of that burning heat of skin which is so marked a symptom of some diseases when the perspiration is completely arrested, causing that peculiar harsh, dry skin, which is so well known to the physician as the concomitant of this burning heat.

It is due to the same cause that the blood never exceeds about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit in temperature, even under violent exercise; for a copious flow of perspiration carries off the heat so generated. And for the same reason it is

possibly in dry air to bear with impunity a degree of heat much beyond what could be borne in moist air, where the perspiration would not be vaporized as fast as excreted. Water at the temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees is almost unbearable. A vapor bath at the same temperature might be endured for a few minutes; but the distress arising from the suppressed perspiration would soon render it intolerable. But in dry air a heat can be borne with impunity, and almost without discomfort, which will roast eggs and dress beefsteaks. In some experiments performed by Drs. Watson and Carpenter it became desirable to ascertain the height at which a thermometer stood in an oven, without subjecting it to the cooling consequent on withdrawing it. A girl volunteered to go into the oven and mark the height of the mercury. The gentlemen hesitated at her proposal; but she assured them she was not in the least afraid of so doing; and she actually went in, and remained there for ten minutes, while the thermometer stood at two hundred and eighty degrees; and another girl remained for five minutes in the oven, with the thermometer at three hundred and twenty-five degrees, or one hundred and thirteen above the point of boiling water. Beefsteaks were cooked in this oven, merely by the temperature of the air, in thirty-three minutes; and when the air was blown on them by a pair of bellows, they were cooked in thirteen minutes. And yet in these experiments the young women suffered scarcely any inconvenience; and the heat of the body, as tried by a thermometer placed under the tongue, was scarcely at all increased. Sir Charles Blagden remained for some minutes in air of about the same temperature, and also Dr. Lankester; and Chabert, the French showman, called the Fire King, was in the habit of entering an oven heated from four hundred to six hundred degrees, or within a few degrees of the heat of molten lead. Animals covered with hair or feathers, however, die very soon in temperatures much below these; apparently because the hair or feathers interfere with the free escape of moisture from the skin, which is necessary to keep the blood cool, and prevent injurious consequences. Hence, also, persons who are in the habit of taking Turkish baths, which are, in fact, hot-air baths, experience no inconvenience from the

high temperature as soon as the perspiration begins to flow, which, in a practiced bather, it does immediately.

The amount of liquid which, in a person in health, issues from the pores during the twenty-four hours is not less than an imperial pint, containing about an ounce of solid matter in solution, and besides a large amount of carbonic acid gas; hence we estimate the importance of keeping these ducts in perfect order by means of frequent bathing.

Another kind of gland is also found in the skin in connection with the hairs, and engaged in their nutrition. These glands are called the sebaceous glands, inasmuch as they furnish an oily or waxy substance to nourish the hairs; this substance is developed in largest quantity inside the ear, where it serves to prevent access of dust, insects, etc., to that delicate organ. The ducts of these glands are not spiral, and they open generally into the hair follicles, or pits which the hair grows out of, situated in the subcutaneous areolar tissue.

There are generally several glands connected with each hair; their ducts are frequently inhabited by a very peculiar little parasite, by no means a beautiful object when viewed under the microscope, but found even in the cleanest and healthiest persons, sometimes three or four being in each follicle; yet they are specially found in persons whose skin is torpid in its action, and they multiply in sickness. These glands lubricate the skin, and so maintain its elasticity, and they also serve to eliminate hydrocarbons from the system; they are extremely numerous, as may be inferred from their connection with the hairs.

We may here mention briefly the structure of hair, as being connected with these follicles. Hair may be regarded as a kind of modified cuticle, though it takes its origin much deeper than the cuticle, and even deeper than the true skin. The scales of the epidermis descend into the hair follicle, forming its lining, and then, at the bottom of the follicle, the cells which on the surface would become cuticular scales are changed into a layer of imbricated or overlapping scales, which form the cortex or bark of the hair; while the cells which grow from the very bottom of the follicle are modified into elongated fibers, and so form the inner substance of the hair.

A very curious and beautiful structure is especially developed around the hair

follicles and sebiparous glands, consisting of minute, quite microscopical muscular fibers, not capable of being acted on by the will, but acting involuntarily on the application of certain stimulants, external or mental; cold, fear, anger, etc., will stimulate these fibers to contraction, and hence, owing to their peculiar interlacing around the hair follicles, arises the peculiar bristling so well seen in some animals, particularly the lion and others of the cat tribe, under the influence of these emotions. To this cause also is due what is known as the hair standing on end, the first notice of which we have in the Book of Job—"Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up." The creeping of the flesh under the same emotions is due to the same cause; for, although particularly well developed around the hair follicles, these muscular fibers are not confined to them, but extend every where through the skin, and the appearance assumed by the skin under the influence of cold, and known as the "goose-skin," is due also to their contraction.

Hair is almost universally the covering of the skin in the class of Mammalia, and is found even in the whale, but only in the shape of a few scattered hairs here and there over the body, so that it can be of no use except to carry out the type of the organization of the class. In certain parts of the bodies of some animals hairs sometimes become remarkably developed and strangely modified, as is the case in the hedgehog and porcupine, where they assume over the greater part, but not the whole of the body, the form of spines and quills.

In the class of birds hair is not found, being replaced by feathers, and the apparent hairs on animals of this class, on being examined with a microscope, present the characters of feathers, and not those of hair.

We have thus sketched the principal characters of that beautiful organ, the skin, which, it is hardly necessary to observe, is as completely illustrative of the Creator's skill and wisdom as in every other portion of the animal frame.

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.*

WHEN the beloved sister of Charles II., Henrietta—known in France simply as "Madame," being the wife of "Monsieur" the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother—was sent over to the English court to cement an alliance threatened by the growing popular feeling in favor of the Prince of Orange, that Princess was accompanied, among other maids of honor, by a young lady of a good old Bréton family, Louise de Keroual, and who, introduced at the French court by M. de Chaulnes, the Governor of the province, had become tenderly attached to Henrietta. To judge from existing portraits—more especially the one at Hampton

Court—Louise de Keroual was fair, her fine, open forehead was massed over with an abundance of brown hair, her dark, piercing eye marked her Bréton descent, and although her countenance bespoke firmness of character, she was as gracefully playful as a child. The court was, indeed, always lively around Madame; her beautiful maids of honor had all their gentlemen who wore their colors, and they ended in the race of life by wedding them, or being immured in a convent. Maria Theresa, Infanta-Queen, had introduced these Spanish bigotries into the French court, and there was no appeal from their verdict—the court, marriage, or the cloisters!

Louis XIV. had proposed an excursion into Flanders. The court was at Ostend

* *La Duchesse de Portsmouth.* Par M. CAFE-FIGUE.

when Madame embarked for England. She arrived in London expected by few save King Charles II., who received her with every mark of affection. He, indeed, spent every leisure moment with his sister surrounded by her maids of honor, and he was soon so captivated by the youthful charms of Mademoiselle de Keroual, that he asked his sister, as a favor, that she should remain in England as maid of honor to the Queen. The King was at that time about to give away Miss Stewart, to whom he had once been so tenderly attached, in marriage to the Duke of Richmond; the clever Nell Gwyn had, however, still some hold upon his volatile affections, and never relinquished the power of attracting him to her by her gaiety and somewhat boisterous sallies. The new passion aroused in the King's breast by the fair Bréton suited French policy admirably, and, as Saint Evremont wrote to Ninon de l'Enclos, "the silk ribbon that bound the waist of Mademoiselle de Keroual united France to England."

At the epoch when Mademoiselle de Keroual held the scepter of beauty and grace at the court of Charles II., the King was still surrounded by patriotic counselors. Chancellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, who opposed the King in his haughty disregard of parliamentary opinion, witnessed with increasing anxiety the sudden elevation of a French lady into power; nor was his anxiety diminished by her being raised to the peerage under the title of the Duchess of Portsmouth.

This ravishing Bréton not only pleased the King by her beauty and gracefulness, but she obtained still more influence over him by the firmness of her character and by her energetic resolves. In close and intimate correspondence with the court of France, she aspired to be the prop and maintenance of the alliance between the two nations and the two kings. In order the more effectually to bring this about, it was necessary to reconstitute the existing ministry, and to get rid of the Chancellor at any risk. Both he and Sir William Temple, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, were obnoxious at court, as antagonistic to the absolute prerogative of the monarchy. The Duke of Buckingham was at once looked up to as the courtly minister. He kissed the gloved hand of the Duchess of Portsmouth with the same respectful devotion as he had previously

kissed that of Miss Stewart; and he built castles of cards for the new favorite with as much assiduity as he had labored at off epigrams and sonnets in honor of the charming but capricious Nell Gwyn. To this gallant personage was attached Sir Thomas Clifford, a stern old Royalist; Lord Ashley, afterward Lord Shaftesbury; the Duke of Lauderdale and Arlington—all men of one idea, only that they had arrived at it by different roads. Some of them had served under Cromwell, and could not understand why absolute power should not suit the brows of legitimate monarchy, just as well as it did a dictator elected by popular suffrages. Others were of old Norman blood, or Scotch exclusives, whose families had always pertinaciously held by the divine right of kings, and the immaculate transmission of an hereditary nobility. Public opinion at once designated the combination as a cabal—a well-chosen epithet, even if, as has been supposed, it was an anagram with the initials of the five ministers, C, Clifford; A, Ashley; B, Buckingham; A, Arlington; and L, Lauderdale.

The policy proposed to itself by the new ministry elected under the auspices of the Duchess of Portsmouth was—first, to cause the royal prerogative to triumph over the detested parliamentary opposition; and, secondly, to cement the alliance of England with Louis XIV. in opposition to Europe coalesced against that ambitious monarch. Thus to believe the Catholic legitimist, M. Capetigue, the Duchess of Portsmouth was at once the head and heart of the new ministry:

"Charles II. was by nature too frivolous, and was too much carried away by the love of distraction and pleasures, to go on with determination toward a given object; all he wanted was, that Parliament should have granted him subsidies, and he would have given up all else upon that condition. But it was not so with the young Duchess of Portsmouth. French by character; of an illustrious and national Bréton descent, she possessed a bold tenacity of character; pious, as all were at the court of Louis XIV., notwithstanding her love for Charles II., she was still more devoted to the triumph of the religious idea, and she sought to obtain freedom of worship for the English Catholics. One of the first acts of the cabal ministry was to proclaim the liberty of belief and

of forms of worship in England; one would be surprised in the present day to hear that so liberal an act should meet with any opposition. Nevertheless, this generous and legal impulse was one of the active causes of the unpopularity of the ministry of the cabal. A royal proclamation declared that Presbyterians, Puritans, and Catholics should freely enjoy the right of attending church and preaching; and this act excited the most energetic opposition! But the ministry did not stop at that, and, in virtue of this bill, the Duke of York, the King's brother, made public profession of that Catholic worship which he had secretly practiced for some five years; it was only a most legitimate act of liberty."

An opposition to liberal measures, which would be so out of place in the present day, was scarcely so at that epoch, when the liberties of the Protestants were so little affirmed as to be constantly in danger; and it was felt, as is indeed scarcely disguised by M. Capefigue himself, that the whole power of the new influence that had risen up, star-like, in the court, would be brought to bear upon Catholic interests. Oliver Goldsmith represents how much the apprehensions of the nation were aroused by the first acts of the ministry, and the public recantation of the Duke of York. Even the clergy lent themselves to the propagation of rumors to the effect that the King was about to reestablish the Catholic religion under the influence of a Papistic mistress.

It was impossible under the new system of French alliance and open toleration, if not covert diffusion of Catholicism, to obtain subsidies from Parliament, and the Duchess of Portsmouth expressed this fact to Madame de Montespan. "Money was wanted to arm against Holland, but it was not to be obtained in England, and it was necessary to seek a loan on Italy, at Venice or Genoa." Louis XIV. resolved to grant a subsidy to Charles II., in order to facilitate the objects of the alliance, and M. Capefigue is very indignant that the King should have been accused of being pensioned by France, when he only did what Sweden and Prussia did—receive the moneys of Cardinal Richelieu in order to carry on the war in Germany.

"It is certain," says Capefigue, "that if the counsels of Louis XIV. had been

followed as they were transmitted by Madame de Montespan to the Duchess of Portsmouth, an absolute change would have been effected in the English constitution, and the King could have done without the Parliament, as Louis XIV. did without his after the Fronde. But it required to accept such counsels that the ministry of the cabal should have remained perfectly united and resolved, whereas all the ministers who entered into its composition had not the same amount of firmness and resolution; some of them, accustomed to parliamentary struggles, did not dare to enfranchise themselves in an absolute manner from Parliament; they would willingly have taken part in an arrangement, or in a mixed negotiation, when there was no real solution save in a haughty and decisive rupture with the Commons, who required to be treated after the fashion of Cromwell."

Luckily, England was saved from this Montespan-Portsmouth coup-d'état by a combination of circumstances, among which, however, the irresolution of ministers no doubt held a first place. Charles II.'s affection for the Duchess had received a new impulse by the birth of a son, whom he created Duke of Richmond and Lennox, with authority to adopt the royal arms of the Stuarts. Louis XIV., to reward the young Bréton for services rendered to France at the time of the coalition, had also created her Duchess of Aubigny, a title always enjoyed by the Stuarts from the times of Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel."

Madame de Sévigné wrote as follows to her daughter: "Keroual, already Duchess of Portsmouth, has succeeded in all her hopes. She wished to be a king's mistress, and she is so; she has a son, who has been acknowledged, and to whom two duchies have been granted; she is somewhat selfish, and accumulates moneys, and she makes herself loved and respected by those who are amenable. But she did not calculate upon having as a rival a young actress, who has bewitched the king; she has not the power to withdraw him from her for a moment. The actress is as proud as the Duchess of Portsmouth; she sneers at her, takes the king from her, and boasts of his preference; she is young, handsome, bold, and amusing; she dances, sings, and follows her profession in good faith; she has a son, and is resolved that he shall be recognized. She reasons thus

wise: That young lady pretends to be a person of quality, she claims relationship with every one in France, and whenever any great person dies she puts on mourning! Since she is a person of quality, why is she also 'cateau'? She ought to die of shame; but as to me, it is my profession; I do not pretend to anything else; the king supports me; I belong to him only now; I have a son by him, I pretend that he should be recognized, and he shall recognize him, for he loves me as much as he does his Portsmouth."

Hostilities with Holland—the result of the new coalition, inaugurated under such immoral auspices—had in the mean time broken out. Louis XIV. had invaded the Low Countries, and the English fleet, under the Duke of York, was co-operating with the French under the Comte d'Estrées. The heart of parliament was, however, opposed to the measure, and an address to the king was passed, declaring that "the preponderance of France in the existing war was a source of anxiety to England, and that the Commons was desirous of peace, so long as Holland would accept of reasonable conditions." It was in vain that Charles dissolved the House, the new parliament was even more hostile to the Anglo-French coalition than the previous one had been. The ministry fell into disorder in the presence of this formidable and systematic opposition. Lord Clifford was dead, Lord Shaftesbury was making common cause with parliament, and Buckingham was no longer to be depended upon. Under such circumstances, and at such a crisis, Charles gave way, and entered into a special treaty with Holland, in utter disregard of the alliance contracted and the engagements entered into with the court of Versailles. But even this did not satisfy the Commons; Louis XIV. was victorious, the Prince of Orange defeated and his strongholds occupied, and they insisted that common cause should be made with the prince, and steps taken to stay the progress of the victorious and ambitious ruler of France. Charles II. once more gave way to the popular feeling; a marriage between the daughter of the Duke of York and the Prince of Orange was negotiated, and subsidies were voted for lending aid to him with armed forces in his dire extremity. War was declared against France, and a marriage, which was destined to lose the throne to the Stuarts, was

carried out, while the Duke of Monmouth was sent with three thousand English to the relief of Ostend.

Thus it was that the bad political influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth fell before the righteous instincts of the English people. With the decline of her power came also other great changes. The large brimmed felt hats, with waving plumes, of the cavaliers, and their curly heads of hair, gave way gradually to close-fitting skull-caps and round and close-cut crops, while the gay doublets trimmed with lace were supplanted by tight jackets of a somber hue. The rich silk robes of the ladies of the court, with their head-dresses of diamonds and pearls, in which the Duchess of Portsmouth luxuriated, were looked upon with as much abhorrence by the Presbyterians and Puritans as were the manners of the courtiers themselves.* Yet has Capefigue a word to say in favor of the falling party:

"The impulsion toward gallantry, which was imparted by Charles II. to his court, was not wholly illegitimate; the easy and amiable manners of the day almost always found repose in marriage: all the heroes of romance at the court ended in serious alliances. The Duke of Richmond wedded Miss Stewart; Lord Rochester, the daughter of the Earl of Enmere; Lord Littleton, the intimate companion of the king, took for wife the charming Miss Temple; Talbot wedded Miss Boynton; the clever Duke of Hamilton himself married Miss Jennings; and the Chevalier de Grammont, so frivolous and so oblivious, 'married as he ran,' Miss Hamilton. All these charming young scapegraces thus entered into serious alliances, after having trifled for a moment with affections; what the austere Puritans denounced as the manners of Babylon, were often nothing more than those simple gallantries export-

* The Restoration diffused its refreshing influence around, and England, breathing freely again, joyfully resumed her *status quo ante bellum*, her time honored title of "Merrie." The national mirth, rising from its enforced and troubled sleep, broke out into excesses political and bacchanalian. Bells chimed, bonfires blazed, rumps were roasted, fiddles squeaked, and the conduits ran with wine. The pike gave place to the pen, long faces to short graces, and narrow fanaticism to broad fun. Songs of a superior class, sparkling with caustic wit and drollery, brought out in bold relief Jack Presbyter; and Sir Robert Howard made that tipsy roisterer, in the character of Obadiah, cut that very ridiculous figure on the stage.

ed from France, love 'liaisons,' and exchanges of sentiment and of ribbons, such as, at Versailles, united the 'mousquetaires' and the 'light horse' with the maids of honor of the queen; they loved one another tenderly, they fought and shed their blood for their mistresses; but all alike respected their ancestral arms and family traditions, and ended by marrying the beloved young ladies. Thus colors with hearts, and hence the illustrious hymeneal feasts sung by Mademoiselle Scudery."

If the "Merry Monarch" had been left to his free impulses and his innate indifference, he would most probably have never troubled himself with religious controversies. He was, on the contrary, the especial protector and friend of Sir Isaac Newton—one of the champions of free thought. It is not probable that, with his habits and manners, he would ever have attempted to have imposed an unpopular form of worship on the country. It is not so certain, however, what others, who had great influence over him, may have projected. Certain it is that the country took fright at his French and Spanish preferences. ("If," Caepigue says, "he had any preferences for the Catholics, it was simply because they were more refined and less boorish, and that they associated themselves more to French ideas, so dear to his youth,") and the Anglican bishops labored zealously, not only in insuring the triumph of their own Church, but also the proscription of all other forms of worship. Now there were, according to Caepigue's own admission, a number of Jesuits, priests, and monks, (the friars black and white of the penny broadsides) in the suite alike of Henrietta, of the Queen of England, and of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and it was their recognized duty to spread their form of worship by every means in their power—fair or unfair. The cause, as usual, excused the means. Pilgrimages and processions to Tyburn were at that time in full vogue. The first blow struck by the dominant party at these open practices of Catholic mummeries was the so-called "Test Act" (1674.) which insisted upon at least an annual reception of the Holy Sacrament, and excluded all Catholics from public offices. It was an act of tyranny, for it denied all political life to those who did not belong to the Established Church. A second blow was aimed at the Duke of York, who was declared as a

Papist to be excluded from the throne, which was reserved by popular feeling to Mary, Princess of Orange.

The despotism of dogmas were repulsive to Charles II., and he allowed these bills to be passed with indifference; seeing which, the fanatics of the day, to draw him more closely within their folds, conjured up jesuitical conspiracies against his life. The object of Titus Oates and his confederates was, it was said, to slay the king, to summons the Duke of York to the throne, and reestablish the Catholic form of worship. But Charles II., entirely occupied with his regal diversions and intrigues, gave no credit to these real or supposed conspiracies, and he manifested the utmost indifference at them. He consented, however, to question Oates himself, and he felt satisfied from his manner and language that he never could have been the associate of those whom he pretended to be in relation with. The mob were, however, in the highest state of exasperation, and the House of Commons participated in their feelings of indignation. A bill was passed banishing all Papists from London, and especially prohibiting to them any connection with the court. The militia and the train-bands were called out. Titus Oates received a pension, and a Captain Bedloe, who confessed to having been one of those who were engaged to destroy London and Westminster by fire, came in for a similar good fortune.

The proscription of Catholics generally did not satisfy the House. Their invectives were especially directed against the Duchess of Portsmouth. "I would not," exclaimed one of the peers of the realm, "allow a Papist man or woman, nor a Papist dog, nor even a Papist cat, to mew about our king's person." There was no mistaking the allusion, and Charles II., protected the person of his fair French mistress with a sentiment of chivalrous honor. Even the queen was not spared; and Charles had to repudiate the assaults of the Puritans with angry indignation. The most grievous of all the crimes committed in the name of religion was the beheading of the Earl of Stafford, accused of implication in the conspiracies of the Jesuits.

But it was not in these times of strange contrasts, an immoral frivolous court opposed to a somber, austere, and fanatic Commons, a liberal monarch, the advocate

of religious toleration, set in opposition to a persecuting and tyrannical puritanism, among the persecuted alone that the spirit of conspiracy and rebellion showed itself. There was also an extreme Protestant party, which, grouping around the person of the Duke of Monmouth (whom Capfigue compares to the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII.,) sought the overthrow of the monarchy.

It was under these circumstances, so trying to the crown of England, that Madame de Montespan kept up an active correspondence with the Duchess of Portsmouth, conveying through her the ever-recurring advice of the "Grand Monarque" to have recourse to a coup d'état. This advice was actively seconded by the Duchess, who consistently advocated energetic measures to cut down the evil at the root. But Charles II., was always under the influence of one idea, and that was the acquisition of the money necessary for the habitual indulgence of his luxurious habits; and he never had the courage to come into collision with his "faithful" House of Commons, for fear they should in return stop the subsidies. The two ladies having made this state of things clear to one another, they were then explained to Louis XIV., who offered to help Charles out of his embarrassment on that point in a right royal manner, and to pour into his lap whatever of the resources of France might be necessary for him to establish his royal prerogatives on a firm basis.

No two persons could have been better adapted for carrying on this court plot than Madame de Montespan and the Duchess of Portsmouth. Both were alike proud and haughty, and possessed of the same strength of resolution, that is essential to ruling with dignity and authority. Madame de Montespan had made the meek and loving La Vallière know her power; the energetic Bréton, Keroual, made hers equally felt by Charles II. "It is a curious fact," Capfigue says, "and one that ought to be historically noticed, that the most resolute and energetic proceedings generally have their origin with women—their nervous volition drives them to extremes." Certain it is that it was under the influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth that the king was at length induced to send the Black Rod to his "faithful House of Commons," to announce to them that his majesty had de-

cided upon dissolving the said House, and that it was his royal resolve not to convene it any more, being no longer in need of those subsidies, which he had to purchase in terms that were onerous to the national interests.

Such is the effect of an act of firmness when all minds are unsettled and parties run high, that this resolution not only encountered no opposition, but, on the contrary, was succeeded by a calm. The bishops of the Anglican Church, terrified at the progress made by the Puritans and Presbyterians under Monmouth, found it in their interest to make common cause with Charles II., as their benefices were as much in danger from the triumph of the extreme Protestant party as they would be from that of the Catholics. The king, on his side, was befriending the cause of the Church of England, in rebuilding St. Paul's at his own private expense.

The character of Charles II. is said to have undergone a great change at this epoch. The satisfaction felt at having carried out a bold and successful coup d'état, and the influence of the energetic duchess, combined to render him more earnest. At court, in the field, even in the pursuit of pleasure, he was still dominated by the one idea—that of assuming the triumph of the royal prerogative over constitutionalism. The Duchess of Portsmouth wrote, indeed, in anticipation of success, to Madame de Montespan: "That she was in hopes that the King of England would soon obtain the same credit and the same authority as the King of France had so gloriously realized in his states."

Equally energetic, however, were the attempts made by the parties opposed to absolute power to baffle these royal hopes. The Presbyterian and Parliamentary party reckoned among its number, not only the king's natural son Monmouth, but also Lords Russell, Essex, Courtenay, Brandon, and Shaftesbury; and their object was to replace the government of the king by a council of regency under the presidency of the Duke of Monmouth, and the members of which were to be Russell, Essex, Howard, Algernon Sidney, and John Hampden, in correspondence with the Scotch Puritans under the Duke of Argyll. There existed a still more extreme party—out-and-out Republican—whose reputed chiefs were Colonel

Rumsey, leader of the Roundheads, and his friend Walcot. This party aimed at a "Lord Protector," and were prepared to effect their objects by any means, were it even the assassination of the king. Both parties are, indeed, generally supposed to have been willing enough to profit by the removal of the monarch by an act of violence; and although the chiefs of the Parliamentary party were not prepared to sanction such an act, they became involved in the movement so far that they were made its principal victims. According to Capefigue, the Duchess of Portsmouth was a principal instrument in the condemnation of the Parliamentary leaders, for we are told that she was enabled to place proofs of their complicity in the king's hands! The consequence was that Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney ended their career on the scaffold, and the liberties of the country lay prostrate at the feet of an absolute monarchy.

The triumph, such as it was, was destined to be of brief duration. The king was struck down with illness at the very moment that he was succeeding in his struggle for the royal prerogative. The Duchess of Portsmouth was also in the height of her power and favor. The young Duke of Lennox, her son, was attached to the court of his royal parent, who meditated some great alliance for him, and whose love for him increased with the proximity of death. But the Duchess of Portsmouth, not satisfied with having insured the triumph of absolutism, had her mind full of the project of following that up by the triumph of the Catholic religion. It was with this view that she got Charles II. to recall near his person the Duke of York, who had been excluded from succession by parliament, and who not only represented the royal prerogative, but also the Catholic interest.

When the duke succeeded to the crown, then, at the death of Charles II. (February 6, 1685,) under the title of James II. the position of the Duchess of Portsmouth was, to a certain extent, guaranteed by the part which she had taken in insuring his succession. It was mainly through her instrumentality that the Bill of Exclusion had been revoked. The duchess was, also, still the representative of the French alliance. Madame de Maintenon, who had succeeded to Madame Montespan in the favor of Louis XIV., was far more bigoted than even her predecessor, and

she lent all her influence to the Duchess of Portsmouth for the sake of the two principles which she and Madame de Maintenon so ignobly represented—the absolutism of their chosen lords, and the supremacy, at all costs, of the Catholic religion. Luckily, England had no Edict of Nantes to be repealed, and no "booted missionaries," as Louvois designated Madame de Maintenon's dragoons, to overrun the country.

James II. began his reign, however, under very different auspices to what had been anticipated. He affected liberality in religious matters, repealed the "Test Act," and proclaimed toleration. More than this, he assumed the aspect of an outward morality, and publicly repudiated the Duchess of Dorchester, to whom he was supposed to be tenderly attached. He had probably in view the reinstallation of the Catholic religion, but if so, he wished to bring it about by the general movement of mind and by liberty of conscience, not by force or oppression. The position of the Duchess of Portsmouth was not so well defined, with a monarch of this description, as she had expected; and as soon as James had put down the contemporary insurrections of Monmouth and Argyle by force of arms, an excuse was found for sending back the quondam favorite of Charles II., and the political instrument of the Franco-Catholic party, to her own country. There is a tradition that she was sent in company with the Duke of Monmouth himself, who afterwards became the mysterious Iron Mask; but nobody believes in it, as he would have been liberated upon the declaration of peace between Louis XIV. and William and Mary.

The Duchess of Portsmouth found the court of Versailles absorbed in the struggle which at that epoch was attaining a crisis in England, Holland, and in Germany between Protestantism and Catholicism, and which was put down in France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Madame de Maintenon had, we have seen, succeeded Madame de Montespan in the correspondence with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and she had learned to place confidence in her as a political instrument, so she was sent back to the court of James II., this time accompanied by the young Duke of Hamilton, who, we are told, was "English in heart, but French in talent and character."

The two urged James to action against the Protestants, by denouncing the conspiracy of the Prince of Orange against the Stuarts. Louis XIV. was all the more energetic in opposing the success of the latter, as he was at once his religious, his political, and his personal enemy. He was thus induced to offer subsidies, an army, a navy, or any other coöperation, to the Catholic King of England. But the Duke of Hamilton and the Duchess of Portsmouth were too late: at the very moment that they were discussing the terms of the Anglo-French alliance, the Prince of Orange was landing on the shores of England, and was at once joined by the army and the whole Protestant party in the country. Yet M. Capefigue more than insinuates that the country was virtually conquered and subdued by his forty-one thousand Dutchmen and Hanoverians! The triumph of the Protestantism in this country under William and Mary was responded to in Germany by the "League of Augsburg," and in France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

According to Capefigue, the "perfume of talent and grace" which had been introduced into England by the Stuarts disappeared with the exile of James and his court to St. Germain. This exile court included the king's natural son, the Duke of Berwick, by Arabella Churchill, sister to the Duke of Marlborough, the powerful partisan of William and Mary, and the young Duke of Hamilton. The Duchess of Portsmouth and her son, the Duke of Lennox, took possession of their duchy of Aubigny. England thus abandoned by all that was Catholic, clever, and graceful—Capefigue does not go so far as to say moral—underwent, we are told, a repulsive change, from all that was light, amiable, and gentlemanly, to heavy, gloomy, practical, and business-like habits. The middle classes assumed the fat, bloated appearance, with great red faces and prominent abdomens, of the Dutch burgomasters, and which

justified Madame de Pompadour's observation to Louis XV., "that only two classes had retained in England the elegance and grace of the Stuarts—the high families of the aristocracy, and the blood-horses."

Capefigue tells us that Louis XIV. gave up St. Germain to James II., and the numerous emigration especially of Irish Catholics, that followed in his footsteps, because that château reminded him of the follies of his youth—reminiscences which were no longer agreeable in the time of repentance and penitence under Madame de Maintenon. If, again, England and Ireland gave to France at that epoch its Irish brigade, and its Dillons, Macdonalds, Tollendals, and Macmahons, France gave to England its Protestant Marquis de Ruigny (Lord Galloway), its French Protestant brigade, and its Spitalfields weavers.

The Stuarts kept up to the last the character given to them by Capefigue, of fanaticism in religion, and inconstancy in love. The last of the race was the cardinal whom Napoleon dreamt, in 1800, of restoring to the throne of England, and for whom Canova chiselled the celebrated mausoleum of the Stuarts. The Countess of Albany, the Pretender's spouse, left him first for Alfieri, and then for the French painter Xavier Fabre, "forgetting the great name of the Stuarts in the studio of an artist."

The line of the duke of Richmond and Lennox, Duc d'Aubigny in France, son of Mademoiselle de Keroual, Duchess of Portsmouth, and Charles II., is not extinct; it was represented at the time of Capefigue's publication by Charles Gordon, Duke of Richmond, Earl of Darnleigh, Duke of Aubigny, who married a daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey. The hero of Orthez is since deceased, but the Dukes of Richmond still carry the device of the châtelain of Brittany, "*En la rose je fleuris*," and the title of Lennox is preserved in the family.

From Chambers's Journal.

SUNRISE ON THE MOON.

It is well known that some new and remarkable facts connected with the physical constitution of the moon have been revealed by the telescope within the last few years; the lunar surface has been measured and mapped by several observers, and its features laid down with as much exactness as if the subject of delineation was some mountainous region of our own planet. The moon's surface presents a wondrous scene of lofty isolated heights, craters of enormous volcanoes, ramparts, and broad plains that look like the beds of former seas, and present a remarkable contrast to the rugged character of the rest of the surface. That what we look upon are really mountains and mountainous ranges is sufficiently evident from the fact, that the shadows they cast have the exact proportion, as to length, which they ought to have from the inclination of the sun's rays to their position on the moon's surface.

The convex outline of the moon as turned towards the sun, is always circular, and nearly smooth; but the opposite border of the enlightened part, instead of being an exact and sharply defined ellipse, is always observed to be extremely rugged, and indented with deep recesses and prominent points. The mountains near the border cast long black shadows, as they should evidently do, inasmuch as the sun is rising or setting to those parts of the moon. But as the enlightened edge gradually advances beyond them, or, in other words, as the sun to them gains altitude, their shadows shorten; and at the full moon, when all the light falls in our line of sight, no shadows are seen. By micro-metrical measurement of the length of the shadows, the heights of the more conspicuous mountains can be calculated. Before the year 1850, the heights of no fewer than one thousand and ninety-five lunar mountains had been computed, and amongst them occur all degrees of altitude up to nearly twenty-three thousand feet—a height exceeding, by more than a thou-

sand feet, that of Chimborazo in the Andes. It is a remarkable circumstance that the range of lunar Apennines, as they have been called, present a long slope on one side, and precipices on the other, as in the Himalaya Mountains. During the increase of the moon, its mountains appear as small points or islands of light beyond the extreme edge of the enlightened part, those points being the summits illuminated by the sunbeams before the intermediate plain; but gradually, as the light advances, they connect themselves with it, and appear as prominences detached from the dark border.

The moon, unlike the earth, has many isolated mountains, that is to say, mountains not connected with a group or chain—the mountain named Tycho, which has the appearance of a sugar-loaf, is an example of this. The uniformity of aspect which the lunar mountains for the most part present is a singular and striking feature. They are wonderfully numerous, especially towards the southern portion of the disc, occupying quite the larger part of the moon's surface, and are, as Sir John Herschel remarks, almost universally of an exactly circular or cup-shaped form, foreshortened, however, into ellipses toward the limb. The larger of these elevations have for the most part flat plains within, from which a small steep conical hill rises centrally. They offer, indeed, the very type of the true volcanic character, as it may be seen in the crater of Vesuvius, and in a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegræi or the Puy de Dôme, but with the remarkable peculiarity, that the bottom of the crater is, in many instances, very deeply depressed below the general surface of the moon, the internal depth being often twice or three times the external height. It has been computed that profound cavities, regarded as craters, occupy two-fifths of the surface of the moon. One of the most remarkable of these formations is fifty-five miles in diameter; and

to give some idea of its magnitude, the late Professor Nichol used to say that, could a visitor approach it, he would see rising before him a wall of rock twelve hundred feet high, like the precipices of Schihallion in Perthshire; and on mounting this height, would look down a declivity or slope thirteen thousand feet, to a ledge or terrace, and below this would see a lower deep of four thousand feet more: a cavity exceeding, therefore, the height of Mont Blanc, and large enough to hold that mountain besides Chimborazo and Teneriffe. Again, the lunar crater, called Saussure, is ten thousand feet in depth. These astounding calculations are founded on the observation of the sun's light falling on the edge, and illuminating the side of these gigantic depths. The Dead Sea, the greatest known depression of the earth, is thirteen hundred and forty feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

Striæ or lines of light, which appear like ridges, radiate from many of these enormous craters, and might be taken for lava-currents, streaming outwards as they do in all directions, like rays. The ridges that stream from the mountain called Tycho seem to be formed of matter that has greater power of reflecting light than the rock around it; the crater named Copernicus is equally distinguished by these rays. The ridges, in some instances, cross like a wall both valleys and elevations, and traverse the plains as well as the rocky slopes of the lunar mountains; from which fact, and from the great distances they extend, it would seem that they are not such lava-streams as have flowed, for example, from Etna. It has been supposed that a force acting, as it were, centrifugally or explosively, and therefore differently from the force to which we attribute the upheaval of mountain-chains upon the earth, has formed the lunar craters, and overspread the adjacent surface with the ridges or rays in question.

In Professor Phillips' recent contributions to a Report on the Physical Aspect of the Moon, he notices another class of

phenomena—certain remarkable rills in the mountains mapped as Aristarchus, Archimedes, and Plato. The last exhibits a larger crater; and a bold rock which juts into the interior has been seen during the morning illumination to glow in the sunshine like molten silver, casting a well-defined shadow eastward. The object known as the Stag's-horn Rill, east of the mountain Thebit, appears to be what geologists call a fault or dyke, one side being elevated above the other. Professor Phillips mentions a group of parallel rills about Campanus and Hippalus, and he traces a rill across and through the old crater of the latter mountain. All the rills appear to be rifts or deep fissures resembling crevasses of a glacier; they cast strong shadows from oblique light, and even acquire brightness on one edge of the cavity. Their breadth appears to be only a few hundred feet or yards. The mountain Gassendi is remarkable for rough terraces and ridges within the rings which form the crater. In the interior area there are central elevations of rocky character, which are brought into view by the gradual change in the direction of the incident solar rays as the lunar day advances. In Lord Rosse's magnificent reflecting telescope, the flat bottom of the crater, called Albategnius, is seen to be strewn with blocks not visible in inferior telescopes; while the exterior of another volcanic mountain (Aristillus) is scored all over with deep gullies radiating toward its center.

The phenomena to which we have now briefly adverted are regarded as decisive marks of volcanic force, and the apparent absolute repose of the moon's surface at the present time, affords a remarkable contrast to the violent action of which it must have been the scene in bygone times.

The reader need not be reminded that our knowledge is limited to one hemisphere or face of the moon, in consequence of the period of its rotation upon its axis corresponding with the period of its revolution round the earth.

From the London Quarterly.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.*

It has been objected that Mr. Kinglake's account of the battle is difficult to understand; that it is too involved, too elaborate, and wanting in sharp definition. Certainly as regards elaboration such an account of a battle was never before written. The chapter devoted to it consists of three hundred pages, divided into fifty-one sections. As the whole battle from first to last only occupied two hours, and as the serious fighting occupied just thirty-five minutes, the reader involuntarily asks himself how many score volumes would have been necessary for a history of the Peninsular war on the same scale of completeness. And at the first glance he may perhaps long for the dozen vivid pages in which Napier would have sketched the whole operations. One's patience, too, is fretted by the constant digressions, references of many kinds, condensed biographies, and the like irrelevant matter interjected at all points of the narrative. Why, as the army marches down to battle, are we held by the button, and compelled to listen to the military history of Sir George Brown? Or why, in the very crisis of the attack, when the reserves are hurrying up, and every moment seems long, are we taken out of the field altogether, and made to discuss the fitness, on political grounds, of royal commanders, *à propos* of the Duke of Cambridge? These interruptions continually occur, not only distracting our attention by their variety, but perplexing all calculations as to time during the progress of the action.

But when these small cavillings are ended, the fact remains that this is the best, because the truest and most life-like, description of a battle that has yet been written. When it is remembered that the Allied front extended over five miles of ground, to which must be added three miles more for the opposing Russian line, and that the operations are recorded of not only each division, but almost of each regiment engaged, it is no wonder that

the narrative is lengthy. Passing slowly along the line, the story of the action begins afresh as each section of the ground is reached, and is conducted down to a certain point and there left, to be taken up again presently. It is this frequent carrying of the story backward, when the reader is expecting continuous progress, that renders it somewhat obscure. When once the clue is found, a second reading will make all clear, and the whole scene will stand mapped out before the eye with beautiful distinctness. We learn, too, how it is that the commander can do no more than give general instructions, the details of which are left to others; we see how much scope remains for the genius (if they have any) of not only the divisional commanders, but the generals of brigade, and even the colonels of the respective regiments. We learn how the difficulties of the ground break up the force into fragments, each of which has to act for itself; what confusion exists; how every house, or thicket, or wall is the object of attack and defence, and thus the one general engagement is only a series of minor battles raging along the whole line. We learn how a trivial accident may mar or make the fortune of the day, how opportunities are made and lost, the value of moments, of a good eye for country, and other seeming trifles—all which things have often been *told* before, but have never been clearly shown.

The Russian position on the Alma is not difficult to understand. It faced the north, and its line ran from east to west, defended by the river along its whole length. Like all the rivers of the Crimea, the northern bank of the Alma slopes gently upward, and then gradually loses itself in the surrounding steppe; while the southern bank is steep, rugged, and seamed with ravines. From the edge of the bank southwards the ground is undulating, forming hills more or less steep. The Kourgané hill, on the right of the Russian position, and the principal ground of the English attack, is described as ris-

* Concluded from page 144.

ing from the river much in the same way as Richmond Hill rises from the Thames, and with about as steep a face. To the left of this is the Sebastopol road, running north and south, and therefore at right angles with the stream. To the left of this, again, is undulating ground, and then the Telegraph Height, which is also a steep ascent. And to the left of this, again, a hill rises some four hundred feet, and is so abrupt both toward the north and toward the west, (one face overlooking the river and the other the sea,) that it was deemed unassailable. The position, therefore, held by Prince Mentschikoff was one of great natural strength—so strong, indeed, that he did not think it necessary to add much to it from the resources of military engineering. From the sea to the eastern slope of the Kourganè hill was a distance of five miles; but the extreme left being deemed safe from all attack, no troops were expended there, and the line was consequently shortened by nearly two miles. The Russian commander thus disposed his forces. His left wing, resting on the undefended hill or cliff, consisted of eight battalions of infantry, and two batteries of artillery, with a reserve in the rear of four battalions, which had opportunely arrived that morning. These troops were available for the defence both of the Telegraph hill and the rolling ground to the right. On the Sebastopol road were posted five battalions of infantry and two batteries of field artillery, with a further reserve force of seven battalions of infantry and two batteries of artillery. This road was the only opening through the hills, and is "The Pass" of Mr. Kinglake's narrative. To the right of the Pass rose the Kourganè hill, along the face of which, commanding the bridge and the Sebastopol road, was a formidable earthwork—the Great Redoubt—armed with fourteen heavy guns; and still more to the right another work—the Lesser Redoubt—armed with a battery of field-guns. In the neighborhood of the Great Redoubt, but on the lower slopes of the hill, was massed the chief strength of the Russian commander—not less than sixteen battalions of infantry, two battalions of sailors from the fleet, and four batteries of field-artillery. On the extreme right was placed the cavalry force, comprising three thousand four hundred lances, with three batteries of horse-artillery; giving a grand total of thirty-seven thousand men of all

arms, and one hundred and twenty-two guns.

On the previous evening the French commander had sought to concert with Lord Raglan a plan of attack for the following day. They were still several miles from the position, which had not yet been reconnoitered, and, owing to the high ground along the coast, very little could be made out by observation from the fleets. It was known that Prince Mentschikoff was defending the line of the Alma, that the cliff just spoken of on his extreme left was not occupied by troops, that the river was at most points fordable,—and this was all. Some rough plans of the surrounding country had been secured, but none of the Russian position, and not a single spy or deserter had come in. To draw up any definite scheme of operations was, therefore, to work in the dark. Nevertheless Marshal St. Arnaud had formed his plan, and was bent on obtaining Lord Raglan's assent to it. He proposed that the war-steamers, coming close in-shore, should move parallel with the army, that, under cover of their fire, Bosquet with his division and the Turks should advance along the shore, and seize the cliff; and that, as soon as the movement was successful, it should be followed up by a vigorous and continuous attack upon the enemy's left flank and left front. The English troops, somewhat as auxiliaries, were to turn the right flank, and the rout would be complete. In order to fix the project more definitely, a sketch had been prepared, (a fac-simile of which is given in this volume,) showing the flank movement of the French accomplished, and two French divisions advancing to the front attack. Most characteristically these two divisions in the sketch cover about two-thirds of the entire Russian front, and the remaining third is left to the English. St. Arnaud was much excited, in great spirits, and demonstrative as usual. Lord Raglan, as usual very quiet though very cordial, neither offered any definite opposition to the plan, nor yet consented to it. He wished to see the position before deciding, and the interview ended without an agreement.

It was about noon of the 20th that the Allied armies halted for the last time, at a distance of two miles or less from the Alma; during this halt the two commanders rode on some little way in advance, and from a mound carefully

examined the Russian position. That was the first real knowledge of it that they had gained. Even at this distance it was clear that the French, by advancing as they proposed, would be opposed by no more than a third of the enemy's troops, while the English, numerically much weaker, and entirely exposed on their left, would have two-thirds of the Russian force on their hands; in fact, the proportions of the French calculation would be precisely reversed. This afterwards proved to be the case. The Russian force which confronted the French numbered thirteen thousand men and thirty-six guns. Against this the French had thirty thousand of their own infantry, seven thousand Turkish infantry, and sixty-eight guns. The force which confronted the English was twenty-four thousand men, and no less than eighty-six guns. Against this the English had twenty-six thousand men and sixty guns. "St. Arnaud was to his adversaries in a proportion not very far short of three to one; Lord Raglan was, so to speak, equal in numbers to his adversaries, and was inferior to them in point of artillery by a difference of twenty-six guns." To this must further be added the strength of the Russian position, fortified only at the English extremity of the line. At this final consultation no change was made in the proposed plan so far as regarded the French share of the operations; but, having now seen the actual ground, and the work cut out for him, Lord Raglan definitely refused any attempt to turn the enemy's right flank. At one o'clock the advance sounded, and the troops marched to their first battle, the English deploying as they came within range. Some idea of the spectacle may be formed from the fact, that the English front alone was two miles in extent.

"So now the whole Allied armies, hiding nothing of their splendor and their strength, descended slowly into the valley; and the ground on the right bank of the river" (down which they were marching) "is so even and so gentle in its slope, and on the left bank so commanding, that every man of the invaders could be seen from the opposite heights.

"The Russian officers had been accustomed all their days to military inspections and vast reviews; but they now saw before them that very thing for the confronting of which their lives had been one long rehearsal. They saw a European army coming down in order of battle; an army arrayed in no spirit of mimicry, and

not at all meant to aid their endless study of tactics; but honestly marching against them, with a mind to carry their heights, and take their lives. And gazing with keen and critical eyes upon this array of strangers, whose homes were in lands far away, they looked upon a phenomenon which raised their curiosity and their wonder, and which promised, too, to throw some new light on a notion they had lately been forming.*

... "The sight now watched from the enemy's heights was one which seemed to have some bearing upon the rumor that the English were powerless in a land engagement. The French and the Turks were in the deep, crowded masses which every soldier of the czar had been accustomed to look upon as the formations needed for battle: but, to the astonishment of the Russian officers, the leading divisions of the men in red were massed in no sort of column, and were clearly seen coming on in a slender line—a line only two deep, yet extending far from east to west. They could not believe that with so fine a thread as that the English general was really intending to confront their massive columns. Yet the English troops had no idea that their formation was so singular as to be strange in the eyes of military Europe. Wars long past had taught them that they were gifted with the power of fighting in this order, and that it was as a matter of course, that, upon coming within range" they had gone at once into line."—Vol. ii., pp. 256 258.

The steadiness of our troops was soon severely tested; for they had to lie passively on the slope, conspicuous marks for the Russian gunners, waiting till the French attack should be sufficiently developed to allow of an advance. Meanwhile Bosquet's column was advancing cautiously along the shore; but, being unopposed, had only the physical difficulties of the higher ground to contend with. We have seen that the Prince Mentschikoff thought the west cliff inaccessible to troops; but the Zouaves climb like cats, and, having crossed the Alma, and reached the foot of the cliff, they clambered up its steep face with a speed that excited the hearty admiration of the fleet, who were eager spectators of the movement. Half of the column, with the Turks and the artillery, made its way by another and very circuitous path; but only a part

* It was afterwards discovered that as the Russian sailors wear a scarlet uniform, and are from their clumsiness rather a laughing stock for the army, it was given out that the English red coats were only sailors—terrible fellows at sea, but contemptible enough on land; and this was not only believed by the men, but by many of the officers.

of the artillery could be got up the heights. As soon as Bosquet showed himself in force, and appeared to be fairly established in his position, two French divisions were moved upon the Telegraph Height—Bosquet's left—in order to press, by a combined movement, upon the left flank and left front of the Russians, as represented in the plan. After crossing the river, the troops progressed well for some time; but after partially ascending the hill, it was found that in this case also the artillery could not be got up, and it would be necessary to send it back into the valley, and along the road which Bosquet had taken. The Russians held the summit of the hill with eight battalions of troops, and two batteries of field guns; and, in order to escape the fire of the latter, the French, now making the ascent, had to cling to the shelter of the hollows and broken ground. The want of their own guns was severely felt; for, although Bosquet had made good his footing with a portion of his column, yet he had but a small artillery force to oppose the enemy; and if the latter, already assuming a threatening attitude, should move upon him in strength, his position would be most critical. It was, therefore, of the utmost consequence that the two divisions should press forward, and so prevent a movement which would be dangerous, if not fatal. But, on the other hand, to press forward infantry alone to attack both troops and guns was somewhat hazardous, especially as the French are usually dependent on the support of their artillery. Canrobert, who commanded the leading division, decided, therefore, to await the arrival of his guns by the long, circuitous route they had taken; and the rather as his troops were comparatively sheltered by the nature of the ground. The other division, however, under Prince Napoleon, was more exposed, and began to suffer from the enemy's fire. The men were dissatisfied and disheartened at the prospect of mere inaction under fire. Seeing that the attack made no progress, Marshal St. Arnaud moved up further supports, ordering one brigade to follow the march of Bosquet, and another to follow Canrobert. But as this did not help the guns up the heights, which was the only cause of the delay, and crowded more men upon ground already sufficiently occupied, it tended rather to increase the confusion.

Leaving the French, let us note the movements of the English army, two divisions of which we left within range of the Russian guns, and on that account ordered to lie down. Mr. Kinglake says that "they made it their pastime to watch the play of the engines working for their destruction. Among the guns ranged on the opposite heights to take his life, a man would single out his favorite, and make it feminine for the sake of endearment. There was hardly, perhaps, a gun in the Great Redoubt which failed to be called by some corrupt variation of 'Mary' or 'Elizabeth.' It was plain that our infantry could be in a kindly humor whilst lying under fire." Our artillery did not reply, our cavalry did not move, the whole British army lay passive, waiting the issue of the French advance. But it waited in vain; for, as we have seen, the French, unable to get up their artillery, could not advance, and their part of the programme remained unfulfilled. This state of things had lasted an hour and a half, when an aide-de-camp came in hot haste to Lord Raglan to say that if something was not done to support or relieve Bosquet's column, it would be "compromised." Having a manly dislike to euphuisms, Lord Raglan inquired what might be the actual effect upon the brigade if it should be "compromised." The answer then was frank enough, "It will retreat." This was the second request that had been made for the English troops to advance in order to effect a diversion, and so relieve the difficulty incurred by our Allies.

Lord Raglan now decided that the time had come, and gave the order for the advance. The division on the English right was commanded by Sir De Lacy Evans, that on the left was the Light Division, under Sir George Brown. The two divisions in the rear, and acting as supports, were respectively commanded by the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Richard England. General Evans' division soon found its order destroyed; for, scarcely had the advance been sounded, than a village at the foot of the slope, and lying right in its path, burst into flames. This not only destroyed a very desirable shelter, but made it necessary to divide the force, and advance on each side of the flames. The terrible fire of the enemy broke up the line into fragments, each of which got forward as it

could, sometimes sheltering, sometimes advancing, until the river was reached; the fire telling even more severely as the troops crossed the stream, until they made good their footing on the opposite side. The losses during this advance were very heavy, Pennefather's brigade alone losing one-fourth of its strength. And no wonder, seeing that upon it was poured the fire of sixteen guns, and the infantry fire of six battalions.

The Light Division was even more hotly opposed, for the Russians had concentrated their strength upon their right and right center; and thus against this single division there stood the Great Redoubt, the Lesser Redoubt, forty-two artillery guns, and a force of seventeen thousand men. Nevertheless, the ground being less exposed than that which Evans' division had to pass, the advance would have been effected with slight loss, but for a mischance which befell the brigade of Rifles thrown out as skirmishers. Finding the stream difficult to ford at that point, they had gone higher up in order to seek a more convenient spot, and so had wandered away from the division. Instead of detaching other troops to serve as skirmishers, Sir George Brown neglected all such precautions, and hurled his troops headlong at the position. They reached the stream well enough, but found the steep bank on the other side lined with sharpshooters, who not only did great execution among the men who were crossing, but from their position could pour a deadly fire into the masses that had succeeded in crossing the river, and were now clustering under the steep bank, quite unable to return the fire. General Codrington, who commanded the right brigade, was without orders; but, urging his men up the bank, and so to the foot of the Kourganè Hill, resolved on attacking the Redoubt. The force in which our men showed quickly on the bank of the river drove back the Russian riflemen upon their own columns. More and more rapidly the troops came up, hot and angry, eager for the fight, and especially for getting to close quarters. The three regiments under Codrington's orders, swelled to five by the addition of two other regiments in the confusion of crossing, were now more or less fully represented; but the men were so huddled together as to make it impossible to form them in line. The colonels of several of the regiments

attempted it; but there was not room to get the men out. Here and there was something like a line, then a cluster, then a short line, then another cluster; and in this kind of "knotted chain" the men began to march up the Kourganè Hill. To oppose them, two strong columns were put in motion, one threatening the left, and the other the right, of the English line. Our troops on the left were young; they had never yet faced an enemy; they knew they were not in fighting form; they knew, moreover, the disadvantage of their position, standing on the very edge of a river into which they might be driven by the troops now sent down against them; and yet they never faltered for a moment, they were neither terrified nor flustered, but firing steadily into the column soon compelled it to fall back. Thus one of the columns was disposed of; but the other was made of sterner stuff. It came down upon the Seventh Fusiliers, under Colonel Yea, forming the extreme right of the division, a deliberate, deadly, hand-to-hand fight ensued, which lasted throughout the battle. But while this double encounter was taking place on the right and left of the division, the center steadily advanced against the Redoubt. And fearful was the slaughter during that short advance. The heavy ship's guns in the earthwork were well served, and the distance down to the river was not more than musket-range. The round-shot tore the English ranks; and grape and canister followed as the assailants got closer. Our men fell fast; they had no artillery to support them; yet on they pressed, silent and self-contained. There was something more resolute in that silence than in any demonstration. Drawing nearer and nearer, preparing for the final rush, a general discharge crashed against them from the guns—and then came a running fire of musketry; and then the foremost of our soldiers reached the breastwork. But looking in they saw fitfully through the smoke teams of horses, and heard the sound of wheels. Then the silence was broken, "By all that is holy, he is limbering up!" "He is carrying off his guns!" "Stole away," "Stole away," "Stole away." The glacié of the Great Redoubt had come to sound more joyous than the covert's side in England."

"Then a small, child-like youth ran forward before the throng, carrying a color. This was young Anstruther. He carried

the Queen's color of the Royal Welsh. Fresh from the games of English school life, he ran fast; for, heading all who strove to keep up with him, he gained the Redoubt, and dug the butt end of the flagstaff into the parapet, and there for a moment he stood, holding it tight and taking breath. Then he was shot dead; but his small hands, still clasping the flagstaff, drew it down along with him, and the crimson silk lay covering the boy with its folds; but only for a moment, because William Evans, a swift-footed soldier, ran forward, gathered up the flag, and, raising it proudly, made claim to the Great Redoubt on behalf of the "Royal Welsh." The colors floating high in the air, and seen by our people far and near, kindled in them a raging love for the ground where it stood. Breathless men found speech. Codrington, still in the front, uncovered his head, waved his cap, for a sign to his people, and then riding straight at one of the embrasures, leapt his grey Arab into the breastwork. There was some eager and swift-footed soldiers who sprang the parapet nearly at the same moment; more followed. At the same instant Norcott's riflemen came running in from the east, and the swiftest of them bounded into the work at the right flank. The enemy's still lingering skirmishers began to fall back, and descended—some of them slowly—into the dip where their battalions were massed. Our soldiery were up; and in a minute they flooded in over the parapet, hurrahing, jumping over, again hurrahing, a joyful English crowd."—Vol. ii., pp. 332, 333.

Thus a force numbering about two thousand men, had seized in a few minutes the very key of the Russian position, and must now prepare to hold it in the face of ten thousand choice troops. Had the supports been within reach, all would have been well. But, for want of skirmishers to feel the way and keep down the fire of the enemy's riflemen, and so time the march of the two advanced divisions, it had been necessary to hurry the troops, and get them over the fatal ground as fast as possible. The consequence was, that the advance had been more rapid than was calculated on, and the supporting divisions were correspondingly in the rear. More than one general officer saw the danger, and sent word to the Duke of Cambridge to press forward with the Guards and Highlanders. But they were

passing through the same difficult ground which had so much troubled their predecessors—the vineyards and inclosures—and the fire from the heights was telling upon them severely. It was just at this time that an officer, alarmed at the losses among such valuable troops, suggested that the guards should retire a little to recover their formation. This was said in the hearing of Sir Colin Campbell, who thundered out, "It is better, sir, that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field, than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy." They continued to push on, crossing the river in good order, swarmed over the bank, and up the hill, making for the Great Redoubt. But the precious moments were fast ebbing, had already ebbed away, before the supports had made good their footing on the Russian side of the stream. Codrington's men, after taking the work, found themselves threatened by the heavy masses of infantry standing on the still higher ground above them, and ready to be hurled against them at any moment. A battery, also, had been brought to bear upon them, pouring its fire so hotly into the Redoubt as to render it untenable. The men therefore clung to the outer side for shelter, but still keeping tenaciously to their position, and casting anxious looks backward for the help which they knew ought to be on the way. They were but two thousand against ten thousand, besides artillery. The Russians saw their opportunity, and made haste to seize it. The great Vladimir column, the finest body of their troops in the field, advanced silently and without firing, for a charge with the bayonet. It was partly concealed by the formation of the ground; and our men sheltering themselves on the outside of the work, or lying at full length within it, only perceived the column as it came slowly up the side of the hollow, "a whole field of bayonet-points ranged close as corn, and seeming to grow taller and taller."

Upon continental troops the advance of a solid column has an overwhelming effect, and they seldom stand to feel its strength; but it is otherwise with English troops, who have no dread of such an unwieldy formation, but esteem it lightly. And the young soldiers who had never before faced an enemy brought up their rifles to fire into the advancing mass as coolly as did their fathers in the great wars of old.

But before a volley could be delivered, a voice checked the men,—“The column is French!—the column is French! Don’t fire, men! For God’s sake, don’t fire!” The order passed rapidly along the line, while a bugler sounded the “cease firing.” The opposing column itself now halted, apparently perplexed by the reception it met with and fearing some snare or stratagem. The same bugle now sounded the order to “retire,” which was repeated again and again. Then, still doubtful, and naturally unwilling to relinquish that which had cost them so dear, the troops took no heed of the order. A second time the bugle sounded, and a second time it was repeated along the line; but although the troops still hesitated, it was thought by many of the officers that an order twice given could not be a mistake, and must not be disobeyed. The troops therefore fell back, retreating towards the river. A few moments more, and a disaster might have been spared; for already the Guards were coming into sight, and moving up towards the Redoubt. But it was too late. The position which had cost in killed and wounded nearly one hundred officers and eight hundred men had to be abandoned, and the Russians once more held the work.

But a strange lull came at this time upon the battle in this part of the field. Along five miles of ground the communications could not very regularly be kept up, and the Russians had heard nothing from their Commander-in-Chief for some time. But it was known that the French had made good their footing at their end of the position, and seemed likely to succeed in their flanking movement. Precisely at the point where the French, if successful, might be looked for, the Russian commanders on the slope of the Kourganè Hill saw a large group of staff-officers. About their rank there could be no question; and where the staff is, there the army must be. The uniform was French; and, in fact, there could be no doubt as to the true state of the case. This it was that paralyzed their movements; and the sight of the French army in the very center and heart of their position compelled the Russian generals to look to their line of retreat.

But these horsemen were not French, and the French army was not approaching; so that the grounds for alarm were only imaginary. The group of horsemen

consisted of Lord Raglan and his staff, who alone and without any troops had penetrated into the very center of the Russian line. After giving the order to advance, Lord Raglan himself rode down to the river, crossed it under a fire of skirmishers, which struck down two of his staff, and, gaining the other side, almost unconsciously pushed on in order to gain some better view of the field of battle. It was an unwise thing to do, and against all military rule—and his own cooler judgment would have condemned himself. Nevertheless, having once yielded to the impulse, he continued to press forward:

“The ground was of such a kind that, with every stride of his charger, a fresh view was opened to him. For months and months he had failed to tear off the veil which hid from him the strength of the army he undertook to assail; and now, suddenly in the midst of a battle he found himself suffered to pass forward between the enemy’s center and his left wing. As at Badajoz, in old times, he had galloped alone to the drawbridge and obtained the surrender of St. Christoval; so now, driven on by the same hot blood, he joyously rode without troops into the heart of the enemy’s position; and Fortune, still enamoured of his boldness, was awaiting him with her radiant smile. For the path he took led winding up, by a way rather steep and rough here and there, but easy enough for saddle-horses; and presently in the front, but some way off toward the left, he saw before him a high commanding knoll, and, strange to say, there seemed to be no Russians near it. Instantly, and before he reached the high ground, he saw the prize, and divined its worth. He was swift to seize it. Without stopping—nay, even, one almost may say, without breaking the stride of his horse, he turned to Airey, who rode close at his side, and ordered him to bring up Adams’ brigade with all possible speed. Then, still pressing on and on, the foremost rider of the Allied armies, he gained the summit of the knoll.”—Vol. ii., pp. 382–383.

The Russian commander, finding the extent of ground too great for him to cover, had been compelled to concentrate his troops somewhat, and so removed a battalion which had stood on the very spot now occupied by the English General. No other troops were near, and thus unmolested, and yet with the Russians not far off on either side of him, he stood in the crisis of the battle on the most commanding part of the whole field. He saw the whole ground on which the English attack was about to be made, and, what

was of still greater importance, he saw the whole of the Russian position, so far as regarded the Kourgané Hill, and he saw it "in profile"—the batteries of artillery on the level, the earthwork on the hill, the reserves in the rear—all this, with the details belonging to each, he took in at a glance; and he forecast what really occurred—that the enemy, seeing the head-quarter staff in such a position, would judge that overwhelming forces were at hand. Coolly remarking, "Our presence here will have the best effect," he prepared to stay, and ordered up instantly a couple of guns, which had to be fetched from some distance. Almost immediately the attack on the Redoubt began, which has already been described. He saw the broken but stubborn line, which, though it was rent at every moment by the enemy's shot, yet urged its way up the hill and seized, and for a few minutes held, the work; and then vainly longing for the supports which did not arrive, and cut off by the distance from rendering any aid himself, he saw his troops driven out again and compelled to retreat. It was just at this moment that the French, who had all along been sending evil tidings, now sent another aide-de-camp, who in a most excited and nervous state made his way to Lord Raglan, and piteously begged for assistance. "My Lord," said he, "my Lord, my Lord, we have before us eight battalions!" To which, notwithstanding what had just happened, the quiet but assuring reply was, "Well, I can spare you a battalion."

When the two guns came up and opened fire on the batteries which defended the Pass, and so held Evans' division in check, the first few shots proved that the batteries could not hold their ground. Presently, to the delight of the venturesome little group, the guns were hastily limbered up and dragged off to the rear; so that the Pass was now open, and Evans at once began to show in advance. The two pieces were then turned upon the heavy columns of the enemy's reserve, which, lying well within range, suffered heavily at each discharge; and they also in a few minutes had to retire. The two guns were then turned upon the Vladimir column just pressing our men out of the Redoubt; and although the shot fell short, yet the Russian general left in charge supposed from his position that it was otherwise, and sent orders to halt the column,

which stayed that danger from our troops. At the same moment, and for the same reason, another column on a still higher part of the hill was arrested in its march midway; and thus a succession of checks, resulting from the skillful placing of a couple of nine-pounder guns, gave time to our troops to come up, changed the whole face of affairs, and fairly turned the ebbing tide of battle.

Mr. Kinglake's book must be itself studied for a fitting record of the exploits of British troops that day. We do but offer a rough setting for a few of his brilliant pages. But having followed thus far the fortunes of the Light Division, we may briefly complete its story. It has been noted that Colonel Yea's regiment of Fusileers, immediately after crossing the river, found itself opposed by a very disproportionate force. A double column, numbering fifteen hundred men, close compact, in splendid array, was in deadly struggle with these seven hundred English infantry, hastily and imperfectly formed on the steep bank of the river. Scarcely fifty yards separated them; yet so hot was the English fire, that the column could never close. But it did most obstinately stand its ground, and the return fire gradually thinned the English line. The men on both sides took leisurely aim. The colonel, ceaselessly active, forcing out by sheer exertion each cluster and tangle of men into something like line, "wedging his cob into the thick of the crowd, and by dint of will tearing it asunder," found himself once covered by a musket or rifle; but the Russian was too painstaking, for an English corporal brought him down before he delivered his fire. "Thank you, my man," said Yea; "if I live through this, you shall be a sergeant to-night." The fight lasted long. It was one of the first regiments engaged; and it fought unceasingly while success varied on either side of it. It was fighting before Codrington on the left led up his men to the assault; and when they retreated down the hill it was fighting still. And all the time that Evans' division on the right was waiting on the further side of the river, unable to cross in the face of the Causeway batteries, and after it crossed and entered the Pass, and while the French army on the further right were wavering, the regiment was still fighting. But the Russian column began to show significant signs of giving in. In vain its officers, by

word, and gesture, and threat, and rough usage, even seizing men by the throat, forced the men into the gaps that were now so visible. In vain Prince Gortschakoff rode up, offering to lead it forward. The great mass swayed and rocked, and then stood firm; then swayed again, then hesitated, and then slowly retired. The Fusileers were in no condition to follow; but the Duke of Cambridge's Division was at hand, and the Guards were ordered up the hill to press the retreat.

Now came the crowning event of the day. Upon the hill, not huddled together, but spread over ample space, were eight battalions of Russian troops, arrayed in four columns, with four battalions in reserve, and three thousand cavalry—in all some fifteen thousand men, most of them untouched as yet by the battle. The guns had been withdrawn.* It was to be a grand fight of infantry. The Grenadiers marched proudly on, one regiment especially, (the Coldstream,) as precise in its formation, as if treading the level sward of a London park. On their left came the three famous Highland regiments, under Sir Colin Campbell: the whole division forming a line of a mile and a half in length, with a depth of only two men. The line, however, was not unbroken; for one regiment of Guards had, at the moment of advancing, met the shock of the retreating mass of the Light Division, and had been so far carried back, and its formation so completely destroyed, that it could take no part in the advance. There was, therefore, a great chasm in the very middle of the brigade of Guards, and against this weak point, and threatening the left flank of the Grenadiers thus exposed, came the great Vladimir column, led by Prince Gortschakoff in person.

"Then, and by as fair a test as war could apply, there was tried the strength of the line formation, the quality of the English officer, the quality of the English soldier. Colonel Hood first halted; and then caused the left subdivision of the left company to wheel—to wheel back in such a way as to form an obtuse angle with the rest of the battalion. In this way, whilst he still faced the column which he had originally undertaken to attack," (the column just defeated by Colonel Yea, and which

had again rallied,) "Colonel Hood showed another front, a small but smooth comely front, to the mass which was coming upon his flank. His maneuver instantly brought the Vladimir to a halt; and to those who—without being near enough to hear the giving and the repeating of the orders—still were able to see Colonel Hood thus changing a part of his front, and stopping a mighty column, by making a bend in his line, it seemed that he was handling his fine slender English blade with a singular grace; with the gentleness and grace of the skilled swordsman, when, smiling all the while, he parries an angry thrust. In the midst of its pride and vast strength of numbers, the Vladimir found itself checked; nay, found itself gravely engaged with half a company of our Guardsmen; and the minds of these two score of islanders were so little inclined to bend under the weight of the column, that they kept their perfect array. Their fire was deadly; for it was poured into a close mass of living men. It was at the work of 'file firing' that the whole battalion now labored."—Vol. ii., pp. 435, 436.

The novelty of the English formation evidently perplexed the Russian column, and still more perplexing was the quality of English "pluck," while the deadly fire and the confusion caused by their own falling men was as evidently straining its endurance. By a further simple movement, Colonel Hood was able to pour in a more decidedly flanking fire. The huge bulk shook as the storm smote it. Then the enemy heard something else that was English; for at this sign of weakness one instantaneous cheer, long and loud, rent the air.

"As though its term of life were measured, as though its structure were touched and sundered by the very cadence of the cheering, the column bulged, heaving, heaving. 'The line will advance on the center! The men may advance firing!' This, or this nearly, was what Hood had said to his grenadiers. Instant sounded the echo of his will. 'The line will advance on the center! Quick march!' Then between the column and the seeing of its fate the cloud which hangs over a modern battlefield was no longer a sufficing veil; for although while the English battalion stood halted, there lay in front of its line that dim mystic region which divides contending soldiery; yet the bearskins, since now they were marching, grew darker from east to west, grew taller, grew real, broke through. A moment, and the column hung loose; another, and it was lapsing into sheer retreat; yet another, and it had come to be like a throng in confusion. Of the left Kazan troops there was no more question. In an array that was all but found fault with for being too grand and too stately, the English battalion swept on."—Vol. ii., pp. 446, 447.

* The czar's orders were so stringent not to lose a single gun, that the Russian generals seemed more afraid of their master than of the enemy; for they never scrupled to sacrifice their men if they could save their artillery.

But here we must stay, though the advance of the Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell not only was as complete a success, but is quite as graphically told. The skillful generalship of Sir Colin on the left, by which he inflicted fearful losses on the enemy; the advance of Adams' brigade under Lord Raglan on the right, which, again overlapping the enemy on that side, wrought him double sorrow; the retreat which became a flight, and the flight which turned to panic; the unwillingness of the French to follow up the victory, and, indeed, the whole operations of our allies subsequent to St. Arnaud's unfortunate order to the 4th division—these are for Mr. Kinglake himself to relate. We have quoted freely from his pages; but, brilliant as are these passages, they are no more than samples of the whole. It is a book to be grateful for. It is not merely careful, thoughtful, beautiful; but it is a fine, manly, English book, which has power to stir the pulse, and kindle the eye, and send a thrill of old English pride through the veins—a book which we must admire, though we may differ from it, and that at many points.

Mr. Kinglake evidently considers the war to have been a mistake from first to last, and the invasion of the Crimea to have been a mistake greater still. We take a different view of both cases. There is some danger of forgetting the restless and mischievous ambition of Russia *as she was*. Nothing is more certain than that she was resolved upon the possession of Constantinople, as completing the first grand series of her conquests, and opening to her a new and still grander career in the Mediterranean, and then another southward toward India. The very vastness of these schemes has rendered them incredible to Englishmen, and a reference to them is always made at the risk of being deemed visionary. But the scheme existed, and even now is not hopelessly abandoned. The demand made upon the sultan as to the protectorate of the Greek Christians was the last step toward the actual disruption of his empire, and it was doubtless hoped that his consent might be wrung from him without the necessity for actual war. There is reason to believe that but for the hearty support of England given in the first moment of the demand, this would have been the case. So far as mere moral support is concerned, Mr. Kinglake has no fault to

find. His complaint comes in where the first material support is given. He believes that the alliance of the four great powers would, if allowed fair play, have sufficed; and the czar, seeing that he must defy all Europe or retire, would have retired. But the Emperor Nicholas was not a man to withdraw from a position which he had once taken up, especially with the Eastern question. Moreover, from his peculiar relations with Austria and Prussia, nothing could have convinced him of the sincerity of these two powers in their opposition to himself; indeed, as it was, the one fact which he seemed unable to comprehend, and on which he dwelt unceasingly, was the "black ingratitude of Austria." If the alliance of the four powers, as it existed at first, had remained untouched, it would have resolved itself, in the calculations of the czar, into an Anglo-French alliance, and one less formidable because less free than that which existed under the new conditions. If he refused to yield in the face of the two active powers, there is no probability that he would have yielded to the mere moral persuasion of a pen-and-ink alliance.

And we may candidly confess that it was not desirable that he should yield. It was time that the barbarous power of the North—a repressing, exhausting, and cruel power—should be humbled, and that the spell of its success, which gave it, through all the regions of the East, the power of a fate, should be broken. The campaign of Omar Pasha on the Danube had done something towards such a result; but two or three successful battles, and the relief of a third-rate fortress, were altogether insufficient for the purpose. It was needed that Russia, boasting herself the foremost military power in Europe, should be made to retrace her steps, and, instead of waging a war of aggression, should be driven back upon a war of self-defence, and here should again and again be ignominiously defeated. It was especially needed that the standing menace of the Turkish empire should be destroyed; and, so far from incurring blame, the English government was right in declaring that the great stronghold should fall.

Although there was something adventurous in the invasion of the Crimea, yet we can not be brought to look upon it as a wild scheme, dangerous and uncertain, and a complete violation of the rules of war. It is not for civilians to say how far

steam has revolutionized war as well as commerce; but in this case the expeditionary army, by keeping up its communications with the fleet, had a base of operations quite as secure as many great commanders have employed without misgiving in the continental wars. True, much suffering befell the expedition, but not more than might have been looked for after forty years of peace—not greater on the part of the English than of the French, though the latter endured their losses discreetly, and were gainers by their silence—and certainly not greater than if the ground chosen had been the Principalities or Bessarabia. Moreover, the enterprise has been justified by the result. Sebastopol was something more than a first-class fortress and arsenal. It was a symbol of resistless power; of an advance that never stayed; of a destiny waiting its fulfillment. And its overthrow has buried in its ruins the ascendancy of Russia in the East. No other enterprise could have produced such a result. The heavy blows struck elsewhere destroyed so much material of war, and battered down so many acres of fortification, to be replaced stronger and better than before. But at Sebastopol was destroyed what can never be restored

—a prestige stronger than armies or walled cities. The blow not only broke an uplifted sword, but palsied the arm that held it, and the terrible strength is gone. Not only is the Turkish empire saved, but Greece is restored to independence. Ten years ago the Greek kingdom was little better than a province of Russia, and was intimately connected with her schemes of further conquest; and now the very sound of the Russian name has become odious to the whole nation. Even Persia is less subservient than of old, and has ceased to be the restless agent of intrigue. So on the continent of Europe, where Russian influence was so lately paramount, Prussia is, perhaps, the only country where any vestige of the old feeling remains; elsewhere it has been wholly dissipated, and a quiet indifference, almost savoring of contempt, has taken its place. If the success of a war is to be reckoned by the attainment of the objects proposed at the outset, and by the amount of punishment and humiliation inflicted on the foe, then assuredly the war of which the invasion of the Crimea was the chief enterprise, was a success worthy the arms, and the reputation, and the lavish expenditure of the two great nations who waged it.

From the Popular Science Review.

GEOLOGY AND PALEONTOLOGY.

Long before the ages of Boulder-clay, and Drift, when the climate of England was much as it is now, and about the time when the Newer Crag was deposited, the Norfolk shores were skirted with dense forests. From Happisburg to Cromer, and much farther, they are to be seen along the level of a deposit, marked by fossil shells, which indicate the sediment of old contemporary lakes and rivers, of which there is now not a trace. After a series of changes, the Drift period supervened, the forests were thrown down, and a dark brown clay, with boulders as big as cottages, was piled sixty feet high, over

lake and forest, as the country sank under the sea. And now, after innumerable ages, this same sea has again eaten away part of its last-formed stratum, till the brown clay stands as a bold cliff, and exposes at its base the old land on which the forest grew. Searching among the old tree-stumps we may find acorns and beech nuts, and here, and by dredging on an extension of the bed out to sea, are gathered large bones, commonly black, and often pyriteous. These are the remains of large mammals, which lived on the old land. There is the hippopotamus buried in the mud of the river in which he swam; the

elephant among the trees which were his food; and the rhinoceros, and many others, are there too. Such is the Norfolk Forest bed, specially interesting as the earliest deposit known to contain the Mammoth.

This species, the *Elephas primigenius*, is the most abundant of the English fossil elephants; it has, too, the widest range in space, and the longest duration in time. Authentic specimens are found throughout England, France, Germany, and Italy, as far south as Rome. Thence it ranges across the steppes of Russia, through Siberia to Arctic America, and east and south to Texas. With a distribution so wide, believed to be the result of slow migration, it would be natural to expect a long-continued existence in time.

Its teeth are met with in Central Italy, in a volcanic gravel believed to be nearly, if not quite, as old as the Forest bed. The matrix abounds in crystals of *Leucite* and other minerals; so that the species certainly inhabited that district when the extinct Latian volcanoes were active.

Although it is certain that as the Glacial period advanced a few ice-clad hills were all that remained above the sea of England, so that its mammals must have died off and migrated; yet no sooner was the country dry land again, with wood, and river, and lake, than the species became as abundant as ever. In the gravels which were then forming, its remains are plentifully preserved, and it not unfrequently occurs in caves. There is here no variation in its character; nor do any of the specimens found in this, or more recent accumulations, indicate those changes which intervening space and time are generally found to have effected. Immutable he lives on, giving no indication of whence he came. The existing elephant of India is the known form most nearly resembling it, but there is nothing to suggest that he went thither, nor is there any evidence to support the supposition that a species which endured endless migrations, and changes of food and climate, for so long a period, was at last so rapidly metamorphosed into the Indian animal that no trace of the process can be found.

When the species occurs in the gravel, the *Rhinoceros etruscus*, and many of its companions in the old Forest age, have disappeared, and are replaced by *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, and many new forms. This rhinoceros in its turn dies out, and

yet the mammoth shows no signs of being on the wane.

The next most recent beds in which it is met with are the frozen Siberian gravels, whence traders in fossil ivory have collected its tusks for ages. A skeleton, with much of the skin on the head, is preserved at St. Petersburg, and, according to Von Middendorf, many entire carcasses have since been discovered.

Then comes a turbary deposit in the Apennine valley of the Chiana, in Tuscany, where most of its old associates are absent, and it is now accompanied by the more modern animals, *Cervus Megaceros*, *Bison priscus*, and *Bos primigenius*, species characterizing bogs and latest accumulations, and which were probably exterminated by man—the *Bos primigenius* being certainly slain with stone celts by early Britons.

And finally, Sir C. Lyell, long ago, described a locality in Tennessee, where the Mammoth was discovered, together with *Mastodon ohioiticus*, and existing shells, in a swamp formed in a cavity of the boulder formation.

These are a few facts in the life-history of this animal. Surviving through two distinct periods, Geoffrey St. Hilaire suggested for it the name of *Dicyclotherium*. Much information on this and other topics has lately been given by Dr. Falconer, in a discursive paper on an American fossil elephant.

Mr. Salter has described many new *Phyllopod crustacea* from the palæozoic rocks; and with a view to show what bearing these have on the doctrine of transmutation of forms, has given a diagram exhibiting side by side the several genera found in palæozoic strata. Earliest in time comes the *Hymenocaris*, found in Lingula flags. This genus is characterized by a carapace in one piece, bent over the body. In the super-imposed Cambro-Silurian, the order is represented by *Peltocaris*, a form with the circular shield or carapace in three pieces—that is, two equal valves, with a semi-circular piece inserted between them covering the head. Between this and the previous form there is no relationship whatever. *Peltocaris* is succeeded in the Upper Silurians by *Ceratiocaris*, which is also in three pieces, but the valves differ much in shape, and the relation of the wedge-like rostral piece is different. However, there is that close

affinity that would induce a comparative anatomist to predict the discovery of intermediate genera when the rocks shall be better explored. In the Devonian strata the genus is *Dictyocaris*, a form quite unlike the preceding, with a carapace in one piece, and bent, which seems very nearly to reproduce *Hymenocaris* of the old Cambrian rocks.

In the Lower Carboniferous, occur *Dithyocaris*, and the nearly allied genus *Argas*. *Argas* is a form very like *Ceratiocaris*, with the valves separate, but it appears to want the rostrum; *Dithyocaris* appears to have had a rostrum, but in it the valves were soldered together.

Then in the Trias we find the recent genus *Apus*, which resembles *Dictyocaris*, but not very closely. So there are, on the one hand, *Hymenocaris*, *Dictyocaris*, and *Apus*, forming a sort of natural succession, on which Mr. Salter remarks that, "*Apus* is unquestionably the most highly developed; and it is the latest." And on the other hand, *Peltocaris*, *Ceratiocaris*, *Argas*, and *Dithyocaris*, forming a sort of harmonic progression, in which the rostrum gets gradually less important, and the carapace more concentrated. We should consequently regard *Dithyocaris* as probably the most highly organized of this group. And it is worthy of remark that that genus is more nearly related to *Apus* than is *Peltocaris*.

The facts are few, but they appear to indicate a method or plan in the succession of life on the earth.

Geology has lately lost in Mr. Lucas Barrett one of its most accomplished students. From his earliest years there had been a great fondness for natural history specimens, and even at an early age a faculty for original observation was active, for at school he discovered a layer in the chalk rich in uni-valves shells, and the specimens there gathered served as a nucleus for a monograph of chalk gasteropods, long afterwards commenced for the Palæontographical Society. In 1853 he went to Ebersdorf, where he was chiefly occupied with chemistry and botany; and made collections of minerals and plants from the Hartz.

Returning to England after a year, natural history became his sole study; and

shortly afterwards an engagement was obtained in that department of the British Museum. Here he worked chiefly at the Crustacea, arranging the Cirripedes. When but eighteen he visited Cambridge, and Professor Sedgwick at once secured his services in classifying the fossils of the Woodwardian Museum. It was at this time he went with Mr. M'Andrew through the Northern seas to North Cape, dredging; and some idea of his knowledge and skill may be formed from the dredging papers printed in "*Woodward's Mollusca*," and from a communication to the "*Annals of Natural History*," which was translated into the principal European scientific journals. One important object of this voyage was to discover the effect of the Gulf Stream on Northern forms of life, and the result is admirably given in the dredging papers mentioned. He now became F. G. S.; and next year, 1856, still busy with the Northern problem, went alone to Baffin's Bay and West Greenland to discover an Arctic fauna *unaffected* by the Gulf Stream.

Providentially delayed at Copenhagen, he missed the first trader, which foundered at sea. It was the seal-hunting season when he arrived, and no one, native or European, could be induced to assist him, till the temptation of sugar and coffee procured the help of eight strong Esquimaux women, who, with great courage and skill, rowed him about for two months among the floating ice, in an open boat. During all this time dredging was carried on actively; and not only did he effect his purpose, and discover that lines of distribution of life drawn through the sea would, like the isothermal lines, have to bulge up and be carried far to the north on the European side; but, with a view to determining what relation in that region the life in the sea would bear to that preserved in the deposit it was helping to form, he dredged up the sea bottom. Sketches and observations, too, were made among the Greenland glaciers, and on one of these occasions he nearly lost his life. Returning to Cambridge, the treasures gathered were stored in the Woodwardian Museum, of which he may be said to have almost created and named the natural history portion.

From the National Review.

THE HISTORY OF FREDERICK II., EMPEROR OF THE ROMANS.*

THE interest of the life of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans, arises less from the vast extent of his dominions than from his wonderful strength of character, and the great questions of which he was a living part. If the last act of a tragedy be played out on the peasant's death-bed, what shall be said of the man whose life was a continual struggle before all Europe, and in the issue of which struggle all Europe was concerned? Inheriting from his mother Constance the kingdom of Sicily and South Italy, and as the son of Henry VI. standing first among the candidates for the throne of the German empire, Frederick might seem to owe every thing to good fortune; whereas no ruler started with greater difficulties. An orphan, carelessly brought up by a Pope the natural enemy of the Hohenstaufen, surrounded by turbulent barons, selfish churchmen, jealous citizens, Frederick learnt from hard experience his kingcraft. He had to subdue nobles "who made war upon each other without scruple, built castles without license, seized on the royal domains, and usurped the right of criminal jurisdiction;" next to assert authority over prosperous burghers, more tenacious of hard-won civic rights than even grand seigneurs of swords and title-deeds. But the conflict which awaited the young king and emperor, the stone of stumbling to himself and his house, was of another and graver kind. The question of Frederick's age was the extent of obedience claimed by and owed to the see of Rome: how far the authority demanded in the highest Name and with awful sanctions was compatible with the rights of subjects and rulers. The *prima dies leti* was when Innocent III. approved the election of another Hohenstaufen to the headship of the German empire, and thereby united under

one the government of Germany, a large part of modern France, and nearly all Italy. Frederick was only seventeen when thus set on trial. Had he been less gifted with governing capacity, the prize must have slipped from him. When he returned at the age of twenty-six from the survey of his great Northern possessions, he had proved himself more than equal to meet whatever difficulties the Pope, citizens, and nobles might set in his way. His claim to a place among the world's great ones rests on his regulation of Apulia and Sicily in the following eight years. Frederick was true to his Norman birth. His wish and pride was to be "law animate upon earth." In an age of feudalism, when in France alone there were sixty different codes of local customs, it proved an iron strength of will and uncommon foresight to reduce to one digest the best customs of so many races, Italians, Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Germans, and Jews; to curtail local privileges, to level distinctions, and thereby rivalries and enmities between cities (the fruitful cause of Italy's misfortunes to this day); to abolish podestàs, consuls, rectors—all impediments to one authority; to summon deputies from forty-seven cities to a conference or parliament, "for the weal of the kingdom, and the general advantage of the State;" to subject the barons to law, and deprive them of the right of deciding criminal cases, whereby the lowest classes of the population had been at their mercy. The spirit of Frederick's measures went to establish a despotism, but legal and enlightened, which should deal out to all men impartial justice. When it is added, that Frederick chose for his counsellors and friends the ablest of the land, irrespective of their birth and standing, men like Peter de Vineis and Thaddeus of Suessa; that he delighted in the arts; that Italian poetry first found her voice at his court; that commerce had never before been so flourishing, or material prosperity so great—we can un-

* *The History of Frederick the Second, Emperor of the Romans. From Chronicles and Documents published within the last Ten Years.* By T. L. Kingston, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and the Inner Temple. In two volumes. Macmillan & Co.

derstand why Italians, and especially Sicilians, revert to the good old days of the Suabian house, to the wise and beneficent customs of Frederick II., "Cæsar of the Romans, Ever-august, Italicus, Siculus, Hierosolymitanus, Arelatensis, happy, conquering, triumphant."

These are the brighter aspects and memories of the life of the last of the great Emperors. There are darker ones. In an age of intolerance we need not be surprised at any honest thorough endeavor to uproot heresy. We understand persecution carried on by Innocent III. and Dominic: the historian who reads human nature aright may even condone it. But there is no excuse for Frederick's persecutions, more cruel and treacherous than pope's or inquisitor's. Frederick was the worst of persecutors, as Dean Milman has remarked, for he was without bigotry. He trampled on innocent free-minded citizens under cover of the most malignant of the religious passions and superstitions of his time. In truth, with his father's crown he inherited his father's temper. The career of the Hohenstaufens is stained with cruelty and treachery, to which Frederick added a lewdness that even his age, not given to softness or delicacy of feeling, reprobated. Mr. Kington throws no veil over Frederick's life. He does not attempt to hide, or still worse to palliate, the treachery which gave charters to cities only to be recalled at the first opportunity, which promised with an imperial oath pardon to citizens only that a more terrible vengeance might be wreaked upon them. Now that it has become the fashion to excuse crimes against humanity, as proceeding from something like divine inspiration, or to explain them away as necessary acts of state policy, we are glad that Mr. Kington, who has given in this work an earnest of the place he will one day take among historians, following in this, as in the fidelity and research of his narrative, the example of Dean Milman, tells his plain unvarnished tale. If Frederick's wise legislation is the instinct of his Norman birth, his numberless deeds of cruelty and treachery betray the taint of Hohenstaufen blood, and place him on a line for perjury with some monarchs of the nineteenth century.

But Frederick's offenses against truth and mercy were not the causes of his failure. His power was too great for the security of the rest of Christendom, was

more than one man in any age could be trusted with. The restraining element in society was the papacy, and with this Frederick's position, claims, and conduct rudely clashed. The rest of Christendom acknowledged obedience due to Christ's vicar upon earth; Frederick in spirit and in deed acknowledged none. As "the source of law, he was above law," and therefore exempt. "What! shall the pride of a man of low birth degrade the emperor, who has no superior or equal on earth?" Mr. Kington, in one passage, characterizes the harsh policy of Rome towards Frederick as a policy of self-interest; elsewhere he shows plainly enough that it was a question of self-preservation. The pope was hedged in on every side by Frederick's superior force. France was not then what it is now; Spain was divided into, and weakened, by its five kingdoms; and, however much the gold of England might flow into papal coffers, the barons of England were distant cold-hearted defenders. The pope had little else but moral force, the belief of Christendom that his cause was right, to rely upon. That, and the few Lombard cities, were more than sufficient.

The great dissension is admirably related with all fullness of detail in Mr. Kington's second volume. Our sympathies may be with the emperor's brave encounter of his difficulties; our reason, calmly judging, will not regret that he gloriously failed. For the time had not come when Europe could dispense with that directing mediating force which the Papacy then was. The worst and most unscrupulous popes were yet witnesses to a Power which did not stand upon or prevail by strength, which, because it was so divine and spiritual, had a claim upon the consciences of men. What Mr. Mill thinks the Hebrew prophets were in the kingdoms of Judah and Israel; what, according to Dr. Wolff's Travels, the dervishes are still in Eastern countries; what the unanimous and enlightened *vox populi* is now among us—that was the Papacy to mediæval Christendom, the single power before which rulers stood abashed, which could effectually protect the weak, desolate, and oppressed. It was less in the spirit of a Christian apostle than of a Jewish warrior that Innocent IV. fought for supremacy, and excommunicated Frederick at Lyons. Yet, in thus acting, he was in a manner the representative of

Christendom, which spoke through him; and according to the then views of Christian duties and obligations, his voice of accusation and lament was just and necessary. "I have five sorrows, which I may liken to the five wounds of Christ. These are, the Tartar inroads, the schismatical spirit of the Greeks, the heresies which have crept in, especially in Lombardy, the seizure of Jerusalem by the Kharizmians, the active enmity of the emperor to the church which he is bound to protect." The events here lamented were felt in their awful magnitude by the men of that time; they are so remote from us that we faintly sympathize with the papal warning. The philosophical historian is more just. He knows that the future welfare of Europe rested not upon the continuance of one uniform overshadowing despotism, but upon the mutually counteracting and sustaining forces of a common Christendom, of which the Papacy was then the necessary head. But he is not on that account disposed to justify that papal government which for centuries has missed its grand ideal, has divided the nations asunder rather than knit them together, has become a legalized oppression, and is now guilty, in the judgment of educated

Europe, of the slow murder of the Roman people.

Mr. Kington sums up the moral of his story eloquently and truly:

"Rome won the day; and we need not regret it. The papal giants of the thirteenth century, ever ready to march in the van of public opinion, shrinking from useless crimes, are not likely to be reproduced in our days. Their conduct may perhaps be angrily denounced; the sturdy Protestant will revile their ambition and combativeness; the admirer of the divine right of kings (a few such admirers still linger among us) will mourn over the ruin of the matchless Hohenstaufens; the lover of chivalry will bewail the loss of the Holy Land; the English patriot will turn with disgust from a shameful chapter in his national history; the German patriot will sigh as he thinks of the time when his country was united; the Italian patriot will point with scorn to the lines of kings, almost always degenerating, which have ruled at Naples since the fall of the house of Suabia. But in spite of all these outcries, the impartial inquirer will hesitate before he pronounces that the fall of this house was a blow to the interests of mankind."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MANON AND HER SPIRIT LOVER.

BY HERR VANDERHAUSEN.

"A MONTH or two of this fine summer weather by the sea, will completely restore her," said the Doctor, turning to me, his finger the while on the pulse of Manon's left hand, while her other wandered over the keys of the piano, by which they were seated. "Change of air, my dear sir, and change of" —, he was just about to utter *scene*, when glancing at the sightless eyes of the beautiful young friend, he checked himself—"and change of place will, I feel assured, in a short time, resuscitate the tone of her system, and banish this melancholy of which you tell me;" but which added the

Doctor gallantly, "I profess, but adds, in my eyes, an additional charm to the sweet face we all admire." Manon withdrew her hand from the piano, from which, in apparent unconsciousness, she had been evoking one of the wild extemporaneous airs which harmonized with and expressed her passing fancies; and resting it on that of the Doctor, in which her other was still gently held, smiled, and was silent.

Several years before the day in question, this beautiful young girl, who was an orphan, had been placed in our care, by a distant relation, who, dying in the

interim, had bequeathed her a considerable fortune. The loss of her sight had occurred while she was yet an infant, and from causes which baffled the diagnoses of the faculty; but, even though the melancholy deprivation to which I allude took place thus early, she still retained a dim and beautiful recollection of the external world, which, although mingled with fancy, reflected, I have no doubt, the primitive impressions made on the mind of infancy, of which, from the effect of subsequent experience, we can gain so imperfect a conception from observation.

In her instance, however, the first glimpse she had obtained of the earth, the day and night, remained an isolated experience, distinctly separated from the mental phases through which she had subsequently passed, and which, as represented in her conversation, realized the idea of a vague, but bright and wondrous dream of that everlasting Eden—childhood. From her earliest years she had been of an imaginative and silent temperament; even more so than is ordinarily the case with those whose life is necessarily internal; and as she grew to womanhood, with a mind richly developed by all the intelligent resources within her reach, this tendency seemed rather to increase than otherwise, until she seemed at length to have attained to a pure, solitary, spiritual existence—to an angelic nature, in which every thought was one of beauty, and every feeling one of love.

Manon was now eighteen, and never did heaven, in its happiest mood, preside over the growth of a figure more graceful, or impress a charm on a young face more indefinitely attractive than that which radiated from hers, innocent, bright, and pure, and animated by a perpetual play of fancy and affection. It was a face such as a Greek poet might have conceived of a wood-nymph, seen through the shade of some lonely forest by moonlight; pale, beautiful, and strange, with an expression, so to speak, of *remoteness*, and as that of a being whose life passed in the solitude of nature, reflected its aspects in their simplicity, their solemnity, their elemental gaiety, rather than those of human life. In her lonely moods and moments, when the permanent aspect of her countenance was best recognized, it was one of dim splendor and ideal adora-

tion; while her movements, like those of some exquisite statue suddenly animated, seemed, in their manifold expression of innate grace, to realize the idea of one moving ever with a sense of wonder and timid joy through a world whose every aspect presented a new revelation.

From her childhood Manon's chief resources were music and poetry; but for her, solitary fanciful meditation involved a delight still more absorbing. Such artistic and literary studies as she indulged in, she pursued in her own fashion, using her instruments rather as the mediums for the utterance of her feelings and imagination, than, as it seemed, for the pleasure arising from the execution of the many marvels of harmonic art of which she had become mistress.

Poetry, also, she seemed to utilize in a creative spirit, and as a means of awakening original conceptions in her fancy. She had a cluster of special favorites among the poets, and these my daughters were accustomed to read to her at particular seasons—some in summer, some in spring, autumn, and winter—with each of which, either the themes or characters, ideal or descriptive, idyllic or dramatic, her fancy conceived a relational sympathy. Thus she would ask her companions to read aloud "Romeo and Juliet" of a summer night, the "Midsummer Dream" of a spring day, "Macbeth" of a winter midnight, and so with the rest.

Never, however, seemed she so happy as when alone, and for a length of time we accorded with her wishes in this respect, until it appeared to us that the strange moods of melancholy musing, in which she indulged, had a deleterious effect on her fading health. Endless were her strange fancies; sometimes she would sit for hours on the sea-shore, at night, apparently wrapped in tranced communion with the voices of the waters; often in an old ivy-grown ruin, near our residence, through whose roofless walls the bright stars glimmered, holding fanciful converse with the murmur of the old trees and shrubs, which guardianed and trellised its wind-worn walls. In a word, nature to her seemed eloquent with unheard voices, and one observing her ways and moods would have said she was conscious of the presence of invisible spirits in the air, in the darkness or light—wherever she moved.

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The place we selected for our summer residence was a very lonely, but beautiful spot, on the coast of one of the southern counties of England. The house, which contained many chambers, was a long cottage, with a pretty garden before it, sloping to the cliff; at the back, a stretch of woodland, topped by a line of low, heathy hills; beneath, a long line of sands whose broad dim rim afforded a pleasant promenade. Ivy and trailers covered the roof of the cottage, and formed a deep hood over its many windows, and the garden, which was a wilderness of wild flowers, was encompassed by a thick hedge, with old arbors draped in convolvulus, and intervalled here and there by a few tall poplars. A month, during which the weather continued magnificent, passed agreeably in rambles along the shores, and through the green lanes and woody alleys of the neighborhood, whither we were accustomed to bring our books and instruments, passing almost our whole time in the open air. Despite, however, the invigorating atmosphere of the region, and the cheerful amusements with which we varied our time, no ameliorative change was evidenced in Manon's health, and though the inconstant flashes of her gaiety were more frequent than heretofore, it was painfully apparent that some wasteful fire was eating out her young life.

It almost appeared to us, indeed, as though she was under the power of some malipotent spell, whose mysterious influence, neither the bright influences of nature, nor the resources with which she was surrounded, were able to arrest. Sometimes the strangest fancies possessed her, one of which I may mention. Nothing pleased her more than to be left alone on the sands, especially at evening. At such times she would ask us to indicate the point at which the evening star, then shining with great brilliancy, rose over the sea, beside which, couched on a jutting rock, she would remain for hours, now wrapped in silent reverie, now murmuring to herself, and now, as it appeared to us, listening to some remote voice undulating along the line of light facing the planet, quiet as a statue; frequently apprehensive lest she should take cold in the night-air, we were obliged to bring her away from this charmed solitude, whereupon, on her returning home, she

would exhibit her most attractive gaiety, as a recompense, as it were, for the pleasing dreams we had permitted her to enjoy.

One evening toward the end of August was rendered memorable to us by the splendor of its lightnings, and a singular occurrence which I shall presently allude to.

It was a dark summer evening, after a day of heavy rain; the thick, dim sky was roofed with disentangling cloud; the dusk air breathed cool with humid odors; drops of rain hung on the foliage of the windows fronting the low sunset whose pale lemon-colored streak spaced level above the sea; drops of rain trickled from every pining branch and shrub in the glooming garden, and as they slowly trickled and fell with faint inconstant pattering through the damp air, one fancied they heard in the slow dim sound the weak and parting pulses of the dying day. Presently the clouds cleared from the yellow, sleepy mist, and as its star shone out from time to time, a wave of air moved like a shudder through the dim tree-tops, and passed away through the dreamy darkness.

As the evening advanced, we had collected at the open window, enjoying the grateful change which had taken place after the dull rainy hours of our in-door life during the day, and the refreshing air of the night which breathed around us, tintured with humid perfumes of the garden, when this great lightning began to play over the sea. Never before had I witnessed the splendid phenomena in such perfection; every moment the flashes seemed to increase in breadth and brilliancy. As night deepened, indeed, the fierce magnificence and persistency of the flames, and the unnatural stillness by which their manifestations were accompanied, created simultaneously in our minds, as we found, a singular fancy—it seemed just as if the earth, warped out of its course, had broken into, and was rolling along the frontier of some mighty Spirit-Sphere of space, and was thus threatened with instant dissolution by the awakened anger of its potent and innumerable ministers.

Manon stood by herself at an open casement, silent and pale as a statue; her head declined, and a deep smile on her face, whose expression was that of a young girl listening for the first time to

the utterance of love and passion—an expression which seemed to indicate the self-conscious pride of adoration and the inner delight of newly-awakened and concealed sympathies. So striking was her aspect on this occasion that, although familiar with the lights and shades of her beautiful countenance under the influence of the fancied moods of mind in which she delighted when alone, it frequently withdrew my attention from the supernatural glories of the external scene; and as at times her lips seemed to move in voiceless answerings, and an unaccustomed glow of fond confidence and beauty irradiated her face, one might have imagined that she was engaged in communing with some invisible being in whose presence a new life had broken on her, and whose mysterious nature harmonized with her own.

So novel was the scene on which we gazed, so wild and unearthly was it in its beauty, so incessant had the coruscations become, which every instant illumined and revealed the inmost depths of the firmament, that an unwonted stillness reigned in the chamber. Presently I heard one of my daughters, who had, meanwhile, approached the window which our strange young friend occupied, exclaim: "How your heart beats, Manon!" "You are frightened at the lightning," the other returned, "and it is your own heart you hear."

Hardly had she uttered these words when my daughter screamed and fainted. In an instant we were by her side, and while her sister administered the usual restoratives, I was about to leave the room for the purpose of procuring some water to bathe her forehead, when it seemed to me that a curious appearance had become present in the chamber. The lightning at that moment rendered every object almost as visible as at noon-day; as I advanced toward the door, I became conscious of a sort of form or shadow which occupied the intervening space, and which was distinctly apparent against the dim light of one of the windows. As I advanced, it remained motionless, and indeed as visible in its undefined outline, as any of the familiar objects in the room. Agitated by the event which had just occurred, I naturally concluded this appearance to be some spectra of the excited mind and senses, and proceeded forward. As I did so, the shadow

seemed likewise to advance. It may have been the result of some peculiar physical state, but certain it is that, as moving to the door, I passed through it, I became conscious of a strange impression—a sort of electric thrill, which for the instant pervaded the nervous system, and which created a feeling not dissimilar from that of touching a battery; or such, possibly, as one would have experienced who had been suddenly transfixed with lightning. The effect, however, was but instantaneous. When, after some moments, I again returned to the chamber, I found my daughter already recovered, and Manon standing beside her, with one hand gently resting on her head. This little occurrence broke up our evening, and after a little, we each retired to our respective rooms. In our cottage my chamber adjoined Manon's, both of which fronted the sea. Although it was already late, I sat up for some time, having some correspondence which I was anxious to dispatch, and had been thus occupied for, perhaps, nearly an hour, when I became conscious of the sound of voices in the next chamber, whose windows remained open like my own. This appeared to me extraordinary, as I was assured that all the inmates of the cottage had long since retired.

I approached the window; the blue night was still illuminated by bursts of flame, the air was perfectly tranquil, and the only distinguishable sound from without was that of the bright sea, murmuring in dim undulations along the breast of the sandy beach beneath.

I listened, and after a little, distinctly recognized two voices—one familiar, that of Manon, and a second, whose tone seemed to me altogether different from any I had ever heard—an utterance, now musical and wild as that of an *Æolian* harp, now sweet and gentle as the whisper of the sunset wind. Both spoke in a low tone, but still sufficiently audibly for me to recognize at intervals the following words:

"You say you have known me long?" said Manon, in a tone of fond interrogation.

"Many years."

"And you love me?"

"Question the revelations of your dreams. Have you not felt that a spirit-presence has been near you—in your walks, your meditations, your slumbers?"

"It seems, too, as if I had known you long; yes, sitting by the light of the evening star, I have heard a voice, breathing I know not what, which I now recognize as yours—a voice which seemed to plead silently to my soul, and in whose presence I felt happy."

"Beloved one!"

"But this—nay the present hour in which the bright being long familiar to my fancy glows before my sightless life—this, this, too, may be but a dream?"

"Not so, purest; my soul has been ever near thee, ever drawn by sweet affinities to thine own; and at length, oh, joy! it has been accorded me to render my presence conscious, to breathe upon thy brow, to hold thy hand in mine, and utter the love long felt, but never fully recognized till now."

Hardly crediting my senses, and indeed, half impressed with the conviction that the words to which I had just listened were the result of some unaccountable state of the imagination, arising from the exciting scenes and occurrences of the past evening, I hurried from my chamber to that of Manon, and gently opening the door, entered.

She stood at the open casement, looking toward the irradiated sea, one hand gently waving, as it were, an adieu to some invisible figure departing. She was still attired in her white evening robe, girdled with a cincture of Arabian corail to which an amulet she prized was attached—one soft loosened tress streaming in the air upon her neck.

"Manon!" I exclaimed; the surprise occasioned by her appearance harmonizing mysteriously with the singular conversation I thought I had just heard. She started, turned slowly, and as the lightning still illuminated the chamber in inconstant flashes, I could perceive that her face shone with an expression beautiful and strange, which I had never before noticed; a sigh, low as the summer wind escaped her, and a blush suffused her cheek, as she came forward, glowing with a deep and silent smile.

"To whom have you been speaking?" I inquired somewhat brusquely.

"Doubtless to my own fancies, as usual," she replied, with a manner in which coquetry mingled with a certain air of melancholy and uncertainty.

"Assuredly I heard two voices."

Elevating her brow with an assumed

expression of playful incredulity, she replied:

"Is it not you, dear friend, who are now dreaming?" and then, pressing my hand, she added gaily: "Truly, I believe, the lightning to-night has unhinged all our imaginations; but see, it has now ceased, and it is time to sleep."

I left her, impressed with a certain strangeness in her air and manner which I could not comprehend, and regained my own room. Curious to say, the lightning had ceased suddenly, and the vault of the sky, blue and cloudless, hung over the sea, illuminated only by the stars.

I may add that the impressions made on my mind by the events of the evening in question affected me even in sleep, which was several times disturbed by a sort of apparition, as it seemed, of a fierce and luminous countenance, noble and beautiful as the Apollo, and formed, as it were, of intense light, which at intervals passed before my vision. At such times awakening, and glancing toward the casement, it seemed as if the lightning were still playing, though in departing splendors, through the void.

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As the decline in Manon's health was not accompanied by any depression of spirits, her physician, who appeared confident in her ultimate restoration, suggested a Continental tour at the commencement of the ensuing summer. Acting on this advice, we left England at the close of spring, and after a short stay in some of the Rhine towns arrived at Lausanne, in the neighborhood of which city we remained until autumn, taking up our residence in a small but picturesquely situated house, about a league distant, on the borders of the lake.

During the summer weather nothing could surpass the beauty of the situation we had selected, or the panorama with which we were surrounded; the rich rural pictures of the neighboring country, with its uplands covered with farms and vineyards, fading away into the village-dotted plain, with its noble cincture of mountains to the north; the vast water spacing away to the east, where its intense azure seemed to mingle indistinguishably with the blue of the sky; the sunny shores of La Mellièrè opposite, with the vine-draped steeps; hillocks covered with woods, through which white villages and the turrets of old churches glim-

mered; and beyond, dominating the horizon, the stupendous snowy peaks and icy ravines of the Jura range, now black with tempest, now shining in the splendid light of dawn and sunset; the breadths of shadow floating over the remote mountains in varying luster and gloom; the obscure glimmer of the plains, with their fields, woods, and villages rising into view and momentarily disappearing as the coursing sunbeam and shadow rolled over them, now rendering the most distant object clear and near, now flooding the foreground with indistinguishable gloom. In a word, the matchless region, uniting every rural charm, and girdled by a snowy horizon of supernatural beauty, presented a series of scenes which offered a constant source of novel impressions—impressions of mingled glory, tranquillity, and awe. Many weeks were passed in making excursions to the memorable sites around us, Ferney, Chillon, etc. Our days were passed chiefly on the lake, our evenings in the quaint old hall of the little chateau; and we often sat late into the night, reading or chatting over the local legends and traditions we had gathered of the celebrities whose lives and works have given an intellectual interest to the towns and shores of this lovely region.

Little change was perceptible in Manon—the variety of scenes and the impressions conveyed to her, seemed agreeable to occupy her mind and awaken new fancies; but still she seemed to be slowly fading; and presently, as autumn advanced, we were already begun our preparations to recommence our journey homeward.

Shortly before we set out for home, an event occurred, memorable in itself, and still more so by a singular impression in connection with Manon which rose out of it. One evening, she, my daughters, and myself, had extended our sail upon the lake to a greater distance than heretofore without the assistance of boatmen. It was a gorgeous evening at the close of autumn; and charmed with the exquisite tranquility of the air and water, and surrounding landscapes bathed in the glory of a superb sunset, we had become unconscious of our remoteness from the shore, and of the advance of night. Presently the darkness of the distance warned us of the approach of one of those storms which visit this mountainous region with tropical suddenness. At first we observed a

tumult of black tempest-cloud rolling over the far-off snowy summits, leaving only the highest peaks visible above the vaporous deluge; then at times the sound of distant thunder undulating on the still bright air; then, as the twilight rapidly deepened, the distant lightnings became visible, mingling with and extinguishing the sinking sunset. At length the wind, whose somber murmurings we had heard along the woods upon the shore, approached us in long dark drifts across the waters; lastly, the waves rose around us with a suddenness and fury which surprised and, indeed, appalled us, unaccustomed as we had hitherto been to the phenomena of storm in this mountainous district.

So swift was the approach of the wind, that I had some difficulty in getting down the sail before it was shattered; and this effected, I seized the oars, and began to pull vigorously in the direction of the shore, which had already disappeared in the tumult of cloud rolling from the land; this, however, was but slow work, the storm being against us, and the waves having become dangerously high. At intervals the lightning broke around in splendid sheets, followed by gloom so intense as to render every object at a few feet distance indistinguishable. My daughters, terrified at the dangerous position in which we so suddenly found ourselves, were huddled together, drenched with spray, at the stern of the boat; while Manon, who, as usual, sat by herself at the prow, seemed the only one among us whom the terrors of the tempest failed to affect. An hour passed during which, though exerting my utmost strength at the oars, the boat made little, if any, way toward the shore, whose lights were still unrecognizable, when suddenly a billow broke over the gunwale, and, as it seemed, half filled the boat, which we already believed to be sinking. Through the darkness I could hear my daughters praying, and as the wind and thunder roared around us, we momentarily believed our last hour was at hand.

At this crisis, when the peril had reached its acme, when every billow threatened to engulf us, I was surprised to hear Manon cry out to us, "Be calm; there is no danger;" the cheerfulness of her voice contrasting strangely with the danger of her situation. Occupied at the oars, I had been seated with my back toward her, but could not refrain, impressed by the

tone of her voice, and a strange feeling like the impression of a mysterious presence, from looking round for an instant. Could I be mistaken? A figure rested beside her—a dark figure of a man, as it seemed, whose face, turned toward her as in conversation, I could not perceive. My surprise was so great that I could not at the moment give it utterance. The necessity of watching the boat caused me to resume my position; and as my mind was completely engrossed, and my efforts concentrated to save the lives of its occupants, I naturally, after a little, concluded that the appearance I conceived I had seen was the effect of imagination. Though the noise of the storm and the lashing of the waves were incessant, nevertheless, as I continued to pull toward the shore, I could not help fancying from time to time I heard voices in the direction of the prow, but so low that, although listening with an indefinable feeling of incertitude and curiosity, I failed to recognize any distinct meaning in their utterances. As may be conceived, however, the effect produced by the fancy of a mysterious figure in the boat, sustained by the sense of voices in my neighborhood, added not a little to the wildness and strangeness of the scene, the storm, the darkness and peril.

Presently the wind lulled, and though the waves continued high, I managed after an hour's exertion to bring the boat safely to shore. During our short remaining stay at Lausanne, I several times remember being on the point of interrogating Manon respecting the voice I thought I had a second time heard conversing mysteriously with her; on all such occasions, however, something occurred to divert my intention. Meanwhile the autumn had set in with violent winds and rain, our boat excursions terminated, and after a week of preparation we resumed our journey to England.

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During the winter our fondest hopes were destined to be extinguished. It was evident that our young friend was slowly approaching her final hour. Strange to say, however, the loss of physical strength in her case was unaccompanied by any sensations of pain or feelings of depression. It was a decay like that of the leaf—gradual, unfelt—and which developed a still greater degree of beauty. Just, also, in proportion as the animal spirits faded, the airy grace, animation, and brilliancy of her

mind increased; life became concentrated in the brain, like wine, whose sparkling bubbles evanesce to the surface, while the body becomes dark and quiescent. Thus, while existence was vanishing, like the close of a bright April evening, her happy soul, hopeful, calm, radiant, and resigned, while evincing a gradual dissociation from the warm sympathies and affectionate affinities of earth, became irradiated with ideas of still purer spiritual beauty.

It was the last day of April, but no change up to this moment had occurred to alarm us as to her condition. As the twilight deepened, she reclined, as usual at that hour, on a sofa at the open window of her chamber, watching the rose light of the sinking west changing into violet over the sea, where her favorite star, as yet solitary in the azure deeps, had just risen, scintillating in the pure atmosphere with an almost southern luster. Its rays shone on her clear forehead, and tinged the outline of her symmetrical head with a tender beam; the west wind, soft and low, breathed around her, scented with the perfume of the fresh spring herbage, and the deep silence was only stirred by the solemn breathing of the sea beneath, or the occasional murmur of the leaves around the casement, which seemed answering the whisperings of the air in dim indefinable murmurings.

As Manon appeared to be in one of those happy moods which arose from the impression of the surrounding tranquility of nature, and the delight of silent fancies, no one had spoken for a considerable period, and a complete silence reigned in the chamber.

After a little, and by slow degrees we became aware of a distant music, which appeared fluctuating round some point of the shore. So remote, indeed, did it seem at first, that for a time we remained half uncertain of its existence. Presently, however, as if the faintness and uncertainty of the harmony was the result of its traversing some vast extension of space, it seemed to approach nearer and nearer, until the strain, as though it had at length actually reached the atmosphere of the earth, became distinctly intelligible, rising and falling in rich and inspired cadences. In its slow approach and mystic undulations there was something so strange and impressive that, in the mood of mind in which we then were, it affected us like a charm or spell, and, hardly breathing, we

listened in silence. Lightning, meanwhile, had commenced to play over the sea, but many of the fainter coruscations had occurred without attentive recognition, so absorbed had we become; nor was it until one burst of illumination, brighter and more continuous than those precedent, had occurred, that, glancing towards Manon, we perceived that she had risen herself in an attitude of rapt excitement, and leaned listening on the resting-place of the window, looking toward the enchanted night with a smile of wild beauty on her face.

At first the sound was that of a wild wandering strain, without any fixed purpose or definite intention, save that of its airy fancies; then it seemed to express sudden admiration; then an enraptured series of undulations, like feelings and sympathies moving in charmed cadences, and slowly approaching to a harmony; until at length, in unisons richer and broader, it seemed to expand, evolving a strain of passion complete, full, and enthusiastic. Now it lapsed away, fond and low, as in delighted reverie over some lovely valley; now scarcely heard, it seemed to breathe like the whisper of an angel from a distant star. Lastly, after hovering, as it were in expectancy, in the space between two worlds, it seemed to rush back, filling the firmament with a melody voluptuous and sublime, like an outpouring of seraph minstrelsy, the transcendent utterance of some immortal spirit, embodying in a hun-

dred phases and variations of harmony an expression universal and individual of the great soul of the world and heavens—Love. At once near and distant, while brooding over the cottage, its presence seemed to extend through and embrace the infinite, through whose azure deeps the lightning, bursting and palpitating in harmony with its aerial resonance and passion, created an effect on the mind and senses so wondrous and rapturous, that to our tranced imaginations we seemed for the time to be caught up and wafted to some loftier and more superb region of space, in an atmosphere of music and splendor.

How long this wondrous dream—for so it seemed—continued, I can not say. Suddenly we were recalled to consciousness by a darkness, sudden, deep, and profound, falling on the earth; a change, too, accompanied by the abrupt cessation of the charmed sounds to which we had been listening. Almost at the same instant a voice, in an accent of surprise, cried, "See, the bright star has set;" and another, in wild anguish, "Manon!" * * * *

We rushed to the casement where she lay, but she was motionless, breathless. Life seemed to have departed in the moment that the splendor and music had vanished together in the blue darkness over the sea. * * * *

"Such," added Mr. P., "is my story of Manon and her Spirit-Lover."

From Chambers's Journal.

STARVING THE EARTH.

EVERY seven years, we are told, the human body is renewed; every particle of which it was composed at the beginning of that period will have disappeared before the end of it, and fresh matter will have been drawn from earth, air, and water to supply the void. So with the sea; it is continually ascending to the clouds in vapor, and descending in rain.

The earth itself is subject to the same conditions, is constantly decaying, and must constantly be repaired. Like the pelican of the classic legend, it has to feed its offspring with its own body—vegetation of all kinds is perpetually preying on its vitals, and robbing it of its most material essences. But when vegetation takes its natural course, it returns to the

soil, in its decay, as much as it withdrew when it sprung into existence, and thus a new crop is able to find sustenance in the ashes of the old one.

The agriculture of man, however, as pursued in these latter days, is of a pernicious character, for it takes away, while it does not replace; it stimulates the rapidity with which the earth can bring forth fruit only at the expense of its powers of endurance. In short, it is the story over again of the goose and the golden eggs, of the *peau de chagrin*, which conferred on the possessor present prosperity at the cost of so many years deducted from existence by every wish fulfilled. We get immense harvests now-a-days, but a high authority has just announced that the vegetable mould, upon which the permanent fertility of the land depends, is rapidly being used up. We are exacting too much from the earth, and starving it at the same time, for we deny it a proper amount of that pabulum which results from the growth of plants that take a lengthened possession of the soil, and that bequeath it a good legacy of refuse matter. Already, we are told, in the Eastern States of North America, from the State of Maine to Florida, in Lower Germany, west of the Vistula, and in many parts of Spain and France, the vegetable mould is much exhausted, and no means are taken to prevent ultimate sterility. Moreover, in Northern Africa, and in many parts of Western and Central Asia, where man, in former times, destroyed the forest cover, and wasted the natural mould, the country has become arid desert, and animal and vegetable life have been extinguished. To make matters still worse, this deterioration of the soil has produced an evil effect on the atmosphere, from which there is no longer vegetation to draw down moisture; thus the mists vanish, the dew ceases, the rain fails, and the rivers are dried up. All this is, of course, very dreadful. The only question is, whether it is true?

There is, it is certain, too much reason to fear that our farmers have been indulging rather too freely in the use of artificial manures. Ever since the end of the last century, immense quantities of bones have been imported into Great Britain. To furnish this supply, the battle-fields of Leipsic, Waterloo, and the Crimea, have been raked up, and the catacombs of Sicily cleared of the bones of many generations.

About four million tons of phosphates, in the form of bones, linseed cakes, rapeseed, etc., and near three hundred thousand tons of guano, are annually imported into England, in order to be applied to the soil. Now, these manures quicken the fertility of the soil, and produce luxuriant crops; but every rich harvest thus raised involves so many years of subsequent sterility. It has been said, that he who makes two blades of grain grow where only one grew before, is a public benefactor; but the case is clearly changed when the consequence of producing two blades in one season is to incapacitate the soil from yielding even a single blade a few years afterwards. It is a delusion to suppose that a dose of artificial manure permanently strengthens the soil. As it has been well said, one might as well expect to grow strong on brandy and malt liquor, as to give real substance to the earth by a mere chemical dram. Or, to take a closer illustration: What the farmers have been doing in regard to the soil, is as absurd as trying to nourish a man on chemical preparations instead of ordinary food. It is quite true, that we eat flesh for the sake of the iron, and bread for the sake of the lime, which it contains; but it would be madness to forswear steaks and loaves, and swallow the iron and lime in the shape of drugs. This is what the agriculturists have done to the earth; they have dosed it with phosphates, when it wanted natural manure—the sewage of towns, the refuse of the byre and the fold, and above all, the remains of its own crops. Wherever vegetation maintains a permanent footing, it leaves in the annual fall and decay of parts a certain amount of matter which adds increased powers of production. Thus the earth gets back a large proportion of what it gave, with the addition of certain valuable elements extracted by the vegetation from the atmosphere. This is its proper food, “cooked by nature in the most digestible manner possible,” and no amount of chemical stimulants will supply the want of it. Hence our farmers must not be too exacting in their demands on the earth; they must be content with a less rapid succession of crops, and must more frequently return to the soil a portion of its produce. Pasturage is one of the best means of renovating the energies of the land. By the growth of clover and turnips, and their consumption by sheep on the land, the vegetable mould may be

not only increased, but improved. It should never be forgotten, that although the laboratory of the chemist may do much for the sick, the laboratory of nature is best for the sound.

A recent writer, in calling attention to the recklessness with which man has overtasked the earth, has expressed a doubt whether any effectual remedy can be found short of the "repairing agency of nature," by which regions may be consigned back to the beach and pine, continents sub-

merged for fresh deposits of oceanic sediment, and volcanoes called into operation by land and under sea. This, however, is rather too gloomy a view of matters. Our agriculturists have apparently, in their eagerness for a short cut, been misled into a dangerous road, but they have not yet gone too far to return to the safe old highway. If they will only give the earth a little less physic, and a little more food, all may yet be well.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

THERE are few historical scholars, however slight may have been their studies, who have not read some notices of the remarkable daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus; but, hitherto, they have been obliged to be content—if unable to travel out of their own literature—with most unsatisfactory accounts of her. Her conduct in certain portions of her career excited a good deal of prejudice in Protestant England, which tincture more or less the few biographical accounts that were published during the first century after her death. We now possess, however—thanks to the industry of Mr. Woodhead—an impartial, and therefore trustworthy, narrative of her extraordinary adventures, and one that points a very suggestive moral as clearly as one ever was indicated in the life of an historical personage of such eminence.

It is well known that her father was regarded by all Protestants as an example of greatness deserving of hero-worship in its highest manifestations; but by the Lutheran Swedes, over whom he reigned, he was looked up to with as much veneration as though, in his own character, were combined the attributes of champion and deity. When, therefore, he died, and left as his successor in the kingdom a little girl, his subjects accepted her as their king, in the fullest conviction

that they had secured a part of himself that could not fail to sustain the credit and the glory which he had obtained for their country. Excessive pains were, therefore, taken by the Swedish magnates, who had the conduct of the government at his decease, to direct their juvenile sovereign in the way she should go. The best scholars and the soundest divines were selected to educate her in classical and religious knowledge, and they were so diligent, or their pupil was so apt, that she was shortly acknowledged to be a prodigy. As she grew up to womanhood, philosophers, poets, and statesmen rivalled each other in the extravagances of their panegyrics, even our own republican, Milton, becoming as eloquent a courtier as any of the circle of rival servants who sung her praises.

The young queen devoted herself to all kinds of study. Now to Lutheran divinity, under the zealous prelates of her Church; now to Hebrew scholarship, under a wonderfully learned rabbi; now to the other ancient languages, under the erudite Vossius; now to the new philosophy, under the unbelieving Des Cartes. She became a scholar, she became a philosopher, but there is no proof that her majesty ever became a Christian. The long sermons of the Lutheran ministers grew more and more tedious, and

their impatient listener grew more and more speculative in her ideas. She chafed, too, very much at the moral restraint exerted over her by the principal officers of her government. In brief, she had ascertained that there was a brighter and a much pleasanter world than Sweden, and longed to enjoy its gratifications.

In this state of her mind, Christina discovered that two Jesuits were easy of access, and she contrived to communicate with them without the fact becoming known to her Protestant friends. Succeeding in this, she had several secret interviews with them, in which she allowed it to appear, that though sovereign of a Lutheran country, her mind was quite unembarrassed by the religious prejudices of her people, and was open to conviction. The two Jesuits were well prepared with arguments, and so pressed her in controversies on their faith, that they easily persuaded her to send by them a confidential message to his Holiness. The reigning pontiff was Alexander VII., to whom the prospect of making a convert of a daughter of the brightest pillar of Protestantism in Europe—a lady, moreover, who was the queen of a country where the heresy of Luther was most rampant—was so agreeable, that he hesitated not in offering every persuasive inducement he could think of.

The fact was, the queen was like the English country gentleman immortalized in the well-known couplet,

Who hanged himself one morning for a change.

Sweden was too slow for her, and too proper. She had grown tired of being called the tenth Muse, and being considered a modern Queen of Sheba. She was weary of her sovereignty as well as of her sex, and, though offers were made her from a majority of the marrying princes in Europe, declared her determination not to be a wife. This was soon afterwards followed by an expression of her decision to give up Sweden. Finally, she abdicated in favor of her cousin, Charles Adolphus, and quitted the kingdom.

No sooner had Christina turned her back upon her country, than she did the same for her sex and her religion. She assumed a man's garb, and with it the manners of a gay cavalier. It was while in this costume—she was taking her ease

in her inn at Copenhagen—that a female domestic asked to see "Count Dohna," her traveling appellation. The interview was granted. The fair traveler soon perceived that her visitor was no maid-servant, and the latter as quickly became perfectly satisfied that the stranger was no count.

Mr. Woodhead might have made a very interesting chapter descriptive of this adventure of his heroine, for her visitor was the Queen of Denmark, whose curiosity having been excited by rumors respecting the stranger who had just arrived in her capital, had, in disguise, sought to ascertain from her own observation who he was. The two masqueraders were aware of each other's identity, but did not think it necessary to declare their true character. Having ventured on a slight passage of tongues, they separated. The count subsequently made love to a damsel who had been attracted by his handsome appearance, but it was merely a *plaisanterie*.

When Christina arrived in the Low Countries, she publicly renounced her Lutheranism, made confession of her errors, and received absolution from a distinguished ecclesiastic sent to her from the Pope for that purpose. Then she was suffered to proceed to Rome, where she was made as much of as so distinguished a convert ought to have been. The more solid temptations which had been held out to her eluded her possession. There is reason to believe that she had given up the crown of gloomy Sweden for that of sunny Naples; but when she reached Italy the brilliant prospect faded entirely from her view.

Disappointed, the queen with much difficulty raised funds for a trip to France, and for a short while astonished the Parisians by her masculine appearance and eccentric proceedings. The Frenchwomen ran eagerly to kiss her, suspecting her to be a man in disguise; but the nine days' wonder lasted its time, and the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. seemed satisfied that they had made a mistake. The queen-mother distrusted her, and when she ascertained that Christina was encouraging the young king to marry Cardinal Mazarin's niece, Anne of Austria was anxious to get rid of her.

The ex-queen returned to Rome, but the gaieties of Paris very shortly drew her back again. A repetition of her visit was

more than the court could endure, and on her journey the traveler received a command to stop at Fontainebleau.

It was during her residence in this palace that there occurred the terrible tragedy which has cast so dark a shadow upon her fame. It appears that the Marquis Monaldeschi, an Italian in her service, had in some disgraceful way betrayed his mistress's confidence. The ordinary account is, that he wrote letters boasting of having been the queen's lover, in which he ridiculed her person. Mr. Woodhead, we think, should not have satisfied himself with denouncing the culprit; for whether he had betrayed a secret in which the honor of his mistress only was concerned, or one in which the reputation of the pontiff was equally committed, does not affect the question of her right to have him put to death. By her orders he was killed, without waiting for the judgment of any tribunal; and though she may, as her biographer asserts, fancy that she had the power of punishing such an offender without trial, that power was disputed in her own time, and is not likely to be admitted in a less arbitrary age.

This act of vengeance excited a burst of indignation, not only in France, but in all Europe. Christina went to Rome; she tried to be admitted into England; she sought to regain her lost dominions in Sweden; she aspired to be the elected sovereign of Poland; but every where

the avenging Nemesis seemed to pursue her. Every country appeared to shrink from her nearer acquaintance. Oliver Cromwell prudently declined her overtures. The Swedes had passed through many severe trials since her abdication, but were ready to endure any thing rather than the rule of an apostate from their faith. The Poles preferred one of their own countrymen.

Christina, for the last time, returned to Rome. A new pontiff now wore the tiara, who treated her with special distinction; but even with him she continued to have what Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have called "a mighty pretty quarrel." Wherever she happened to be, she was rarely without some dispute. A power, however, was approaching with whom the irritability of her temperament had even less influence than it had exercised upon her regal or pontifical friends. Christina tried to find occupation in the patronage of the professors of literature and the fine arts, but her creditable labors closed on the 19th of April, 1689, when her eccentric career had lasted sixty-three years.

Of the strange incidents of her remarkable life, Mr. Woodhead has made a most readable narrative. As a first attempt at historical biography his work is entitled to creditable recognition. It will be found totally free from that ostentatious erudition with which the majority of writers on such subjects overload their pages.

C H R I S T O P H E R C O L U M B U S .

THIS great navigator and renowned discoverer of this Western Continent, has left a name and a fame which the world delight to honor. While his name and deeds fill many pages of history, and are familiar to multitudes, yet, so far as we know, accurate portraits of this great man are rarely to be found. The portrait at the head of this number of the *ECLECTIC* is the only one which we remember to have seen which claimed to be an accurate likeness. Having fortunately obtained it, we directed it to be engraved, as an em-

bellishment, and as a matter of interest to our readers. The great facts of his personal history and life are too well known to render necessary, any thing more, on these pages than a mere outline-sketch.

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, about the year 1435 or 1436. His father followed the trade of a woolcomber, and his ancestors had long occupied a like humble position. The name was Colombo in the Italian; the Latin form was given to it by himself at an early period, in his letters; and conceiving that

Colonus was the Roman original, he changed the name to Colon when he went into Spain, better to adapt the word to the Castilian tongue. With the exception of one year spent at Pavia, his education was conducted in his native city, and was confined to such studies as fitted him for the nautical profession, to which he showed an early bent. He went to sea at the age of fourteen, and though few of the events which marked his life for twenty years are known, it is certain that he was often engaged in perilous enterprises, both as commander and serving in a subordinate capacity. We find him at Lisbon in 1470, probably attracted by the fame of the discoveries on the African coast, and a desire to obtain employment under the Portuguese princes. He was now about thirty-five years of age, tall and well-formed, of dignified carriage, and engaging manners. Already his hair had become quite white, doubtless in consequence of the hardships and anxieties of his early days. About this time he married Felepé Mônís de Palestrello, daughter of an Italian gentleman deceased, who had been a navigator under Prince Henry, and had colonized, and been governor of the isle of Porto Santo. He now occupied himself in constructing maps and charts, contributing of his means to the support of his aged father at Genoa; he made several voyages to the coast of Africa, and resided for some time at Porto Santo, where his wife had a small property; and here his son Diego was born. He visited also the Canaries and Azores; and, eager to pass the bounds of existing knowledge, made a voyage in 1477 to the northwards of Iceland. Before this date, however, as early as 1474, he had conceived the design of reaching India by a westward course. Judging from the latest and best accounts, he gave by far too great an extension to the east of Asia, and on high authority took the size of a degree considerably below the truth, thus greatly under-estimating the earth's size. It followed that the Atlantic might easily be traversed. The scheme was a magnificent one; but it is difficult for us now, in the advanced state of our knowledge, to look at it in all its grandeur and boldness. He supported his views by the authority of Aristotle and other ancient writers, who had suggested that India might be reached by going west from the Pillars of Hercules; and by traditions and rumors concerning land to

the west, and objects seen floating in the Atlantic, or cast ashore by westerly winds. Copious memoranda of all the grounds of his persuasion were found among his papers. To reach India by sea was still the great problem of geography. Columbus offered to John II., of Portugal to solve it by sailing westwards; and would most probably have prevailed upon the king to send out an expedition, had it not been for the secret counterplotting of some of the council, whose duplicity, winked at by the monarch, so disgusted Columbus, that he took his departure for Spain. This was in 1484 or 1485; his only companion was his son Diego, then about eleven years old, his wife having died some time previously. Though entering Spain in great poverty, he soon made friends, and got an introduction to the king and queen. They hesitated to undertake so great an enterprise, and several councils reported unfavorably; still Columbus persevered in new applications, and for seven years was kept in a painful state of suspense. At length, after a last trial, in February, 1492, he left the residence of the court, and set out on his way to France. Two of his friends got an immediate interview with the queen—overcame her scruples—and Columbus was brought back. Isabella had offered to pledge her jewels, but the king was afterwards prevailed upon to furnish the greater part of the funds, Columbus himself undertaking an eighth, and getting the same part of the profits. He was to have one-tenth of all metals, gems, and merchandise, the office of admiral with descent of title, and to be vice roy and governor-general of the new lands. The articles of agreement were signed on the 17th of April, 1492. On Friday, 3d of August, 1492, the expedition sailed from Palos, near Moguer on the Tinto; it consisted of three small vessels, two without decks, and one hundred and twenty men, who had been procured with the utmost difficulty, owing to the general dread of the voyage. The celebrated brothers Pinzon commanded the two smaller vessels, of about fifty tons each, named the Pinta and Nina, the admiral the Santa Maria. The only difficulty encountered was the mutinous tendency of the crews, excited by their terrors. Columbus repressed these with extraordinary tact; he was, besides, a skillful sailor, and had helps which a few years before did not exist. The compass had been re-

ceiving more attention, and the astrolabe, on instrument like our sextant, had been lately introduced. Sitting on the high poop of his vessel, at ten o'clock on the night of the 11th of October, 1492, gazing earnestly ahead, Columbus plainly saw moving lights upon some land. Four hours of most exciting suspense followed. At two A. M., Rodrigo Triana, a sailor in the *Pinto*, which was a little in advance, saw the land itself. Dawn revealed a lovely island—Guanahani or San Salvador, one of the Bahamas. He afterwards discovered Cuba and Haiti; and deeming all these portions of Asia—a delusion under which he labored till his latest hour—he called the inhabitants Indians; a name which became general before the truth was known. The discovery produced an extraordinary sensation in Europe; and Columbus was received by the sovereigns, and in every part of Spain, with the highest honor. On September 25th, 1493, he sailed from Cadiz with a fleet of seventeen ships and one thousand five hundred men, and discovered the Windward Isles, Jamaica, Porto Rico, etc., and founded a colony in Hispaniola. Disappointed in their hopes of making rapid fortunes, many of the adventurers who went out with him became discontented, and returning home spread calumnies against the admiral. Leaving his brother Bartholomew governor, he returned home, was received with favor, and refuted all the charges preferred by his enemies. His third voyage, entered upon 30th of May, 1498, was rewarded by the discovery of Trinidad, the Orinoco, and the coast of Para. He found the new colony in a disorganized state, and remained some time to restore order. Complaints, however, still reached Spain, and a commissioner named Bobadilla was sent out to institute inquiries. He exceeded his powers, and sent Columbus home in irons, with his two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego. There was a general burst of indignation in Spain; the king disclaimed complicity, and the queen bestowed her usual favors. Bobadilla was recalled, but the admiral was not reinstated. This favor he long sought in vain, and till the day of his death he got no redress, though there was not the semblance of proof against him. Columbus had served the king's purpose, who now repented that he had bestowed such powers and privileges. The admiral was, however, sent upon a fourth voyage, 9th of

May, 1502, to search for a passage from the Caribbean Sea into what was supposed to be the great Indian Sea, from which Vasco de Gama had recently returned laden with the richest treasure. The voyage was disastrous; and the constitution of Columbus, on which the infirmities of age had already made inroads, never recovered from the shock which it sustained. In coasting central America, he got a hint, which if followed up might have led to the discovery of Mexico and the Pacific, and shed new luster on his declining years. He returned in the end of the year, 1504, and renewed his appeals to the justice and generosity of the king. While urging them in person, or by means of his son, brother, and other friends, he was seized with a violent attack of gout, and expired on the 20th of May, 1506, in full possession of his faculties, and in a very pious frame of mind.

He died at his own house, on the banks of the Esgueva in the city of Valladolid. While on a visit to Spain a few summers ago, we (editor of the *ECLECTIC*) went to Valladolid chiefly for the interest of seeing the spot where this great man finished his career. At first, we found some difficulty in finding it, till a gentleman of the city went and pointed out the exact locality. The Esgueva is a pleasant stream, and runs with a clear current past the front of the house, some forty feet from the door. His remains were deposited first in the convent of St. Francis, in Valladolid. Six years after, they were removed to the Carthusian Monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville, where a costly monument was raised over them by Ferdinand. In the year 1536, they were again removed to the Island of St. Domingo, and on the cession of that island to the French, in 1795, were taken to Cuba, where they rest in the Cathedral Church, at Havana. We wish they could be removed once more to sleep by the side of the remains of Washington.

The relics, and reminiscences of Columbus are still preserved with scrupulous care. In the Imperial Library of Seville, we were shown the identical charts, drawings, and calculations, which Columbus made with his own pen, to guide his vessels across the Atlantic in his first voyage of discovery. We saw also a manuscript volume of Columbus, in his own hand writing, which the late Washington Irving informed us a little before his death, that

he had discovered many years ago, while searching among the archives of Spain, and added his own annotations on the margin. The steel armor, and breast-plate, inlaid with gold, as well as the sword of

Columbus, were also shown to us. The private letters of Columbus to Queen Isabella, neatly and beautifully written with his own pen, and bound in volumes, are preserved as objects of peculiar interest.

From Chambers's Journal.

J E W E L S A N D G E M S .

Flowers of the inner Earth, that never fade,
But bloom unchanged for centuries unseen,
In radiance born of darkness, and yet made
To double daylight's sheen;

Mysterious children of Earth's hidden deeps,
Strangers to sun, and stars, and crystal
sphere—

Some wondrous secret life within you sleeps,
That hath no symbol here.

I see a quiv'ring strife within you waged,
A heart of light convulsed in chained control,

As though within the adamant were caged
A struggling new-born soul.

The Diamond, in its restless rainbow blaze,
With essence of th' unquiet Aurora filled;
The Ruby, in whose core of focused rays
The sunset is distilled;

The steadfast Emerald, with her planet-light,
Like Earth in summer sunshine all attired;

The Sapphire, shrine of truth, keen, pure, and
bright,
With Heaven's own light inspired;

The Carbuncle, in whose volcano-heart
Has Mother Earth instilled the fearful blood
That cries to Heaven for vengeance, till it start
To judgment in a flood;

Pearls, sad as frozen tears upon a shroud,
And pallid as the specter-moon by day;
The Opal, fraught, like tender morning-cloud,
With shifting tint and ray;

The golden gleaming Topaz, that hath caught
A struggling sunbeam in its heart of rock;
The Gem, whose tint from glacier-depths seems
brought,
The living spring to mock—

Has each a life peculiar and apart,
Long sealed in darkness in the rock, and first
Waked when the chisel on its blinded heart
Let Heaven's full radiance burst.

From Chambers's Journal.

PEAKS AND VALLEYS OF THE ANDES.

THE longest, if not the loftiest chain of mountains on the earth's surface, is that of the Cordillera of the Andes, stretching from south to north upwards of eight thousand miles. It commences in the Land of Fire, beyond the Strait of Magellan, and traversed by comparatively few breaks, runs along the western rim of the American continent, through Chili, through Peru, through the Strait of Central America, across the Isthmus of Darien, through Mexico, and dividing into two arms, extends, under the name of the Rocky Mountains, to the fifty-second parallel of north latitude. Here and there in this vast ridge, mighty pinnacles shoot up far beyond the regions of eternal snow, and in sharpness and elevation almost rival the peaks of the Himalaya. Language, with all its resources, is unable to do justice to the stupendous grandeur of these mountains which soar far above the clouds, and, unvisited by man or any other living creature save the condor, glitter amid the blue heavens in eternal solitude and serenity. In some parts of its course, the Cordillera is contracted into one narrow sierra, cleaving the atmosphere with its sharp teeth like a saw; elsewhere it separates into several chains, expanding east and west, and enclosing whole provinces in its embrace. Farther towards the north, it again heaps up its rocks into one giddy ridge, and hurling down countless streams from its sides, penetrates the boreal hemisphere, and only abates its magnificence on the confines of the British territory, where the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company chase the fur-bearing animals over plains glittering with snow.

Nature nowhere exhibits wilder freaks or more startling contrasts than in the Andes. Here and there, at irregular distances, we meet with transverse gaps on which the natives bestow the name of Quebradas, in some cases walled on both sides by perpendicular precipices, upwards of seven thousand feet in depth. Through

one of these quebradas, extending from ocean to ocean, rolls the sea, which forms the Strait of Magellan; and other quebradas are mere valleys, always, however, containing the streams which scooped them out of the bulk of the mountain, and still deepen their bed by gnawing, and bearing away incessantly to the ocean particles of the underlying rock. From a ledge overhanging one of these prodigious valleys in the neighborhood of Cuzco, you may enjoy a prospect scarcely to be equalled anywhere else on the globe. To the left rise the Andes into the clear blue sky; to the right, the mountains descend gradually in mighty terraces to the plain, which is laved in the extreme distance by the shining waters of the Pacific; the valley itself, black, and to appearance fathomless, yawns at your feet, making your head giddy as you gaze at it, till you behold a white fleck rising out of the gulf, and expanding as it mounts, till the condor's wings, almost twenty feet in spread, glitter before your eyes in the sun, as the proud bird wheels and soars fearlessly over the dizzy chasm, and then ascending above your head, penetrates the empyrean, beyond the reach of sight. Above and below this ledge, upon a zig-zag track running along the edge of the precipice, you often perceive strings of llamas and alpacas, heavily laden, and led or driven by aboriginal Indians, with red skins and shrunken figures.

In breaks and recesses of the rock you notice, as you pursue your upward way, ancient idols of the Peruvians reposing beneath neatly-carved stone canopies, or pretty chapels to Our Lady of Cuzco, who has found worshipers in these solitudes, which remind the traveler of those mountainous regions of Asia, where the Madonna became a mother. One of the most marvelous phenomena connected with the Andes is witnessed in Peru, the heat on whose low plains would be insufferable but for a dense canopy of clouds, which, like the awning of a mighty

Roman theater, extends all day, from the Cordillera to the Pacific, completely intercepting the rays of the sun, and rendering the air beneath it cool and pleasant. But for this extraordinary contrivance of nature, Lima and its vicinity would be altogether uninhabitable. As might have been expected, the strangest climatal contrasts are found in the Cordillera and its valleys, where, in the course of seven or eight hours, you may pass from districts scorched by tropical heat, through meadows sprinkled with vernal flowers, through orchards laden with autumnal fruit, to eminences enveloped in all the rigors of a Lapland winter. In performing this short journey, the traveler often experiences very strange and painful sensations, among which are those of the mountain malady, which in all its symptoms is identical with sea-sickness, the patient being completely prostrated, and undergoing all the pains and disturbances of the stomach which the unaccustomed voyager feels. Great rivers generally imply great mountains towards their sources. Thus, the Indus and the Brahmaputra take their rise from springs in the vast elevated table-land of Central Asia, lying north of the Kailas mountains; the Ganges rushes down from the southern face of the Himalaya; the Nile conceals its head amid the sinuosities of the backbone of Africa; while the Rio de la Plata, the Orinoco, and the Orolona, or River of the Amazons, owe their birth to the Cordillera of the Andes, whence their course to the sea measures between three and four thousand miles.

If a balloon could be made to pass over this prodigious chain, so as to enable the aerial voyager to study and note down the peculiarities of the outspread scene beneath, we may safely maintain that nothing more marvelous could be presented to the imagination. In glens and rocky chalcies the Andes hold up their pure and perennial waters to the heavens in diminutive tarns, tanks, and lakes, which, overflowing and splashing incessantly over crags and glaciers, unite as they flow into brooks, streamlets, and rivers, overshadowed by colossal vegetation, leaping in wild cataracts down precipices of unmeasured height, and then rolling forth through hollows into the open plain, where they irrigate and fertilize to rankness the face of a whole continent. Here where the cradles of those

strange empires, Mexico and Peru, which, blighted in their budding civilization, but embalmed in golden memories, still rank among the most extraordinary historical enigmas on record. Here fierce and sanguinary warriors from the Old World achieved deeds of heroism, and perpetrated crimes of unparalleled atrocity; and here the remnants of races, which neither physiologists nor philosophers comprehend, are still supposed to preserve, locked up in their breasts, traditions of the mighty nations from which they are descended.

Nothing can be more singular than the ethnological distribution of these fragments of races over the eastern and western slopes of the Cordillera, for the most part enslaved, but in some few cases independent, especially in those primeval forests which back and flank the empire of Brazil, and clothe the acclivities of the Andes with trees of gigantic growth. In these wildernesses roam the puma and the jaguar, the wild llama and the alpaca, and the huge and fiery bison, which, in other parts of the continent, congregated in armies of thousands, charges, so to speak, through the passes of the Cordillera, on its way from the levels of one ocean to the other, while man, in migratory hordes, follows in its track.

Very remarkable phenomena have been noticed in connection with the Andes. On Fremont's Peak, the highest pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains, the American travelers found a swarm of bees, while butterflies have been seen on the Andes of Peru considerably above the line of eternal snow. To account for these facts, naturalists imagine the insects to have been borne involuntarily to those heights by ascending currents of air, but such mechanical theories, instead of explaining the irregularities of nature, merely check investigation for the moment, but are soon found to be unsatisfactory by the mind. It is more philosophical to assume that both bees and butterflies were tempted by some sensations of pleasure to forsake the common level of the globe, and sport beyond the ordinary resorts of man. Perhaps, also, the glittering surface of the Pacific allured those frail insects which fell upon the deck of the ship in which the Prussian philosopher sailed from America.

Already we have alluded to the lofty flight of the condor, which may truly be

said to constitute the great living wonder of the Cordillera. For reasons hitherto undiscovered, this immense and powerful bird is never found beyond the equator toward the north, though southwards it extends its empire through clouds and storms to the Strait of Magellan. No exact estimate can be formed of the height to which the condor ascends into the air, but it unquestionably floats aloft far beyond the highest projections of the globe, where, according to generally received opinions, the act of breathing is impossible, at least to man. But such ideas are gradually giving way before the light of experience. Men have ascended in balloons full six miles above the level of the sea, and, when strong and robust, found their lungs very little affected. Again, in mountainous regions, English travelers have attained to elevations at which the air was previously supposed to be too subtle for respiration. We must, therefore, attribute to other causes the painful sensations felt by explorers in the Andes. At whatever conclusion we may arrive on this point with respect to man, it is certain that the condor finds it practicable to breathe miles above the apex of Chimborazo, since, to a keen-sighted observer, looking upwards from the level of perpetual snow, it has soared into the ether, till, after looking for a while like a dark speck, it has disappeared and been lost altogether in the blue of the firmament. If the condor could write, what glowing and brilliant descriptions might it not give of the landscapes spread out before it at such moments when the diameter of its horizon must have exceeded a thousand miles! How long it remains thus buried in the heavens must depend partly on its strength of wing, partly on its power of abstinence, which is so great that it is said, in captivity, to live forty days without food, though in a state of liberty its voraciousness is believed to exceed that of all other animals, not excepting even the vulture. In point of taste, also, it is anything but choice, preferring to fresh meat such carrion as is found to be in a state of extreme decomposition. Throughout the South-American states, from the equator to the utmost limits of Chili, the husbandmen carry on an internecine war with this bird, which preys eagerly on their flocks and their children, and is mercilessly shot or knocked on the head whenever an opportunity offers.

Were it not, however, for its greediness, the condor would seldom become the farmer's prey. It might pounce upon a young vicuña or llama, it might carry off a lamb or baby to its inaccessible eyrie in the Cordillera, without affording the marksman the chance of a shot, so swift is its wing, so sudden and instantaneous its sweep. But thoroughly enslaved by its appetite, it becomes, when there is a feast before it, less alive to consequences than an alderman. Scarcely looking to the right hand or the left, it tears and gorges as long as there is a square quarter of an inch in its stomach unfilled; and when it has dined, it is so heavy that it is utterly unable to mount till it has taken a pretty long run to gather air into its wings. Aware of its stupendous gluttony, the farmers kill an ox and surround the carcass with a small enclosure of lofty palisades. The condors soon scent the bait, and descend in flights into the trap, where they tug, and scream, and swallow, till they are judged to be in a state ripe for death or slavery. Having no space for their preliminary run, they cannot rise from between the palisades, and so they are either brained with clubs or caught by the lasso, and retained in captivity, though for what purpose is not stated, unless it be to afford their captors the pleasure of beholding them gaze at the peaks of the Cordillera in vain. An anecdote is told of a farmer in Peru, who paid a heavy penalty for his cruelty to the condor. The bird, having his wings clipped, remained sullenly about the house, now and then devouring a lamb or a kid. Gradually the old feathers moulted, and new ones came and grew, till the condor felt his strength return to him; and seizing upon a young child, the favorite of his father, swept round the farm-yard, and spreading forth its vast wings, spurned the ground, and soared aloft with its victim in sight of the whole family.

Properly speaking, the gaps or quebradas are not valleys, but deep clefts in the mountains or table-lands made by streams, which, eating away the rock where it is softest, make themselves a serpentine channel, and at first cover the whole bed from cliff to cliff. In some cases, the common road to the villages of the Upper Andes lies through these quebradas, whose bottom is completely covered with water. In other instances, the perpendicular sides of the gap beaten upon by rain-storms,

cracked and split by frost, or crumbled away by the sun's rays, present to the eye a mere sloping surface, occasionally covered with vegetation. In the course of ages, the torrents, running now on one side, now on the other, eat away the rocks, and widen the bottom of the quebrada, in which trees and plants soon spring up, fringe the banks of the streams, and by rendering them firm with their intertangled roots, confine the waters to a fixed channel. Man then steps in to profit by the arrangements of nature, and lays out these warm and lovely valleys in gardens, orchards, vineyards, and corn-fields; builds villages, spans the rivulets with bridges, and imparts to the whole scene an air of cultivation and beauty. At the distance of a few leagues up the mountains, nothing will grow but potatoes—even oats refusing to bear grain; while at the bottom of these gaps, not only do barley and wheat arrive at perfection, but even maize, which requires much greater warmth than wheat. In ascending from the vast plains or pampas which extend from the borders of the Atlantic to the Andes, you observe extraordinary changes in the character of the natural vegetation; trees of great elevation and immense bulk clothe the lower terraces, and are closely laced together by a net-work of creeping plants, which throw their flexible arms from bough to bough, and being covered with flowers of every variety of tint, impart to the woods the aspect of one huge garland, belting round the foot of the mountain. Gradually, as greater elevations are attained, the palms, the cedars, the oaks, and the other trees exhibit less gigantic dimensions, and diminishing perpetually in proportion to the greater altitude in which they are found, dwindle in the neighborhood of everlasting snow, to stunted bushes, which, in the hottest season of the year, only put forth a few half-withered leaves. Mosses, lichens, and a few hardy creeping plants, may be said to carry on the flag of vegetation a little further into the enemy's country; but at length the intense cold puts a stop to all growth, and there remains nothing but bare rock, which like an eternal framework, supports the snowy mantle of the Cordillera, and here and there throws up its sinuous folds into the azure empyrean.

The opinion, it is well known, prevails, that these enormous ridges, which are believed to attain, in some cases, the height of

twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea, are filled internally with costly metals and minerals—gold, silver, copper—which, sending forth exhalations through the overlying crust, affect and deteriorate the atmosphere. This may in part be inferred from the state in which we find the waters of the great lake of Titicaca in the province of Cuzco, which are brackish and bitter, like those of Lake Mæris in Africa. The prodigious masses, however, of metalliferous rocks, which appear to compose so large a portion of the Cordillera, will then only be worked when the institutions of the subjacent countries shall have given a proper development to civilization. At present, nature's mighty laboratory carries on its operations in vain, though, if properly turned to account, it might be found sufficiently extensive and prolific to flood the whole world with gold. Already it has been discovered that nearly all the extremities and spurs of the chain abound with the precious metals, and in some parts with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so that the imagination is fully justified in representing to itself exhaustless veins of gold and silver, endless nests of jewels, laid up under the eternal snows, to stimulate and reward the industry of future generations.

On many of the declivities of the Andes, forests are found so extensive that it takes a hardy and active traveler twelve or fifteen days to traverse them, and so destitute of inhabitants, that during all that time he perceives not a single hut or trace of human habitation. The track narrows in parts to the breadth of a single foot, and runs sometimes between perpendicular rocks, sometimes between matted and gigantic trees, at the foot of which the jaguar makes his lair, and serpents of prodigious length and thickness coil and swelter in the moist and poisonous heat. Nature left to herself, runs riot in deformity, producing multitudes of loathsome reptiles, alligators, tortoises, huge and bloated toads, spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and every kind of disgusting and repulsive insect. Among the various forms of life with which these noisome wildernesses are peopled, none is more remarkable than the voracious traveling ant, which reproduces on the American continent the startling phenomena displayed by the locusts in Western Asia. This ant is considerably larger than the common species, and exists in swarms so pro-

digions, that if it had been emboldened by nature to attack man, the whole of the countries in which it appears would have been uninhabitable. But it withholds its devastating force from the lords of creation, and precipitates itself in countless myriads upon the whole reptile world, upon serpents the most venomous, as the corales, the cascabeles, or serpents with two heads, the fejuquillos and others, and very soon leaves nothing on the earth but their blanched bones. Asiatic travelers on the great plains extending from those of Decapolis to Palmyra, have witnessed, with amazement and terror, the breaking in of the locusts from the desert. Advancing before the south wind in dense clouds, they blacken the whole earth, and unlike the American ants, spare neither man nor beast. Before them, in the language of the Arabs, the earth is green and lovely as paradise; behind them it is a howling wilderness, a skeleton stript of its integuments, bare and blanching in the sun. The hum they make is like that of a mighty army foraging at night. They lock together their shield-like wings, they swim the rivers, they devour the grass of the field, they climb the trees of the forest, and leave behind them nothing but the naked trunk and boughs; they enter towns and cities, and clear them of every thing eatable or living they contain. Nothing arrests their progress but fire, and therefore when their approach is discovered from a distance, a terrible conflagration is opposed to their advance—a column of flame runs suddenly along the frontier, and fed by green wood and plants, diffuses so acrid a smoke, that even the locusts shrink from encountering it, and turn back towards the desert.

In South America, the ants are looked upon by the inhabitants rather as allies and friends than as enemies. Naturalists persuade themselves that these little warriors discover by the smell those parts of

the continent in which venomous reptiles most abound, and pursue their march in that direction. No pains appear to have been bestowed upon the discovery of their breeding-places, which therefore, like those of the Arabian locusts, remain still to be explored. However, when they put their stupenduous columns in motion, the noise they make climbing trees, and passing over dried grass and withered leaves, is so great that it gives timely warning to the natives to escape from their houses. The serpents, scorpions, lizards, toads, likewise take the alarm, and endeavor to flee; but in vain, for the ants are nimble in their motions, and infallibly overtake them, whether they ascend into the loftiest trees, or dive for safety into the deepest cavities of rocks. No retreat suffices for their protection, no efforts or writhings of the huge serpents dismay the ants, which, falling upon their prey in millions, devour them alive. No sight can be more shocking than that of a vast cascabello enveloped by a cloud of ants; it rears its double head, it froths forth venom from its mouth, it lashes the ground, it glares fiercely with its blood-red eyes, it rears in agonizing undulations, it crushes the foe by myriads, but to no purpose; they dart into its open mouth, into its eyes; they sever its skin with their sharp teeth, and eat while it tosses and flounders about, till exhausted and subdued, it lies palpitating upon the earth, to have its bones picked clean in parts even before life is extinct.

When the ant enters a house, which it does in search of vermin, it penetrates into every crevice and corner, and only leaves it when it has been made much cleaner than by the broom of the most active housemaid. After the passage of these swarms, which the natives call *chacos*, the inhabitants are free from reptiles and vermin for several months, till heat and moisture once more quicken into life the seeds of the venomous creation.

From the London Times.

SOURCES OF THE NILE DISCOVERED.

"THE NILE IS SETTLED"—SPEKE AND GRANT'S DISCOVERIES—THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF AFRICA—A SUPERIOR NEGRO RACE DISCOVERED—ONE NATION WITH THE SPRIGHTLINESS, DRESS, AND HOUSES OF THE FRENCH IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA—SUDDEN TRANSITION OF THE DIALECTS OF THE SOUTH AND THE NORTH—TRIBES LIVING IN ABSOLUTE NUDITY—NEW DYNASTIES NEVER BEFORE HEARD OF—KINGS WITH FOUR THOUSAND WIVES—PTOLEMY'S MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON A MYTH—THE REGULAR PERIODICITY OF THE RISE OF THE NILE EXPLAINED—MOUNTAINS UNDER THE EQUATOR CAPPED WITH SNOW.

THE annual general meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held yesterday at Burlington House. Sir Roderick Murchison, the President of the society, was in the chair, and there was a numerous audience present, among whom were the Count de Paris, Lord Colchester, Mr. S. H. Walpole, M. P., Admiral Hall, Sir G. Back, Mr. Grant Duff, P. M., Admiral Bowles, Lady Franklin, Lady Young, Mr. Landsborough (the Australian explorer,) Mr. Kerr Lynch, and many other Fellows of the Society.

The President delivered the annual address. After touching upon the losses which the science of geography had sustained during the past year, Sir Roderick proceeded to give an admirable summary of the geographical discoveries and explorations carried on in different parts of the world during the past year. The portion of the address which was listened to with most attention was the narrative of the recent discovery of the sources of the Nile by Captain Speke and Captain Grant, compiled from their journals just received, and, as the solution of this great problem of geography has excited such universal interest, we give it in full. A large map of the regions explored, drawn from the maps sent home by the travelers, was displayed in the room, by the aid of which the audience were able to follow out the route taken by them in their progress on the expedition which has been crowned with such signal success. "A few weeks only," says Sir Roderick, "have elapsed since our hearts were oppressed with the apprehensions respecting the Eastern Africa expedition under

Speke and Grant, and by the rumored death of Consul Petherick, who was *en-route* to meet and aid those travelers. I could then scarcely venture to think of touching upon African exploration in my approaching anniversary address, so great were my fears respecting the enterprise to which, as geographers, we attached so much importance. Our last accounts from Speke and Grant made known to us their position at Kazeh, far to the south of the lake Victoria Nyanza, on the 30th of September, 1861. They had then, after great delays, just emerged from tribes at variance with each other, and had been deserted by many of their porters; while to complete our depression, a telegram from Alexandria announced that Petherick, after the loss of his stores, had perished in passing to the west of the White Nile. What then was our joy when, after a long and painful interval of suspense, a first telegram from Alexandria gave us the glorious news that Speke and party had reached Khartum; while a second, speedily following, conveyed from Speke to myself the pithy words, "The Nile is settled!" Then came the cheering intelligence that Petherick was not only alive, but had actually joined Speke and Grant at Gondokoro on the 20th of February last—(cheers,) and, lastly, we have since been furnished with the journal of the travelers, and a map of the region they explored, illustrated by the determination of many points of latitude and longitude in regions hitherto quite unknown. Whatever might be our recent forebodings respecting the success of the explorers from the east and south, who

had met with obstacles unknown to Burton and Speke in their former traverse of that central region, I never gave up the hope that, like many a previous African traveler supposed to be dead, Consul Petherick would be restored to life. Owing, however, to his disasters on the White Nile, and the loss of his stores, our envoy, Mr. Petherick—who had been liberally supplied with money by us with a view to succor Speke and Grant when they were endeavoring to get through a tract where we apprehended that their greatest difficulties would occur—could afford them no important assistance when he joined them at Gondokoro. This is the place, as you will recollect, to beyond which the Dutch ladies reached in their steamer, and had our travelers arrived there some weeks earlier they would, doubtless, have not only been well cared for by these adventurous ladies, but would have been so rapidly carried down by steam to Khartum that long before now we should have had them among us. Real and substantial succor had, however, before Petherick's arrival from his ivory station been brought to the expedition by that gallant, devoted and enterprising explorer, Mr. Samuel Baker, who, having heard of Petherick's disasters, had fitted out at his own cost a separate expedition, in which he was determined, if he could not relieve our explorers, at all events to try to follow the White Nile to its real sources. Mr. Baker—distinguished formerly by his exploits in Ceylon, and in the preceding season by his researches in the districts north of Abyssinia and by defining the position and peculiar hydrographical conditions of several affluents of the river Atbara, previously quite misapprehended by geographers—had made up his mind to pass the equator in his southward search after the missing travelers. Pursuing his rout to Gondokoro, he was the first to meet the long absent parties, and to supply them with money, provisions and boats. The cordial thanks of our council have naturally been voted to Mr. Samuel Baker for his noble conduct—(cheers,) and, as he has now gone off to the southwest in the hope of tracing the extent of the lake on the west, laid down by Speke in his map as the Luta Nzigi, intending to devote a year to this enterprise, we may confidently hope for a satisfactory solution of this collateral question as to a great feeder of the White Nile in

a higher latitude. Let it also be recollected that Mr. Baker is not merely a daring explorer, a good naturalist, and a first-rate sportsman, but is also a good geographer, having already made, as I learn from a letter addressed to his friend Admiral Murray, numerous astronomical observations to fix the positions of rivers and places. But whatever may be in store as to discoveries, let us, in the meantime, dwell with delight on the grand achievement of Speke and Grant, who, by traversing a region never previously approached by any civilized person, have solved the problem of ages, and have determined that the great fresh water lake Victoria Nyanza, whose southern watershed extends to nearly four degrees south of the equator, is the reservoir from which the sacred Bahred Abiad, or White Nile, mainly descends to Gondokoro, and thence by Khartum into Egypt. In tracing the outline of Speke's recent discoveries, I may shortly recapitulate the nature of the problem that was presented to him when he started on the expedition. His previous journey (at right angles to the route jointly traveled by Burton and himself to the Tanganika lake, and undertaken while Burton lay sick at Kazeh) led him into a land where the waters flowed northward, and finely to the shore of a fresh water sea called the Nyanza, of great reputed extent. The lake was bounded to the right by the country of the warlike Masai race, through which no traveler can now make way, and to the left, but at some distance north of where Speke then was, by an important kingdom called Uganda. Speke's furthest point lay, by astronomical observations, about four hundred and eighty geographical miles south of Gondokoro, the uppermost well known point on the White Nile, through the exploration of occasional travelers and ivory dealers, as Peney, De Bono and Miani, had reduced the distance between the nearest points then known to white men to four hundred miles. The assertions of traveled Arabs convinced Speke that the outlet of the lake lay far away in the north, and that it gave birth to the parent stream of the White Nile. His present journey was made to ascertain the truth of this previous information. Speke's main difficulty was presumed to lie in obtaining the good will of the powerful chief of Uganda, and of such other native poten-

tates as might otherwise block his way; but no great trouble was anticipated in reaching the lake district a second time. Our travelers started from the East African coast on the 1st of October, 1860; but the commencement of their journey was most inauspicious. Eastern Africa was parched with drought, and its tribes were mostly at war, partly owing to the disputed successions to chieftainships, and partly in consequence of famine. The result was that they only reached Kazeh after great delays and anxiety, and consequent illness. The next intelligence was dated September 30, 1861, near Kazeh, and told a more cheering tale. The travelers were again on the advance, with a sufficient attendance of porters and interpreters, and were hopeful of success. More than a year then ensued without a particle of news, when the joyful information before alluded to reached England by telegram. There is a short break in our knowledge of their proceedings in the meantime, for Speke sent a quire of papers from Zanzibar which never reached the society. The lost reports contain a consecutive narrative of the principal part of his journey between Kazeh and Gondokoro. They commence on January 1, 1862, and date from his departure from the capital of the kingdom called Karagwe, that abuts by one of its corners against the west shore of Nyanza, at its southern end. Here he seems to have made a most favorable impression on the intelligent King, who gave him a much needed introduction for his onward journey, franked his expenses and forwarded him with urgent and friendly recommendations to the powerful King of Uganda. Karagwe is a portion of a peculiarly interesting district. It occupies a shoulder of the eastern watershed of a territory 200 miles broad, and some 6000 feet above the sea level, that is studded with detached conical hills, one at least of which attains the height of 10,000 feet—the Montes Lunæ of Burton and Speke. Two sources of the Nile rise in this territory—namely, the chief feeder of the Nyanza lake, and that of another lake, the Luta Nzige; so also does the source of the Shire of Livingstone, if we may believe the reports now brought to us by Speke. It seems at length that the Tanganika lake is emptied, and not supplied, by a river at its southern end, and that this effluent feeds the Niassa lake, and through it, of course, the Shire.

The northern feeder of the Tanganika takes its rise in the land of which we have been speaking. It is evident, from a part of the present reports, that the missing papers would have enlarged on the fact that in Karagwe Speke found himself in contact with a superior negro race, strongly and favorably contrasting with the tribes he had previously seen, and, with the exception of Uganda, whither Speke now went, is inhabited by a similar race. Their country lies along the Nyanza, and occupies a full half of both its western and its northern shores. The parent stream of the Nile bounds Uganda on the east, as it issues from the middle of the northern boundary of the lake with a current one hundred and fifty yards in width, leaping over a fall of twelve feet in height. The Nyanza has numerous other outlets from the same shore, which all converge upon the Nile and feed it at various points of its course extending to a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the lake. Speke describes the people of Uganda as "the French" of these parts, from their sprightliness and good taste in behavior, dress and houses. Their ruler is absolute in his power; fortunately he showed great kindness and even affection for Speke. He knew well of the navigation of the White Nile by whites, and had occasionally received their bartered goods. He was exceedingly anxious for the establishment of a trading route to Gondokoro, but northern tribes blocked the way. Speke here found the north shore of the Nyanza to be almost coincident with the equator. He conceives the lake to have formerly extended further than at present. Its banks are intersected at frequent intervals by what he calls "rush drains," apparently small half-stagnant water courses, which drain that portion of the adjacent land, he believes to have been formerly flooded by the lake. The present size of the Nyanza is considerable; it is about one hundred and fifty miles in length and in breadth, but it appears to have no great depth. Speke further learnt that other lakes have a share in feeding the Nile. One of them lies immediately to the east, and is probably connected with Nyanza. It supplies the Asaa river, which runs into the Nile just above Gondokoro. The other is the Luta Nzige, to which we have already alluded, and which Mr. Baker is now engaged in examining. Captain Speke never saw it, but pictures it on

his map as being annexed to the Nile, which enters it, after making a great bend at the easternmost part of its northern shoulder, and reissues at the westernmost part of the same. This lake is one hundred and twenty miles northwest of the Nyanza. Speke was hospitably delayed five months as a sort of State prisoner at Uganda, for his movements were narrowly constrained; thence he was passed on to the next kingdom—that of Ungoro—still inhabited by the same peculiar Wahuma race, but by a far less advanced portion of them. North of Ungoro the South African family of languages, which had been universal thus far, suddenly ceased to be used, and the northern dialects took its place. Hitherto Speke had had no trouble about interpreters, for one single language was understood more or less by persons in every kingdom he passed through. Henceforth he could not get on in the least without Ungoro interpreters. The people, too, were far more barbarous. He then first saw people who lived in absolute nudity at Ungoro. There they adopted a scanty dress, out of deference to the customs of the place where they were strangers. Speke's troubles and the procrastination of the King Kaunasi, when he was getting to the end of his journey, were most annoying, the barbarian endeavoring to take from him his only remaining chronometer. He succeeded, however, in seeing the Nile for two degrees of latitude north of the great lake, or to latitude two degrees north. There the river makes its great bend to the west to pass through the Luta Nzige lake, and Speke was obliged to travel along the chord of the bend, a distance of seventy miles. He again struck the river at De Bono's ivory station, in latitude three degrees forty-five minutes, a few marches south of Gondokoro. There is an unexplained difference of level of 1000 feet in the river before and after the bend, and in this interval highly inclined rapids or falls must occur. A large body of Turks (ivory traders) were the only occupants of the station when Speke arrived, and they welcomed him cordially. After some days the camp broke up and marched to Gondokoro, Speke accompanying them. They compelled the Bari natives to contribute porters, and I am sorry to add that the narrative fully confirms the universal accounts of the inhuman treatment of the natives by these Turkish traders. Our traveler reached Gondokoro on the 15th

of February, and there met Mr. Baker. In his retrospect of the more civilized countries he had visited, or the three kingdoms of Karagwe, Uganda and Ungoro, Speke unhesitatingly gives the preference to the first named, inasmuch as the King Rumanika is described as a person of character and intelligence, Mtesa, the Sovereign of Uganda, being an amiable youth, surrounded by his wives and delighting in field sports, while one of the rules of his court seems to require the execution of one man per diem for the good of the state. The northernmost of these three kings, to the north of whose dominions the language changes entirely, is described as a morose, suspicious, churlish creature, yclept Kamrasi, whose chief occupation was the fattening of his wives and children till they could not stand, and in the practicing of witchcraft. Our travelers spent a whole year in getting through these three kingdoms, in no one of which had a white man ever been seen before, nor would our friends, in all probability, ever have escaped from their clutches had they not supplied their majesties with numerous presents, and that the kings had not eagerly desired to open a traffic with the whites. The question of the sources of the Nile has occupied geographers and travelers from the remotest periods of history; and when we come down to the period of the Romans, we learn from Seneca that Nero sent up two centurions to settle the question, but they returned without accomplishing what our two countrymen have effected. Lucan, indeed, in his *Pharsalia* makes Julius Caesar speak thus at the feast of Cleopatra:

*Sed cum tanta meo vivat sub pectore virtus
Tantus amor veri nihil est quod noscere malim
Quam Fluvii caussas per secula tanta latentes
Ignotumque caput; spes est mihi certa videndi
Niliacos fontes; Bellum civile relinquam.*

It is not therefore for us only as geographers to rejoice on this occasion, but our country should be proud of such a feat as has been accomplished by the two gallant officers of the Indian army; and I have no doubt that when the recitals of their toils and journeys are made known, as well as their graphic description of the interior negro kingdoms of whose names we never heard, they will be greeted with the same applause of the public as that which was so justly bestowed on my illustrious friend Livingstone, after he had

traversed Southern Africa. (Loud cheers.) Let us hope that Speke and Grant may reach these shores before the last day of meeting, on the 8th of June; but should this not occur, the council of the society have already authorized me to call a special meeting, in order that we may gratify the public, and do honor to ourselves, by having their precious discoveries communicated to the society by the authors in person. (Cheers.) In the meantime it is highly gratifying to know that our authorities at home have been prompt in offering to these distinguished men every requisite succor. Earl Russell, with the same alacrity as when he assisted Lieutenant (now Captain) Pim to traverse Siberia in search of Franklin, has transmitted a sum of money in aid to Alexandria. The Oriental and Peninsular Company have liberally granted a free passage to Aden or Bombay to the twenty-three black attendants of the explorers; for without such assistance the poor creatures could never have reached their homes near Zanzibar. Again, the Secretary and Council of India have, at our request, at once extended the leaves and pay of Captain Speke and Grant to the 1st of July, 1864, in order to free them from embarrassment, and enable them to publish full accounts of their researches. In communicating this circumstance, and in authorizing me to send the news by telegram to Alexandria, our associate, Mr. Marivale, thus writes: "I wish the telegraph could also conveniently carry the expression of our Indian satisfaction at the great achievement which these officers have performed, and our pride that we, the Indian service, have beaten Julius Cæsar." (Cheers.) I may here state, that the telegram I sent to Alexandria on Thursday was answered on Saturday by Mr. Saunders, her Majesty's Consul at Alexandria, in these pithy words: "Speke and Grant reached Thebes and Kineh. Telegram of leaves just received here." As therefore our travelers are now far below the cataracts, and in steamers of the Viceroy, we may very soon welcome them at home. When the full narrative of this expedition is laid before the society, you will then have before you a most graphic and in parts an amusing account of the customs and habits of various people of whom we never heard before, and the character and powers of kings, to traverse whose dominions re-

quired such a continual exertion of tact, vigilance and resolution as have proved the leader of the expedition to be as good a diplomatist as he is a gallant soldier. Looking at Speke only as a practical geographer, we of this society owe deep obligations to him. For he has determined by astronomical observations the latitude and longitude of all the important sites which he visited; and, in transmitting these to us, accompanied by a variety of meteorological data, has expressed a wish that these should, if possible, be calculated and compared by competent authorities before he reaches England, and before his map was published. On this point I am happy to say that Mr. Airey, the Astronomer Royal, has, with his well-known love of our science, undertaken the important task. When delayed in the interior Captain Speke occupied his leisure hours by writing a history of the Wahuma, otherwise Gallas or Abyssinians, particularly in reference to the portion of that nation that crossed the Nile, and founded the large kingdom Killaja, which is bounded on the south by the Lake Victoria Nyanza and the river Kitanguie Kagera, on the east by the Nile, and on the north by the small river lake Luta Nzige, and on the west by the kingdoms of Utumbi and Wkole. These names, as well as the kingdoms of Karagwe, Uganda and Ungoro, were only made known to geographers in Speke's first journey; while no historian has heretofore heard of the dynasties which Speke enumerates, among whose kings we read of Ware the Seventh and Rohinda the Sixth; one of the descendants of these sovereigns now possessing from three thousand to four thousand wives. Not wishing, however, to do more on this occasion than increase your desire to listen to this narrative at a future meeting, I must be permitted to read the very words of Speke, when at the end of the long pilgrimage of himself and companions, he fell in at Gondokoro, on the 15th of February last, with Mr. Samuel Baker, who was traveling onward to assist him. "The meeting," says he, "of two old friends suddenly approaching one another from the opposite hemispheres, without the slightest warning, can be better understood than described; we were intoxicated with joy, though my good friend had inwardly hoped till now to find us in some fix from which he might have re-

lieved us. Baker had one dahabiyek and two smaller vessels, stored with corn, which he at once placed at our disposal. He also lent me money to pay the way to Cairo, and finally supplied our dahabiyek with every little delicacy for our comfort. He was our savior, if not in the interior, at any rate on the Nile." Nor can I here omit to notice the paragraph in Speke's first letter to myself, in which he says, "I may safely say I never felt so rejoiced as when Petherick delivered to me your letter announcing to me that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded to me the Founder's medal. The determination of the reservoir from which the Nile flows will enable us to speculate with more accuracy than before on the regular periodicity of the rise of this stream in Egypt, and which is now generally attributed, not to the melting of the snows of the higher chain, but, in far the greater part, to the fall of the equatorial rains on the interior spongy upper basins, which, when supersaturated, must fill to overflowing the lakes into which the waters pass, the periodicity being determined by the passage of the sun over the equator. And here I cannot but observe that if there remain any person in the old fashioned erroneous belief that the interior of Africa is a mountainous sandy desert, from which the sources of the Nile are derived, the discoveries of Burton and Speke and Grant have as completely dispelled the illusion as respects the equatorial latitudes as the journey of Livingstone put an end to a similar false hypothesis in the south of this great continent. Modern discovery has indeed proved the truth of the hypothesis, which I ventured to suggest to you eleven years ago, that the true center of Africa is a great elevated watery basin, often abounding in rich lands, its large lakes being fed by numerous streams from adjacent ridges, and its waters escaping to the sea by fissures and depressions in the higher surrounding lands. It was at our anniversary of 1852, when many data that have since been accumulated were unknown to us, that, in my comparative view of Africa in primeval and modern times, I ventured to suggest that the interior of Africa would be found to be such an unequally elevated basin, occupied now, as it was in ancient geological periods, by fresh water lakes, the outflow of which would be to the east and to the west, through fissures in subtending ranges of

higher mountains near the coast. While this theory was clearly verified in Southern Africa by Livingstone in the escape of the Zambesi, as narrated by himself, and is well known to be true in the case of the Niger, so does it apply to the Nile, in as far as the great central lake, Victoria Nyanza, occupies a lofty plateau of 3500 feet above the sea. In this example, as the waters flow from a Southern watershed, and can not escape to the east or the west, there being no great transversal valleys in the flanking higher grounds, they necessarily issue from the northern end of the lake Victoria Nyanza, and, forming the White Nile, take advantage of a succession of depressions, through which they flow and cascade. The uppermost of these cascades, and close to the lake, has been named after my predecessor, Ripon Falls. Thenceforward, the White Nile, fed by other affluents as it flows to the south, has a descent of 2400 feet, when it reaches Khartum, which is 1100 feet above the sea. The general course of the Nile, from south to north, and its peculiarity as a stream, in having no affluent between the Atbara river and the sea, a distance of 1700 miles, has been illustrated by Sir Henry Holland. The phenomenon of its being confined to this northward course is due to the fact that the flanking higher grounds, ranging from south to north, do not afford, as in Southern Africa, lateral valleys which lead to the sea. The other generalizations which have been established by Speke and Grant, independently of the true source of the White Nile, are: 1. That the hypothetical chain of mountains which have been called the Mountains of the Moon, and which Ptolemy spoke of as traversing the equatorial regions of Africa from east to west, have no such range as theoretically inferred by Dr. Beke. According to our travelers, they are simply a separate interior cluster of hills, from which some small feeders of the lake Victoria Nyanza proceed. In fact, the "Montes Lunæ" of Burton and Speke occupy the higher part of the central watershed between North and South Africa. Now, as they supply the Victoria Nyanza, and, consequently, the Nile, with some water, they may possibly send contributions to the Congo, in the west, while to the south there seems now little doubt that their waters flowed into the lake Tanganyika of Burton and Speke, and thence into the Nyassa of Livingstone, as

had been, indeed, inferred, on what seems to me very sound reasons, by Mr. Francis Gallon. 2. That the inhabitants of the kingdoms of Karagwe and Uganda, in the central and equatorial parts of Africa, are much more civilized and advanced than the people who live to the north, on the banks of the Nile, between the lake Victoria Nyanza and Gondokoro, the latter being for the most part those naked barbarians, probably the anthropophagi of Herodotus, who have doubtless been the real impediments during all ages to explorations up the stream, or from north to south. 3. We learn than an acquaintance with the language of the natives on the east coast enabled the travelers to hold converse with many individuals in all the tribes and nations they passed through until they reached the above mentioned northern barbarians, whose language is quite distinct from any dialect of Southern Africa. 4. From the notes of Speke on the geological structure of the countries he passed through I infer there is no hope of any portion of those regions proving to be auriferous. I direct attention to this fact, since an erroneous notion has crept into the public mind, derived probably from the possibly gold-bearing character of some mountains extending southwards from Abyssinia, that a gold region existed near the sources of the Nile. In this address I cannot pretend to do justice to the many writers from the early days of Herodotus to the later period of Ptolemy, as well as to those modern authors who, referring to those ancient works, or obtaining information from natives, have assigned the origin of the Nile to lakes in the interior of Africa. In the fifteenth volume of our journal Mr. Cooley collated with ability all the knowledge to be obtained on this subject when he wrote (1845.) He speaks of two vast lakes—one three hundred leagues long; but their size and positions were very indefinitely assigned. Again, in the library of the Propaganda Fede, in Rome, there is an old missionary (?) map of Africa of the sixteenth century, in which two lakes are marked as being the sources of the Nile, and as lying south of the equator. Our attention was called to this old map by my friend General J. von Catignola, who took a small copy of it, and which is placed in the records of our society. Dr. Beke, in addition to his actual discoveries in Abyssinia, for which he obtained our gold medals, has

in our time, and from an original point of view, theoretically anticipated that the sources of the White Nile would be found near to where they are now fixed. But all the speculations of geographers as to the source of the Nile remained to be confirmed or set aside by actual observation. As to the Mountains of the Moon of Ptolemy it is still open to us to doubt whether that geographer had any sound basis for his statement; for, amid the mountains of tropical Africa, we may hesitate to apply that designation, with Burton and Speke to their central group north of Lake Tanganyika; or on the other hand, to agree with Dr. Beke in considering as such a north and south chain on the east, which, as he supposes, unites the lofty mountains of Kilimandjaro and Knesia with Abyssinia. Even these two views need not exhaust this prolific subject of theory, while they may serve geographers a good turn as useful stimulus to future explorers. In dwelling on the fact that all efforts to ascend the Nile to its source have failed, I must do justice to those geographers who have shown the way as to the desirableness of exploring the interior of Africa from the coast near Zanzibar and Mombas. First, we have to bear in mind the efforts of those enterprising German missionaries, Krapf, and Refman, who, advancing from Mombas to the foot of the great mountain Kilimandjaro, announced the startling phenomenon (Erhardt sustaining it with a rough sketch map) that these very lofty mountains, though under the equator, were capped by snow. The truth of this observation has since been completely realized by the actual surveys of Baron von der Decken and Mr. Richard Thornton, as well as by subsequent ascents by the former to the height of thirteen thousand feet. Next, our associate Colonel Sykes earnestly advocated the operating from Zanzibar as an excellent base for all geographical researchers in the adjacent continent. I must further state that as early as 1848, Dr. Beke projected an expedition to the Zanzibar coast, of which Dr. Bialoblotzky was to be the leader. As great prejudices then existed against these suggestions, though I warmly encouraged them in an anniversary address, on account of the supposed inevitable loss of life to any European who should sojourn there, the more we have to thank those of our associates who advocated a

line of research which has led first to the expedition of Burton and Speke, and eventually to the discovery of the source of the true White Nile. I may also say, with some pride, that from first to last the council of this society has vigorously sustained East African expeditions, whether in southern or northern latitudes, and I am well entitled to say that in the absence of our persistent representations to her Majesty's government, for whose support and countenance we are indeed deeply grateful, the discoveries of Livingstone, and of Burton and Speke, and the great recent discovery of Speke and Grant, which now occupies our thoughts, would not have been brought about in our day. (Cheers.)

In the remainder of his address the President referred to the explorations of Dr. Livingstone in Southern Africa, of Dr. Henshin in Abyssinia, of Von Beurmann in the neighborhood of Lake Tchad, and to the ascent of Kilimandjaro by Baron von der Decken, and to the departure of M. Jules Gerard and M. du Chaillu on new expeditions. In describing the recent explorations in Australia, Sir Roderick spoke in high terms of the valuable labors of Landsborough, McKinlay and Walker, who had dissipated the delusion that the interior of the continent was an arid waste, and had demonstrated that tropical Australia is admirably fitted for colonization by Europeans.

From Chambers's Journal.

AGAINST POSSESSING TWO TONGUES.

UPON a certain great occasion of international amity, whereon many speeches were delivered by Englishmen in what they imagined to be the language of their alien auditors, Mr. Bright, M. P., expressed himself in the vernacular, confessing and bewailing his inability to speak French. I admire this orator's modesty, but I do not sympathize with him in his regret. I prefer rather the sentiment of that national hero who publicly thanked the gods that he could compel his tongue to utter no language save that of his fatherland. Let there be a Universal Tongue, by all means, if the philologists will have it so. I have experienced great inconvenience when traveling abroad from the unfinished character of this great scheme of theirs myself, and I should vastly like to see it accomplished—only let them be particularly careful to select for their purpose *the English*.

My acquaintance is extensive, and I do not wish to increase it, but if there is a description of person that I am less desirous to know than another, it is one who is recommended to me as being "an ac-

complished linguist." I should have better hopes of social advantage from a "first-rate pugilist;" or even from a gentleman whose introduction was once promised to me by an intoxicated market-gardener upon a Citizen's bus, as "the grower of the werry finest 'ollocks in all Middlesex." What a man gains in words—in the facility of expressing himself—he generally loses in ideas, as witness the Popular Preacher, the Demagogue, and the "Cheap Jack;" and this is particularly the case when he acquires various tongues. Happy, indeed, is such a man if he possesses an idea apiece for them. The late Mr. Douglas Jerrold was annoyed upon one occasion by an individual who was airing nine languages at once before a distinguished company. "Nine, sir," observed this social scourge, this cat-o-nine-tails, "I can speak nine distinctly,* but my revered father, when alive, *he* could speak no less than fifteen. "Ah!" re-

* He could imitate five cats, sir, five distinct cats in a wheelbarrow, upon my sacred honor; now one can't help liking a fellow with such traits as those.—*Pickwick*.

marked Jerrold, "I knew a man who could speak five-and-twenty, and who never said anything worth hearing in any one of them."

The possession of a foreign tongue is doubtless useful to a man among the people who speak it, but among his own countrymen, it is no more advantageous, and scarcely less ornamental, than a second nose. Why, then, does he almost invariably flourish it in our faces, as though it were a fan with Rimmel's scent upon it? Why does he say *Adieu* (with a contortion) instead of "Good-bye?" Why does he call me his "*Bon ami*," when he knows I hate both him and it? Why does he utter *Je suis prêt*—why does he? instead of "I am ready." "*Toujours prêt*," replied a certain lady, who was always chattering bad French, to an individual who offered his arm to take her down to dinner—" *Toujours prêt* is my motto."

But that heroic man, whom I am proud to call my friend, responded sternly: "Then it *should* be "*Toujours prate*," madam." Let Social-science Associations boast themselves as much as they will, it is men like these who are our real reformers. "How agreeable," remarked the late Sir Cornwall Lewis after the miseries of an evening-party, "would this life be, were it not for its amusements; and especially if there was no such thing as 'a little music' in the world." And how charming, say I, might conversation be made, if all French phrases were rigorously excluded; and especially if there was no such thing as a Parisian accent. To be able to pronounce the ultimate syllable in a French word ending with *in*, such as Houdin, in a certain distressingly unnatural manner, appears to be the summit of earthly ambition with some persons; and when they fancy they have attained to it, they thenceforth look down upon the rest or their fellow-creatures, as from a moral and intellectual pedestal. The more contemptible an accomplishment is, the prouder folks generally are when they possess it; a little worthless knowledge puffing up beyond all measure, as is exemplified in the case of college dons, dealers in fancy-dogs, and turnpike-keepers; which last, when placed where two roads meet, can generally inform the wayfarer which to choose in the most disagreeable manner conceivable. And thus it is with your linguist. The moralist may remark disparagingly upon the Doubled-

tongued, but give me a hypocrite for a companion, say I, rather than any fellow who piques himself on his French, and interlards his conversation with phrases which he pretends can not be translated into English. This is indeed one of the most ludicrous affections ever acquiesced in by the ignorant; were these columns open to the full expression of an honest indignation, I could, *entre nous*, reader—that is to say, between you and me and the wall—give my own opinion on it, in very apt and forcible Saxon. As, indeed, the fashionable novel, with its meaningless Gallicisms, affords the lowest type of literature, so does the man with his talk slashed with French phrases present the feeblest form of conversation.

"Give me the mirth that scorns to trench
On the bright shallows of the French,
But fills the genial eye, and rolls
Its broad deep current to our souls."

Like the immortal Samuel, "I love talk," but I can't abide talking on tiptoe.

Of the man who makes jokes in a foreign language, in a company composed of his own fellow-countrymen, I say nothing, for even the English tongue, so admirably fitted for invective, affords no adjective strong enough to apply to such an offence. Most of us, however, have witnessed the enormity, and the degradation of our species that has followed upon it; the pretended appreciation of the males, who are for the most part utterly ignorant of what they are laughing at, and the pitiable irresolution of the females, who are afraid of compromising themselves by applauding something that may not be proper. How infinitely more would such an offender have contributed to the general enjoyment, had he stood on his head upon a ginger-beer bottle; or performed "the wheel" as it is enacted by what he would call the *gamins* of the street; or given some ingenious "imitation" of bird, or beast, or fish. Everybody would then have understood the entertainment; and even those who were above enjoying it, would have derived a satisfaction from considering how superior they themselves were to such a vulgar fellow. Whereas, from the unintelligible *jeu-de-mot*, nothing has flowed but hypocrisy and humiliation.

I was lately pursuing this subject, which is a favorite one with me, in a mixed company, among which there chanced to be

an ancient Peninsular veteran, who, as I afterwards discovered, spoke every European language to perfection. Instead of obstructing the progress of my Crusade, however, he joined my standard, and assisted me in demolishing a hateful serjeant-at-law, who had just returned from a six months' sojourn in Italy, to talk as familiarly of *Ben Trovato* and *Siesta* as though they were his brother and sister.

"But in foreign countries, at least," contended the serjeant, "you must allow that a knowledge of the language is indispensable."

"Quite the reverse, sir," returned the bluff old general. "It is better for your morality, your religion, and your good temper, never to understand what foreigners say."

"Nay, but in warfare, for instance," urged the cunning lawyer: "nobody can be more aware than so distinguished an officer as yourself that a mutual understanding between allies is to be desired above all things. When you were in Portugal"—

"Ay, when I was in Portugal," interrupted the general, rubbing his hands; "then, as you say, it made a great difference whether you knew Portuguese or not. I have known the life or death of more than one honest fellow turn upon that very circumstance."

"Exactly," replied the serjeant triumphantly, "you have known a man's life saved by his understanding Portuguese."

"Not quite that," responded the soldier; "but I have known a man's life saved by another man's *not* understanding it."

"Good," said I; "I can easily believe it; but I should like to know how it happened."

"Well," said the veteran; "you are probably aware that Lord Wellington's discipline in the Peninsula was excessively severe. If a man did but forage for his mess without respect to the market-value of the commodity he brought back to camp; or if he suffered his affections to be centered on a young person in a nunnery; or if he picked up anything in a church that he had a fancy to send home to his friends—and chanced to be discovered, the provost-marshal was sent for post-haste, and it was even betting whether the poor fellow in trouble was not hanged. Our chief was especially particular that the men conducted themselves with pro-

priety when billeted upon the inhabitants of the country, and a portable gallows was even constructed, the effect of which was to make us the most courteous army that ever occupied a foreign land. Two men of my company, and excellent soldiers, happened to be lodging with an old Portuguese vine-dresser, who, in addition to feeding them with omelees swimming in rancid oil, allowed them insufficient firing. My unfortunate fellows, therefore, pulled up his vine sticks, and made a good blaze for themselves, without saying *By your leave*, or *With your leave*. Whereupon, the old curmudgeon took the opportunity of the provost-marshal coming round to inquire whether there were any complaints, to set forth a piteous story of oppression and tyranny—more than three parts of which were doubtless lies. He held a bundle of the sticks in question with one hand, and appealed to Heaven with the other, as though he had been wronged in the most wicked manner conceivable; while I was standing by, expecting every moment that the two offenders would be taken out and hanged forthwith. Now, it so happened that the provost-marshal, although an excellent Spanish scholar, knew nothing of Portuguese; so he turned to me, and inquired what was the matter. "Pray, tell me, captain," cried he, "what this old idiot is clamoring for? What does he want? And what have these men of yours done? And why does he shake that bundle of vine-sticks in their faces, as though he were Jupiter Tonans?"

"Well, marshal," said I, "the fact is, he wants the poor fellows to sleep upon them. That is the only sort of bed he allows them, and because they murmur at such accommodation, he protests that he will get them punished, and, he hopes, even hanged."

"Blood-thirsty old scoundrel!" cried the marshal, addressing himself to the eloquent native; "hold your tongue, and don't attempt to get honest fellows into trouble. If I were they, I'm blessed if I wouldn't burn *all* your vine-sticks."

"And, with that, off he rode at a hand-gallop, leaving the vine-dresser still gesticulating, and my two poor fellows thankful enough to find themselves on their feet. Now, if that provost-marshal had understood Portuguese, they would have danced upon nothing."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LANDSCAPE OF ANCIENT ITALY,

AS DELINEATED IN THE POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.

"Und aber nach zweitausend Jahren
Kam ich desselbigen Wegs gefahren."

"Et puis nous irons voir, car décadence et deuil
Viennent toujours après la puissance et l'orgueil,
Nous irons voir . . ."

WE are so much accustomed to depend on the four great literary languages for the whole body of our information and amusement, that it occurs to few to consider that ignorance of other European dialects involves any inconvenience at all, except to those who have occasion to visit the countries in which they are spoken. Yet there is much of really valuable matter which sees the light only in the minor tongues, especially those of the industrious North, and with which the world has never been made familiar through translation. Joachim Frederic Schouw, the Danish botanist, is one of the writers of our day who has suffered most prejudicially both to his own fame and to the public from having employed only his native language. For his writings are not only valuable in a scientific point of view, but belong to the most popular order of scientific writing, and would assuredly have been general favorites, had not the bulk of them remained untranslated. His "Tableau du Climat de l'Italie" has, however, appeared in French, and is a standard work. A little collection of very brief and popular essays, entitled "The Earth, Plants, and Man," has been translated both into German and English. One of these, styled "The Plants of Pompeii," is founded on a rather novel idea. The paintings on the walls of the disinterred houses of that city contain (among other things) many landscape compositions. Sometimes these are accessory to historical representations. But they often merely portray the scenery of ordinary out-door life. The old decorators of the Pompeian chambers had indeed an evident taste for those tri-

vial tricks of theatrical deception, which are still very popular in Italy. Their verdure, sky, and so forth, seem often as if meant to impose on the spectator for a moment as realities; and are, therefore, executed in a "realistic" though sketchy style. "Consequently," says Schouw, "the observation of the plants which are represented in these paintings will give, as far as they go, the measure of those which were familiar to the ancient eye, and will help to show the identities and the differences between the vegetation of the Campanian plains a hundred years after Christ, and that which adorns them now."

We propose to follow the Professor through this confined but elegant little chapter of his investigations. But by restraining ourselves to this alone, we should be dealing with only part of a subject. In most regions, two thousand years have made considerable changes in the appearance of the vegetable covering of the earth; but in that land of volcanic influences in which Pompeii stood, great revolutions have taken place, during that time, in the structure of the ground itself. Sea and land have changed places; mountains have risen and sunk; the very outlines and main landmarks of the scene are other than what they were. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves gazing with Emperor Tiberius from his "spècular hight" on precipitous Capri, at that unequalled panorama of sea and land formed by the Gulf of Naples, as thence descried, and note in what respects the visible face of things has changed since he beheld it.

The central object in his view, as in

that of the modern observer, was Vesuvius, standing out a huge insulated mountain mass, unconformable with the other outlines of the landscape, and covered then, as now, with its broad mantle of dusky green. Then, as now, its volcanic soil was devoted to the cultivation of the vine. But in other respects its appearance was widely different. No slender, menacing column of smoke rose perpetually from its summit. Nor was it lurid, at night, with that red gleam of the slow river of fire.

"A cui riluce
Di Capri la marina
E di Napoli il porto e Mergellina."

It was an extinct volcano, and had been so for unknown ages. Nor did it exhibit its present characteristic cone, nor probably its double top; Vesuvius and Somma were most likely one; and the deep half-moon-shaped ravine of the Atrio del Cavallo, which now divides them, is thought to be a relic of the ancient crater. That crater was a huge amphitheatrical depression, several miles in circuit, filled with pasture-lands and tangled woods. Spartacus and his servile army had used it not long before as a natural fortress. But this feature was scarcely visible to the spectator at Capri, opposite the mountain, to whom the summit must have appeared as a broad flat-topped ridge, in shape and height very similar to the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope.

At the time in question, scarcely a few vague traditions remained to record the fact that the mountain had once "burnt." The fiery legends of Magna Grecia related to the country west of Naples, where volcanic action had been more recent: the Phlegrean fields, the Market-place of Vulcan (Solfatara,) the cone of Gnarime (Ischia,) through which the imprisoned Typhæus breathed flame, from whence he has been since transferred to Vesuvius, as a Genoese monk informed us when we and he first looked on that volcano together. Vesuvius awoke from his sleep of unknown length, as every one knows, in A.D. 79, when he celebrated his resumption of authority by that grand "extra night" of the 24th August, which has had no rival since, in the way of pyrotechnical entertainment, except on the distant shores of Iceland, the West Indies, and the Moluccas. His period of activity lasted nearly a thousand years. Then he relapsed into

lethargy for six hundred. In 1631, he had resumed (as old prints show,) something nearly resembling the form which we have attributed to him in classical times. His top, of great height, swollen up by the slow accumulation of burning matter, without a vent, was a level plateau, with a pit-like crater filled with a forest of secular oaks and ilexes: only a few "fumaroles," or smoke-holes, remained here and there to attest his real character. Even the legends of his conflagrations had become out of date. The old "Orearch" or mountain-spirit, Vesevus, is portrayed by the local poet Pontanus in the fifteenth century, as a rustic figure, with a bald head, hump back, and cincture of brushwood—all fiery attributes omitted. Even his terrible name was only known to the learned: the people called him the "Monte di Somma." The suburban features of a great luxurious city, convents, gardens, vineyards, hunting grounds, and parks of the nobility, had crept again up the sides of the mountain, until they almost mingled with the trees on the summit. The approaching hour was not without its premonitory signs, many and strange. The phenomena which Bulwer makes his witch of Vesuvius recount, by way of warning, to Arbaces, are very closely borrowed from contemporary narratives of the eruption of 1631. Nor were the omens of superstition wanting, accommodated to the altered feelings of the times. At the Plinian eruption, the people imagined that the old giants buried in the Phlegrean fields had risen again, and renewed their battle with the gods: "for many phantoms of them," says Dio Cassius, "were seen in the smoke, and a blast, as of trumpets, was heard." In 1631, carriages full of devils were seen to drive, and battalions of diabolical soldiers to gather in marching array along the precipitous flanks of the mountain. The footsteps of unearthly animals were tracked on the roads. "A peasant of the name of Giovanni Camillo" (so we are informed by the Jesuit Giulio Cesare Recupito, a contemporary,) "had passed Easter Eve at a farm-house of his own on the mountain. There, without having taken a mouthful of anything, he was overtaken by a profound slumber, from which awakening suddenly, he saw no longer before his eyes the likeness of the place where he had fallen asleep, but a new heaven, a new soil, and a new land-

scape; instead of a hill-side covered with wood, there appeared a wall crossing the road, and extending on each side for a great distance, with a very lofty gate. Astonished at this new scene, he went to the gate to inquire where he was. There he found a porter of the order of St. Francis, a young man in appearance. Many conjecture that this was St. Antony of Padua. The porter at first seemed to repulse him, but afterwards admitted him into the courtyard and guided him about. After a long circuit they arrived at a great range of buildings breathing fire from every window." In short, the poor peasant was conducted, after the fashion of such visions, through the mansions of hell and purgatory, where he saw, of course, many of his acquaintance variously tormented. "At last, on the following day, he was restored to himself and to Vesuvius; and was ordered to inform his countrymen that a great ruin was impending over them from that mountain; wherefore they should address their vows and prayers to God. On Easter Day, at noon, he came home, and was observed of many with his dress sprinkled with ashes, his face burnt black, as if escaped from a fire." This was two years before the eruption, and during the interval Camillo always told the same story; wherefore, after passing a long time for either mad or drunk, he was finally raised to the dignity of a prophet. At last on the night of the 15th December, the ancient volcano signalized his awakening by a feat of unrivalled grandeur. In forty-eight hours of terrific struggles, he blew away the whole cap of the mountain; so that, on the morning of the 18th, when the smoke at last subsided, the Neapolitans beheld their familiar summit a thousand feet lower than it had been before; while its southern face was seamed by seven distinct rivers of fire, slowly rolling at several points into the sea.

Since 1631, the frequency, if not the violence, of the eruption seems to have gradually increased, and Vesuvius is probably more "active" now, in local language, than at any former time in his annals, having made the fortunes of an infinity of guides and miscellaneous waiters on Providence within the last twelve years, besides burning a forest or two, and expelling the peasantry of some villages. But his performances on a grand scale seem for the present suspend-

ed. Frequent eruptions prevent that accumulation of matter which produces great ones. Indeed, the late Mr. Laing, whose "Notes of a Traveler" show him to have been that identical "sturdy Scotch Presbyterian Whig" who visited Oxford in company with Lockhart's Reginald Dalton, "reviling all things, despising all things, and puffing himself up with all things," deliberately pronounced the volcano a humbug, and believed the depth of its subterranean magazines to be extremely trifling. Still, the curious traveler, like that fabulous Englishman who visited the lion-tamer every night for the chance of seeing him devoured, cannot help looking with a certain eagerness for the occurrence of those two interesting catastrophes, of which the day and hour are written down in the book of the Fates—that combination of high tide, west wind, and land-flood, which is to drown St. Petersburg; that combination of south-east wind and first-class eruption which is to bury Naples in ashes. This finale seemed nearer in that recent eruption of December, 1860, which spent its fury on Torre del Greco, than perhaps on any former occasion; but once more the danger passed away.

To return, however, from this digression, which has nothing to excuse it except the interest which clings even to often-repeated stories respecting the popular old volcano. Other features in that wonderful panorama, seen from Capri, have undergone scarcely inferior changes since the time of Tiberius. Yonder rich tract of level land at the mouth of the Sarno, between Torre dell' Annunziata and Castellamare, did not exist. The sea has retreated from it. Tiberius saw, instead of it, a deep bay washing the walls of the compact little provincial city of Pompeii. But the neighboring port of Stabia is gone; not a vestige of its site remains. Above it to the right, Monte Sant' Angelo, and the limestone sierra of which it forms a part, remain, no doubt, unchanged by time. Only that marvellous range of Roman villas and gardens which lined its foot for leagues, almost rivalling the structures of the opposite Bay of Baia for magnificence, has disappeared, no one knows how or when. The diver off the coast of Sorrento can touch with his hand the long ranges of foundation work, brick and marble, which now lie many feet beneath the deep clear

water. It was a strange fit of shortlived magnificence, that which induced the grandest of millionaires, and chiefs of the Augustan age, to raise their palaces, all around the Gulf of Naples, on vaulted ranges of piles laid within the sea, so that its luxurious ripple should be heard under the rooms in which they lived. Niebuhr, who, with all his curious insight into the ways of antiquity, was not superior to the temptation of finding a new reason for every thing, asserts that they did so in order to escape the *malaria*. But that mysterious evil influence extended some way beyond the shore. The country craft will, to this day, keep as far as they can in the summer nights, off the coast of the Campagna, while the quiet land-breeze is wafting death from the interior. The real causes were, doubtless, what the writers of the time disclose. The land close to the shore was dear and scanty, and ill-accommodated for building, from its steepness. The first new-comer who set the fashion of turning sea into land, was imitated by others in the mere wantonness of wealth, until the whole shore became lined with palatial edifices, like the grand Canal of Venice; but not so durable. These classical structures, frequently delineated with more or less detail in the Pompeian frescoes, were as beautiful and as transitory as those of our dreams; or like the vision which Claud Lorraine transferred to canvas in the most poetical of landscapes, his "Enchanted Palace." Judging from the singular phenomena exhibited by the "Temple of Serapis,"* and by other topographical

records, geologists have concluded that land and sea, in this volcanic region, wax and wane in long successions of ages. Thus the sea rose (or rather the land sank) on the coast of the Bay of Naples for about eleven centuries previous to A.D. 1000; then the reverse movement took place until about A.D. 1500; and the land is now sinking again. If so, these marine palaces must have gradually subsided into the sea, and their owners may have been driven out by the invasion of cuttle-fish and sea-hedgehogs, and other monsters of the Mediterranean shallows, in their best bedrooms, even before Norman or Saracen incursions had reduced them to desolation. But whatever the cause of their disappearance, they had vanished before modern history began; nor has modern luxury in its most profuse mood, ever sought to reproduce them. Their submarine ruins remain as memorials of ages when men were at all events more daring and earnest in their extravagance, and the "lust of the eye and the pride of life" were deified on a grander scale, than at any other epoch of the world's history.

Naples herself, the "idle" and the "learned" (for the ancients called her somewhat inconsistently by both epithets, nor had she as yet acquired her more recent soubriquet of the "beautiful,") formed a far less conspicuous object in the view than now; it was a place of some twenty or thirty thousand souls, according to Niebuhr's conjectural estimate; confined between the modern mole on the one hand, and the Gate del Carmine on the other; and nestling close in the neighborhood of the sister city Herculaneum. The lofty line of the houses on the Chiaia—of which you may now almost count the windows in the top stories from the sea-level at Capri, through that pellucid atmosphere, while the lower stories are hidden by the earth's curvature—did not then exist. But instead of it there extended the endless terraces and colonnades, the cypress avenues and plane groves, of that range of fortress-palaces erected by Pollio and Lucullus, enlacing island, and beach, and ridge, even to the point of Posilippo with tracery of dazzling marble. Here, however, the mere natural changes have been small, except that an

* This famed Temple of Jupiter Serapis stands close to the shore in the harbor of Pozzuoli, or Putuoli, as it was when Paul landed there, six miles west of Naples. It is a marble temple in ruins. Some of the lower marble walls are still remaining. The water was about fourteen inches deep upon the marble floor, when we walked over it on a plank. Some of the marble columns about three feet in diameter were still standing. About six feet above the base of the columns began a series of holes, of the size of your little finger, which were made by a species of shell fish, called borers, extending up the column some six or eight feet higher. By the cooling of the volcanic fires ages ago, the land and shore along this part of the Bay of Naples, shrunk and the temple sunk down full sixteen feet lower than now, till the borer fishes in the progress of ages, bored these holes. Since then the volcanic fires kindled anew have swelled the land and lifted up those temples and all to its present position. It forms one of the most remarkable geological, vol-

canic facts and phenomena which we have ever seen.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

island or two (like that of the Castel dell' Uovo) has since been joined to the continent. But farther west, round the Bay of Baïæ, fire and water have dealt most fantastically with the scenery. Scarcely a prominent feature on which the Roman eye rested remains unchanged. Quiet little Nisida was a smoking semi-volcano. Yonder level dun-colored shore, from Pozzuoli to the Lucrine, was under water, and the waves dashed against a line of cliff now some miles inland. That crater-shaped Lake of Agnano, now the common resort of Neapolitan holiday-makers, did not exist; it must have been formed by some unrecorded convulsions of the dark ages. Yonder neatly truncated cone, rising five hundred feet above the plain, seems as permanent a feature in the landscape as any other of the "everlasting hills;" but it was the creation of a few days of violent eruption, only three centuries ago—as its name of Monte Nuovo still indicates—whether by "upheaval" or by "ejection," philosophers dispute. But the beautiful Lucrine Lake, the station of Roman fleets and the very central point of Roman luxury, disappeared in the same elemental commotion; leaving a narrow stagnant pool behind. Only yon slight dyke or barrier of beach, between this shrunken mere and the sea, deserves respect; for that has remained, strange to say, almost unaltered throughout. It is one of the very oldest legendary spots of earth; doubtless the very road along which Hercules dragged the oxen of Geryon; the very "narrow shore" on which Ulysses landed, in order to call up the melancholy shades of the dead. Farther inland, again, Avernus remains unchanged, in shape at least; but many and strange are the revolutions which it has undergone in other respects. We first hear of it as a dark pool, surrounded with forests; the bed, doubtless of an ancient crater filled with water, and retaining much of volcanic action; but not (as commonly supposed) fatal to the birds that flew over it. That notion is not classical; or rather it is founded on a misconception of classical authorities. The pool is not called by the best writers "lacus Avernus" but "lacus Avernus," the lake of the Avernus. What is an Avernus? Lucretius tells us that it is a spot where noxious gases escape from the earth, so that the birds which fly over it fall dead on the earth or

into the lake if there happens to be a lake below them.

"Si forte lacus substratus Averno est."

And Virgil's description, accurately construed, gives exactly the same meaning.

"Spelunca alta fuit
 tuta lacu nigro nemorum que
 tenebris.
 Quam super" (not quem super, over the cavern, not the lake)
 "haud ullæ poterant impunè volantes
 Tendere iter pennis
 Unde locum" (not lacum) "Graii dixerunt
 nomine Aornon."

It was the exhalations from the mysterious cavern* that were deadly, not those from the lake. Such an "Avernus" is the "Gueva Upas" or Valley of Death, in Java, to which condemned criminals were formerly sent to perish; whence the romance about the Upas Tree. And such an Avernus, on a small scale, still exists on the shore of the peaceful little Lake of Laach in Germany, also an extinct crater; there are spots on its beach where bird-corpses are to be found in numbers, killed by mephitic exhalations. But to return to our lake—it must at that time have lain at or (like some other extinct craters) below the level of the sea; for Augustus' great engineering operation consisted in letting the sea into the lake.

"Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernus."

Fifteen hundred years afterwards, and just before the Monte Nuovo eruption, the place was visited by that painful old topographer, Leandro Alberti, the Leland of Italy. The channel made by Augustus was then gone; but the lake was still on a level with the sea, for he asserts that in storms the sea broke into it; and the water, as he expressly affirms, was salt. Now, its level is several feet above that of the sea, and the water is fresh. The up-

* This mysterious cavern is found about seven miles west of Naples, close by the Lake of Avernus. We walked into it by torch light, some half a mile, till we reached the famed river Styx, across which we were ferried, not in Charon's boat, but on the back of a stalwart Italian, and returned in the same way, after a visit to the Sybil's Cave, which we found in the same spot as when Virgil described it, more than two thousand years ago—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

heaval must have been gradual and peaceful, for the outline of the lonely mere is as perfectly rounded now as the poet Lycophron described it; but a portion only of that bewildering succession of changes of which this coast has been the theater; the latest vibration of that vast commotion figured in the legendary war of the Giants. Nor is it quite so wild a conjecture as some have deemed it, that the tradition which peopled this bright coast with Cimmerians—then dwellers in the everlasting mist on the border-land between the dead and the living—had its origin in the tales of primeval navigators, who had visited the neighborhood during some mighty and prolonged eruption, covering sea and shore with a permanent darkness which “might be felt,” like the coast of Iceland in 1783, when for a whole summer continual eruptions arose from the sea as well as the land; when “the noxious

vapors that for many months infected the air, enveloped the whole island in a dense fog which obscured the sun, and was perceptible even in England and Holland.”

Still farther westward in our panoramic view, the confusion between past and present becomes even more undecipherable. Bais has disappeared; a stately city of pleasure, which, to judge by its remaining foundations, rose on a hill-side in terraces, something like its British counterpart Bath, but with its foot washed by the Mediterranean instead of the Avon; so has Misenum, with its naval station; and not only are these towns gone, but the land on which they stood seems so to have changed its shape, through earthquakes, marine encroachments, and the labor of men, that its very outlines are altered, until the eye rests at last on the peak of Ischia, which ends the semicircle.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, has just issued the third volume of the *Life and Letters of Washington Irving* in the uniform edition. It embraces a period of fifteen years, from 1832 to 1847, finding Irving at the age of forty-nine and leaving him sixty-four years old. The action of the book is carried on at home, and in England, France and Spain, and takes the subject of the memoir through the period of his official life as minister to the country last named. We have announced the work under the literary head.

A considerable portion of the volume is filled with the correspondence of Mr. Irving, woven together with judicious explanations by the editor. Among the most interesting parts of the work is the history of Irving's surrender to Prescott of the theme, “*The Conquest of Mexico*.” Some of the letters relating to this matter, together with the explanatory introduction, are as follows:

Mr. Irving was now busy upon the *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, and it was upon this theme that he was exercising that “*vein of literary occupation*” alluded to at the close of the foregoing

letter. He had not only commenced the work, but had made a rough draft to form the groundwork of the first volume, when he went to New-York to procure or consult some books on the subject. He was engaged in “*The City Library*,” as it is commonly designated, though its official style is “*The New-York Society Library*,” then temporarily in Chambers street, when he was accosted by Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the eminent scholar, afterwards so long and honorably connected with the Astor Library. It was from this gentleman that Mr. Irving first learned that Mr. Prescott, who had a few months before gained a proud name on both sides of the Atlantic by his history of Ferdinand and Isabella, now had the work in contemplation, upon which he had actually commenced. Cogswell first sounded him on the part of Mr. Prescott, to know what subject he was occupied upon, as he did not wish to come again across the same ground with him. Mr. Irving asked: “*Is Mr. Prescott engaged upon an American subject?*” “*He is,*” was the reply. “*What is it?*” “*Is it the Conquest of Mexico?*” Mr. Irving rap-

idly asked. "It is," answered Cogswell. "Well, then, said Mr. Irving, "I am engaged upon that subject, but tell Mr. Prescott I abandon it to him, and I am happy to have this opportunity of testifying my high esteem for his talents, and my sense of the very courteous manner in which he has spoken of myself and my writings in his *Ferdinand and Isabella*, though they interfered with a part of the subject of his history?"

In a subsequent conversation Mr. Irving learned from Mr. Cogswell that Mr. Prescott had not commenced the work, but had merely collected materials for it. He did not, however, revoke what he had said, but threw by his pen, and gave up the task on which he had been occupied during the autumn and winter.

It was not, however, without a pang that he surrendered so glorious a theme; and I think that on the same day in which he told me what I have related above, he mentioned to me that he had been looking over some papers in the morning, and had come across his commencement of the *Conquest of Mexico*; that he read over what he had written, and in a fit of vexation at having lost the magnificent theme, destroyed the manuscript.

With the preface I introduce the following correspondence between him and Mr. Prescott, alike honorable to both parties. The first letter is from Mr. Prescott:

"BOSTON, December 31, 1838.

"My Dear Sir—If you will allow one to address you so familiarly who has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, though he feels as if he had known you for a long time. Our friend Mr. Cogswell, who is here on a short visit, mentioned to me a conversation which he had with you respecting the design I had formed of giving an account of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. I hope you will excuse me if I tell you how the matter stands with me.

"Soon after I had dispatched their Catholic Highnesses, Ferdinand and Isabella, I found the want of my old companions in the long hours of an idle man's life; and as I looked around for something else, the history of Cortes and Pizarro struck me as the best subject, from its growing out of the period I had become familiar with, as well as from its relation to our own country. I found, too,

I had peculiar facilities for getting such books and manuscripts as I needed from Madrid, through the kindness of Mr. Calderon, whom you know. The only doubts on the subject I had were respecting your designs in the same way, since you had already written the adventures of the earlier discoverers. I thought of writing you, to learn from you your intentions; but I was afraid it would seem impertinent in a stranger to pry into your affairs. I made inquiries, however, of several of your friends, and could not learn that you had any purpose of occupying yourself with the subject. And as you had never made any public intimation of the sort, I believe, and several years had elapsed since your last publication of the kind, during which your attention had been directed in another channel, I concluded that you had abandoned the intention, if you had ever formed it. I therefore made up my mind to go on with it; and as I proposed to give a pretty thorough preliminary view of the state of civilization in Mexico and Peru previous to the Conquest, I determined to spare no pains or expense in collecting materials. I have remitted £300 to Madrid for the purchase and copying of books and MSS., and have also sent for Lord Kingsborough's and such other works relating to Mexico as I can get from London. I have also obtained letters to individuals in Mexico, for the purpose of collecting what may be of importance to me there. Some of the works from London have arrived, and the drafts from Madrid show that my orders are executing there. Such works as can be got here, in a pretty good collection in the College Library, I have already examined, and wait only for my books from Spain. This is the state of affairs, now that I have learned from Mr. C. that you had originally proposed to treat this same subject, and that you requested him to say to me that you should relinquish it in my favor. I can not sufficiently express to you my sense of your courtesy, which I can very well appreciate, as I know the mortification it would have occasioned me, if, contrary to my expectations, I had found you on the ground; for I am but a dull sailer from the embarrassments I labor under, and should have found but sorry gleanings in the field which you had once thoroughly burnt over, as they say in the West. I fear the public will not feel so well pleased as my-

self by this liberal conduct on your part, and am not sure that I should have a right, in their eyes, to avail myself of it. But I trust you will think differently, when I accept your proffered courtesy in the same cordial spirit in which it was given. It will be conferring a still further favor on me, if you will allow me occasionally, when I may find the want of it, to ask your advice in the progress of the work. There are few persons among us who have paid much attention to these studies, and no one, here or elsewhere, so familiar as yourself with the track of Spanish adventure in the New World, and so well qualified, certainly, to give advice to a comparatively new hand. Do not fear that this will expose you to a troublesome correspondent. I have never been addicted to much letter-writing, though, from the specimen before you, I am afraid you will think those I do write are somewhat of the longest.

"Believe me, dear sir, with great respect, your obliged and obedient servant.

"W. M. H. PRESCOTT.

"Washington Irving, Esq."

Mr. Irving responded as follows :

"NEW-YORK, January 18, 1839.

"My Dear Sir:—Your letter met with some delay in reaching me, and, since the receipt of it, I have been hovering between town and country, so as to have no quiet leisure for an earlier reply.

"I had always intended to write an account of the Conquest of Mexico, as a suite to my Columbus, but left Spain without making the requisite researches. The unsettled life I subsequently led for some years, and the interruptions to my literary plans by other occupations, made me defer the undertaking from year to year. Indeed, the more I considered the subject the more I became aware of the necessity of devoting to it great labor, patient research and watchful discrimination, to get at the truth and to dispel the magnificent mirage with which it is enveloped; for, unless this were done, a work, however well executed in point of literary merit, would be liable to be subverted and superseded by subsequent works founded on those documentary evidences that might (be) dug out of the chaotic archives of Spain. These considerations loomed into great obstacles in my mind, and, amid the hurry of other matters, de-

layed me in putting my hand to the enterprise. About three years since I made an attempt at it, and set one of my nephews to act as pioneer, and get together materials under my direction; but his own concerns called him elsewhere, and the matter was again postponed. Last autumn, after a fit of deep depression, feeling the want of something to arouse and exercise my mind, I again recurred to this subject, fearing that, if I waited to collect materials, I should never take hold of the theme; and, knowing my own temperament and habits of mind, I determined to dash into it at once, sketch out a narrative of the whole enterprise, using Solis, Herrera and Bernal Dias as my guide books, and, having thus acquainted myself with the whole ground, and kindled myself into a heat by exercise of drafting the story, to endeavor to strengthen, correct, enrich and authenticate my work by materials from every source within my reach. I accordingly set to work, and had made it my daily occupation for about three months, and sketched out the ground-work for the first volume, when I learned from Mr. Cogswell that you had undertaken the same enterprise. I at once felt how much more justice the subject would receive at your hands. Ever since I had been meddling with the theme its grandeur and magnificence had been growing upon me, and I had felt more and more doubtful whether I should be able to treat it conscientiously—that is to say, with the extensive research and thorough investigation which it merited. The history of Mexico prior to the discovery and conquest, and the actual state of its civilization at the time of the Spanish invasion, are questions in the highest degree curious and interesting, yet difficult to be ascertained clearly, from the false lights thrown upon them. Even the writings of Padre Sahagun perplex me as to the degree of faith to be placed in them. These themes are connected with the grand enigma that rests upon the primitive population and civilization of the American continents, and of which the singular monuments and remains scattered throughout the wilderness serve but as tantalizing indications. The manner in which you have executed your noble history of Ferdinand and Isabella gave me at once an assurance that you were the man to undertake this subject; your letter

shows that I was not wrong in the conviction, and that you have already set to work on the requisite preparations. In at once yielding up the theme to you, I feel that I am but doing my duty in leaving one of the most magnificent themes in American history to be treated by one who will build up from it an enduring monument in the literature of our country. I only hope that I may live to see your work executed, and to read in it an authentic account of that conquest, and a satisfactory discussion of the various questions connected with Mexico and the Mexicans, which, since my boyhood, have been full of romantic charm to me, but which, while they excited my imagination, have ever perplexed my judgment.

* * * * *

"I am scrawling this letter in great haste, as you will doubtless perceive, but beg you will take it as a proof of the sincere and very high respect and esteem with which I am your friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Wm. H. Prescott, Esq."

It was about five years after this correspondence that Mr. Irving, then in Madrid, received from Mr. Prescott a copy of his *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, in the preface to which he makes his public acknowledgments to him for his surrender of the subject. "I need not say," writes Mr. Irving to me, in noticing its receipt, "how much I am delighted with the work. It well sustains the high reputation acquired by the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*." Then adverting to the terms of Mr. Prescott's handsome acknowledgment in the preface, to which I had called his attention, he adds:

"I doubt whether Mr. Prescott was aware of the extent of the sacrifice I made. This was a favorite subject, which had delighted my imagination ever since I was a boy. I had brought home books from Spain to aid me in it, and looked upon it as the pendant to my Columbus. When I gave it up to him, I in a manner gave him up my bread, for I depended upon the profit of it to recruit my waning finances. I had no other subject at hand to supply its place. I was dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since. Had I accomplished that work my whole pecuniary situation would have been altered.

* * * When I made the sacrifice it

was not with a view to compliments or thanks, but from a warm and sudden impulse. I am not sorry for having made it. Mr. Prescott has justified the opinion I expressed at the time, that he would treat the subject with more close and ample research than I should probably do, and would produce a work more thoroughly worthy of the theme. He has produced a work that does honor to himself and his country, and I wish him the full enjoyment of his laurels.

"The plan I had intended to pursue was different from that which he has adopted. I should not have had any preliminary dissertation on the history, civilization, etc., of the natives, as I find such dissertations hurried over, if not skipped entirely, by a great class of readers, who are eager for narrative and action. I should have carried on the reader with the discoverers and conquerors, letting the newly-explored countries break upon him as it did upon them; describing objects, places, customs, as they awakened curiosity and interest, and required to be explained for the conduct of the story. The reader should first have an idea of the superior civilization of the people from the great buildings and temples of stone and lime that brightened along the coast, and 'shone like silver.' He should have had vague accounts of Mexico from the people on the seaboard; from the messengers of Montezuma. His interest concerning it should have increased as he went on, deriving ideas of its grandeur, power, riches, etc., from the Tlascalans, etc. Every step as he accompanied the conquerors on their march, would have been a step developing some striking fact, yet the distance would still have been full of magnificent mystery. He should next have seen Mexico from the mountains, far below him, shining with its vast edifices, its glassy lakes, its far-stretching causeways, its sunny plains, surrounded by snow-topped volcanoes. Still it would have been vague in its magnificence. At length he should have marched in with the conquerors, full of curiosity and wonder, on every side beholding objects of novelty, indicating a mighty people, distinct in manners, arts and civilization from all the races of the Old World. During the residence in the capital all these matters would have been fully described and explained in connection with the incidents of the story. In this way the reader, like the conquer-

ors, would have become gradually acquainted with Mexico and the Mexicans; and by the time the conquest was achieved he would have been familiar with the country, without having been detained by long dissertations, so repulsive to the more indolent class of readers.

"My intention, also, was to study the different characters of the *dramatis personæ*, so as to bring them out in strong relief, and to have kept them as much as possible in view throughout the work. It is surprising how quickly distinctive characteristics may be caught from a few incidental words in old documents, letters, etc., and how the development of them and the putting them in action gives life and reality to a narrative. Most of the traits that give individuality to Columbus, in my biography of him, were gathered from slightly-mentioned facts in his journals, letters, etc., which had remained almost unnoticed by former writers on the subject.

"However, I am running on into idle 'scribe scrabble' about a matter now passed away, and which I would not utter to any one but yourself, who are becoming in a manner my father confessor. My plan might have had an advantage in some respects; it might have thrown a more poetical interest over the work; but the plan of Mr. Prescott is superior in other respects; and I feel I never should have wrought out a work so 'worthy of all acceptance' as that which he has given to the public."

The letter from which I take this extract is dated Madrid, March 24th, 1844, and is marked (Private;) but, now that both are gone, I have felt at liberty to give this interesting portion of its contents.

In one of Irving's letters from France we have the following paragraph about

THE POET ROGERS:

"While I was in Paris, in driving out one day with my niece in the Champs Elysees, we nearly ran over my old friend Rogers. We stopped and took him in. He was in one of his yearly epicurean visits to Paris, to enjoy the Italian opera and other refined sources of pleasure. The hand of age begins to bow him down, but his intellect is clear as ever, and his talents and taste for society in full vigor. He breakfasted with us several times, and I have never known him more delightful. He would sit for two or three hours con-

tinually conversing and giving anecdotes of all the conspicuous persons who have figured within the last sixty years, with most of whom he has been on terms of intimacy. He has refined upon the art of telling a story until he has brought it to the most perfect simplicity, where there is not a word too much or too little, and where every word has its effect. His manner, too, is the most quiet, natural and unpretending that can be imagined. I was very much amused by an anecdote he gave us of little Queen Victoria and her nautical vagaries. Lord Aberdeen has had to attend her in her cruising, very much against his will, or, at least, against his stomach. You know he is one of the gravest and most laconic men in the world. The Queen one day undertook to reconcile him to his fate. 'I believe, my Lord,' said she, graciously, 'you are not often sea-sick.' 'Always, madam,' was the grave reply. 'But,' still more graciously, 'not *very* sea-sick.' With profounder gravity, 'VERY, madam!' Lord Aberdeen declares that if her Majesty persists in her cruising he will have to resign."

An amusing letter to his niece contains a few lines concerning the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon's sister-in-law:

A SPANISH WEDDING.

* * * "A grand wedding took place, shortly since, between the eldest son of the Duchess (the present Duke of Alba, about twenty-two years of age) and the daughter of the Countess of Montijo, another very rich grandee. The *corbeille*, or wedding presents of the bride, amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, all in finery. There were lace handkerchiefs worth a hundred or two hundred dollars, only to look at; and dresses, the very sight of which made several young ladies quite ill. The young Duchess is thought to be one of the happiest and best-dressed young ladies in the whole world. She is already quite hated in the *beau monde*."

These extracts will serve to show the value and interest of the volume, and awaken in the mind of the reader a desire to enjoy the perusal of the whole. We call to mind our last interview with Mr. Irving, a few months before his death, at his own home, when the conversation turned, among other topics, upon Spain and the Alhambra, which we had then more

recently visited. His eye kindled with fresh interest and animation, as we alluded to the rooms in the Alhambra which he

occupied so long, and whose scenes and surroundings he had immortalized with his pen.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES

GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES, AND OTHER PAPERS.

By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. Pages 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THE publishers have sent us this neat and rich volume, which they have appropriately dedicated to William Cullen Bryant. They have given to this book, which is full of the gems of thought, a sort of literary resurrection by bringing it before the public at this time. The book is rightly named. It is a book of good thoughts not only in bad times, but in all times. Its pages sparkle and glitter with beautiful thoughts and sentiments, with the variety and richness of a kaleidoscope. The author lived and wrote in stirring times, as a chaplain in the great civil war in England. He was born in 1608, and died in 1661. He possessed extraordinary abilities. He was one of the wisest and wittiest divines that ever ascended the pulpit. Coleridge ranked him next to Shakspeare. He possessed surprising memory, and among the galaxy of great men of the age in which he lived he was second to none. In this book of Mr. Fuller's there is very much of thought and sentiment which renders it appropriate to these days of wicked rebellion, and in this respect, as well as in others, the publishers have rendered a valuable service to the world of letters.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR, AND OTHER PAPERS. By

THEODORE WINTHROP, Author of "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," etc., etc. Pages 374. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

"Let me not waste in skirmishes my power,
In petty struggles. Rather in the hour
Of deadly conflict may I nobly die—
In my first battle perish gloriously."
From an unpublished Poem by T. Winthrop.

This volume is embellished with a portrait of the author and illustrated by a wood-cut. The contents are, "Life in the Open Air," "Love and Skates," "New-York Seventh Regiment," "Our March to Washington," "Washington as a Camp," "Fortress Monroe," "Brightly's Orphan—a Fragment," "The Heart of the Andes." The author wields a graceful and graphic pen. The book abounds with word-paintings and scenes which dance like living images before the eye of the attentive and delighted reader. The book must be read in order to be fully appreciated.

WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG; OR, Diseases of the Organs of the Chest, with their Home Treatment by the Movement Cure. By DIO LEWIS, M.D., Physician-in-Chief of the Boston Movement Cure for Consumptive Invalids. Profusely illustrated. Pages 360. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

"This book is worth its weight in gold," even at

the present high premium. Had this volume been written and published a half a century ago, and its precepts practiced, thousands of lungs had now felt the inspirations and vitalities of life which long ago have ceased their throbbings. For want of the proper treatment, these "harps of thousand strings," with all their curious mechanisms, become disordered and unstrung, just as, even now, thousands in our land, for this same want, are suffering the premonitions of coming disease and dissolution. Multitudes of the now living generation, in various walks in life, are suffering irreparable injuries to the vitalities of life for want of the proper and necessary physical training. And especially is this the case with a great multitude of the fair daughters of our land, both married and unmarried. The want of a proper physical education is inflicting manifold evils and dangers, feeble constitutions and premature decay and death, both upon mothers and their offspring. We will not venture to say what the book suggests. Let the multitudes of sickly children and the many beautiful young mothers now sleeping in their graves who, with proper exercise and physical training, might now have been alive in the bosoms of their families, teach the sad and affecting lesson. We commend this book to parents, and to all the educators and guardians of youth, and wish it a place in every family and in every female college and seminary in the land. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."—*Old saying.*

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING. By his Nephew, PIERRE M. IRVING. Vol. III. Embellished with a Bust, by Ball Hughes. New-York: G. W. Putnam, 441 Broadway. 1863.

THE reading public will welcome this new volume of the *Life and Letters* of the man whose name stands so high on the role of fame, and who has done so much to enrich the world of letters and the literature of his age. The works of Mr. Irving already enrich many libraries, both public and private, but every such library will need the addition of these life-letters, which were written in so many different places and positions that they photograph the real excellences of the man—more, perhaps, than his more elaborate writings. It is enough to announce this new volume.

A RICH BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.—A gentleman of New-Haven, of large views and generous deeds, recently ordered a complete set of the *Eclectic Magazine*, richly bound, in fifty-eight volumes, or sixty volumes at the end of 1863, as a birth-day present for his daughter, Mrs. B., a resident of C., one of the most beautiful cities in the West, in a charming mansion upon a street of rare attractions such as few

cities possess, in this land or any other. This birthday present, already gone to its destination, is so rich in the treasures of literature and art, and so appropriate to the design intended, and so gratifying to those concerned, that we can not restrain this brief allusion to the generous deed.

ENGLAND'S IRON-PLATED SHIPS.—An Admiralty return just issued gives a list of armor-clad ships just built or building in England. It comprises the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, of 40 guns and 6109 tons each; the *Caledonia*, *Ocean*, *Prince Consort*, and *Royal Oak*, all of 35 guns and above 4000 tons; the *Hector*, of 32 guns, and 4089 tons; the *Defence* and *Resistance*, each of 16 guns and above 3700 tons. These are all launched; so also are the floating batteries *Erebus*, *Terror*, *Thunderbolt*, *Etna*, *Glatton*, *Thunder*, and *Trusty*. There are twelve ships building—the *Minotaur*, of 37 guns and 6621 tons; the *Achilles*, of 30 guns and 6079 tons; the *Valiant*, of 32 guns and 4063 tons; the *Prince Albert*, of 5 guns 2529 tons; the *Royal Alfred* of 35 guns and 4045 tons; the *Zealous*, of 16 guns and 3715 tons; the *Royal Sovereign*, of 5 guns and 3963 tons; the *Research*, of 4 guns and 1253 tons; and the *Enterprise*, of 4 guns and 990 tons—all to be launched this year; also the *Agincourt*, of 37 guns and 6621 tons; the *Northumberland*, ditto; and the *Favorite*, of 8 guns and 2186 tons, to be launched next year. The *Prince Albert*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Favorite*, *Research*, and *Enterprise*, are built with turrets.

THE SACRED PIGEON.—In Russia also, the pigeon, as an emblem of the Holy Spirit, is held sacred, and never destroyed. At St. Petersburg a scene is thus drawn: "It was a beautiful evening; the Neva was in great repose, and reflected back the bridges and buildings which rest upon its banks; far away in the gray sky, a golden ball of great brilliancy seemed suspended over a ray of gold, pointed at top, widening as it descended, till its base was lost behind the buildings in the foreground. The effect was strikingly beautiful, if not deceptive; for it was not till we inquired of some friends who were dining with us what it was, that we discovered that it was the gold-covered spire of the garrison church, which is of great height, and perhaps the most delicately tapered spire we had ever seen; the trumpet-sounding angel, which rests so gracefully with one foot planted on the ball, did not catch the sun, and remaining in shade, assisted to deceive us; half an hour later the sun had moved west, and the effect had passed away."

THE GREAT MONOLITH AT ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Alexander column, the most remarkable monolith in St. Petersburg, is composed of Wiborg granite, or rapakivi, like the columns of the Izek Church, and was originally one hundred and two feet in length; it was subsequently reduced to eighty-four feet in length by fourteen in breadth, and stands upon a massive granite block or pedestal, almost cubical in form, and twenty-five feet in height. The recent failure of our own attempts in England to discover a large monolith, to erect in commemoration of the late Prince Consort's virtues gives additional interest to these Russian monoliths. The Russians appear to be the only people in modern times capable of imitating, in this respect, the ancient Egyptians; and they owe their superiority to a similar accidental natural advantage, namely, the

possession of the monolithic quarry of rapakivi, at Wiborg, in Finland. The magnificent Alexander monolith is surmounted by an angel, typifying religion, carrying an enormous cross, making the total height of the monument one hundred and fifty feet.

AN AMERICAN SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA.—An excellent substitute for tea grows in large quantities in Tioga county, Pennsylvania. It is said to resemble Chinese tea so much that merchants buy it to mix with the genuine. In Clinton county, Pennsylvania, the genuine article is claimed to grow in abundance and the citizens thereabout are jubilant at the prospect of becoming independent of the "pig-tails." One gentleman, who owns a farm on which the herb is indigenous, says that his attention was first called to it by a native Chinese, who declared it to be the genuine China tea-plant. The gentleman uses it on his table, and no one suspects it as not being the imported article.

LORD CLIVE'S DESCENDANTS IN A LAW-SUIT.—A curious case has just been decided in England by the House of Lords. The great Lord Clive established a charitable fund, which has since borne his name; but the deed by which he made a large grant for this purpose provided that, in the event of the East India Company ceasing to employ ships for their commerce, and a military force in the East Indies, the money should revert to his estate, subject only to existing pensions. The Company has now neither ships nor soldiers, and Sir J. B. Walsh, as the representative of Lord Clive, claimed the fund, which represents a large sum. The Secretary of State for India opposed this claim, and the Master of the Rolls disallowed it. But the decision of the court below has been reversed by the House of Lords, and Sir J. Walsh inherits the fund, subject, of course, to the pension granted before the passage of the act of 1858.

THE LAST OF A REGICIDE FAMILY.—The *Boston Transcript* says that Mr. Wm. Goff, who died in that city a few days since, was a lineal descendant of the famous William "Goffe," one of the judges who sentenced Charles I. to death. The regicide, with General Whalley, arrived at Boston in July, 1660, and the late Mr. Goff often expressed the opinion that he was the last male descendant of the noted ancestor whose name he bore.

THE NATIONAL CANAL CONVENTION.—In this Convention the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"The loyal States assembled in National Convention in Chicago, desirous of cementing closer the Union, for perpetuating our nationality for ever, of providing for the common defence and promoting the general welfare of our whole country, adopt the following resolutions:

"First—That we regard the construction and enlargement of the canals between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, with canals duly connecting the lakes, as of great military and commercial importance. We believe such enlargement or construction, with dimensions sufficient to pass gunboats from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan, and from the Atlantic to and from the Great Lakes, will furnish the cheapest and most expeditious means of protecting the Northern frontier, and at the same

time will promote the rapid development of the union of our whole country.

"Second—That these works are demanded alike by military prudence, political wisdom, and the necessities of commerce. Such works will be not only national but continental, and their accomplishment is required by every principle of sound political economy.

"Third—That such national highway between the Mississippi and the lakes, as far as practicable, should be free without tolls or restrictions, and we should deprecate the placing of this great thoroughfare in the hands of any private corporation or State. The work should be accomplished by the national credit, and as soon as the cost is reimbursed to the National Treasury should be free as the lakes to the commerce of the world."

ROLL OF THE YEARS.

THE years roll on, the years roll on;
The shadows now stretch o'er the lawn
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn—
The morn of the mortal life;
And dusky hours to me have come,
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,
And quenched the light, and ceased the hum,
With which my way was rife.

I now look backward on the path,
Whereon I've walked 'mid wrong and wrath;
I look and see how much it hath
Of bitterness to tell;
But life's hard lesson must be learned;
By goading care is wisdom earned—
Then upward let the eye be turned,
And all life's scenes are well!

On roll the years, the swift, still years;
And as they pass how feeling sears—
How drieth up the fount of tears—
Emotion's fires grow dim;
This pulse of life not long can last,
And as the years go hurrying past,
The blooms of life are earthward cast,
And withered heart and limb.

The years, the years sublimely roll,
Unfurling like a lettered scroll!
Look on, and garner in thy soul
The treasures of their lore;
It is God's writing there we see!
Oh! read with deep intensity!
Its truth shall with thy spirit be
When years shall roll no more.

BRAIN WORK.—No man after middle age, if he hopes to keep his mind clear, should think of working his brain after dinner, a season which should be given up to enjoyment. The immediate result of post prandial labor is always inferior to that produced by the vigorous brain of the morning. When mental labor has become a habit, however, we know how weak are words of warning to make a sufferer desist; and we are reminded of the answer made by Sir Walter Scott to his physicians, who in his last illness foresaw that his mind would break down unless he desisted from brain work: "As for bidding me not to work," said he, sadly, "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and then say, 'Now don't boil.'" It must not be supposed, however, that we wish to deprecate even

severe mental labor; on the contrary, a well-organized brain demands exercise, and like the blacksmith's arms, flourishes on it. We believe that pleasurable brain-work can be carried on to an almost limitless extent without injury. A poet in the full swing of his fancy, a philosopher working out some scheme for the benefit of humanity, refreshes rather than weakens his brain. It will be found that the great majority of those who have gained high honors in our universities have also distinguished themselves greatly in after life. It is the hard, thankless task-work which tears and frets the fine gray matter of the cerebrum. It is the strain and anxiety which accompanies the working out of great monetary transactions which produces that silent and terrible *ramollissement* which gradually saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE usual Monster Concert on the Common will be among the features of the Boston Fourth of July celebration, and the Eleventh Battery will fire their cannon for the bass drum, an experiment which has been successfully accomplished on one or two previous occasions.

WE have seen it announced that saw-dust saturated with coal-oil and spread under plum-trees, will destroy the curculio. The oil, and even the gas and vapor of this oil, is deadly to most insects, and the measure-worm, doubtless, can be exterminated by its agency.

BISHOP COLENSO FORMALLY ARRAIGNED.—The long and formal controversy created by the publication of Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch, has culminated in the official action of the Episcopal Convocation in London. A report, submitted by the committee of the Lower House of Convocation to whom the subject was referred, has been laid before the Upper House, and it is a sharp document, sparing neither the Bishop of Natal nor his book.

The Bishop of Salisbury said, that whatever might be the duty of their lordships on this occasion, it would not be denied that the productions of the Bishop of Natal had brought an almost unparalleled trial upon the Church of England, and argued that there would be great danger in the silence of the bishops.

The subject was then dropped for the time, but it is clear that the Bishop of Natal has seriously alarmed the British prelates, who scold him instead of making a formal refutation of his arguments.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—Many a harsh, unkind, and unjust remark would have been left unsaid had the speaker listened but for a single instant to the voice of reason. Ties which have stood the test of long years have, in one moment, been sundered—the warmest friendships have been broken—families have been separated and scattered—hearts have been crushed, and hopes destroyed, ere now, by one thoughtless expression.

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Disension between hearts that love!"

A sudden outburst of passion—one glance of a flashing eye—one little word—and, lo! the sunshine and happiness of a moment before is changed to gloomy anger and moody discontent.

THE BATTLE.

BY RUTH N. CROMWELL.

We find the following spirit-stirring lines in the *Evening Post*, from the pen of a lady of this city, which indicate much of the true poetic ring :

The battle was over, we had won it, they said ;
I heard the brief tale of the heroes who led,
Of the hosts who went in, of the few that came out,
Of the charge for the Union—the carnage and rout.
God pity the hearts that are cleft to the core
For the heroes who fell on Potomac's blue shore.

Alone by my casement, at the dead of the night,
Like a blast from the battle comes news of the fight ;
I heard not the shriek of the death-dooming gun,
I saw not the sabres that flashed in the sun ;
No tumult of glory lit up the dark plain
Whose furrows ran red with the blood of the slain.

Oh ! deaf was my ear to the whoop and the roar,
And blind was my eye to the trappings of war ;
I saw not the charger, decked out in his pride,
For the pale horse of death that stalked by his side ;
Oh ! peans of joy, hosanna and prayer,
Ye were lost in the dirges that burdened the air.

Ay, haught but the wail from mountain and strand,
That arose to the skies from the heart of the land :
O Columbia ! my country, proud land of my birth,
I have need to remember thy mission on earth ;
I have need to remember, heart weary and torn,
The flag that our fathers unfurled to the morn.

May the sheen of thy rifles die out in the glade,
With brother no longer 'gainst brother arrayed ;
May the swords of the children be sheathed to the hilt

On the plain where the blood of the martyrs was
spilt ;

May the Star-Spangled Banner, bright gleaming of
heaven,
Float over the hearts that no longer are riven.

Thou art traveling to-day, in anguish and woe—
The breast that should shield is the breast of thy foe,
While I gaze on thy hills, where naught should be
seen

But the low waving lines of they emerald green,
I have need to remember, all memories above,
That the God whom we worship chastiseth in love.

" PRESENCE OF MIND.—Moliere, the "Father of French Comedy," being in a delicate state of health, left Paris, and retired to his villa at Auteuil, to pass a short time. One day, Boileau, accompanied by Chapelle, Lulli, De Jonsac, and Nantouillet, came to visit him. Moliere could not join them on account of his illness, but he gave the keys of the house to Chapelle, and begged him to do the honors for him. Chapelle acquitted himself of his task in such a manner, that at supper not one of them was sober. They began to discuss the most serious matters, and at last, having impiously decided that the greatest good was never to have been born, and the next to die as soon afterwards as possible, they resolved, shocking as the proposition may sound, to go in a body and drown themselves in the Seine. In the meanwhile, Moliere, who had retired to his chamber, was informed of this state of affairs, and,

invalid as he was, he hastened to join the mad party. Seeing how far gone the all were, he did not attempt to reason them out of their determination, but demanded what he had done that they should think of destroying themselves without him.

"He is right," cried Chapelle, "we have been unjust towards him ; he shall be drowned with us."

"One moment, if you please, though," observed the dramatist. "This is the last act of our lives, and not to be undertaken rashly ; if we drown ourselves at this hour of the night, people will say we are drunk, and we shall lose all merit. Let us wait until the morning ; and then, in broad daylight and upon empty stomachs, we will throw ourselves in the river in the face of our fellow-creatures."

This was, after some demur, approved of, and the next morning, bad as the world was allowed to be, no one thought it bad enough to quit it.

Sir Thomas More also displayed great presence of mind. "It happened one day," says Aubrey "that a Mad Tom of Bedlam came up to Sir Thomas, as he was contemplating, according to his custom, on the leads of the gate-house of his palace at Chelsea, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, crying, 'Leap, Tom, leap !' The Chancellor was in his gown, and, besides, ancient and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him. 'Now,' said he, 'let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be.' So the dog was thrown over. 'Is not this fine sport,' said his lordship ; 'let us fetch him up and try it again.' As the madman was going down my lord fastened the door and called for help.

With this may be coupled the anecdote of the physician who, when the patients of a lunatic asylum found him on top of the building, and proposed as good sport to make him jump down to the bottom, saved his life by recommending as an improvement on the idea, that they should walk down stairs with him, and see him jump from the bottom of the building to the top.

A LARGE VAT.—There has lately been finished, at the vinegar works of Messrs. Hill, Evans & Co., in Worcester, a monster vat, which stands on a two-foot dwarf wall of nine bricks in thickness ; its height is 20 feet ; it is 102 feet in circumference, 23 feet in diameter, and in its construction 325 staves of Dantzic deal, each three inches thick, have been used. The staves are bound by twenty-three hoops of Staffordshire iron, 3½ inches wide and three eighths of an inch in thickness, and the vat will hold 114,643 gallons, or 3184½ barrels. The largest known vat next to this is said to be at the porter brewery of Messrs. Guinness, at Dublin, which holds about 80,000 gallons, so that the Worcester vat exceeds it by upwards of 35,000 gallons. The total weight of this mammoth, when full, is 570 tons. If circular tables were placed inside it while empty, one hundred persons might conveniently dine round them, a tolerably numerous school might assemble to tea within its walls. Standing near to it are two other vats, holding upwards of 80,000 gallons each ; and there are others of 70,000, 50,000, and so on down to 1700, and making altogether seventy-six. These monster vats have been built by Mr. James Oxley, of Frome, Somerset.

HEINRICH VON HESS.—German religious art has sustained a severe shock by the death of Heinrich Von Hess, on the twenty-ninth of March, at the age of sixty-five ; and Munich has lost in him the painter

with whom its artistic fame is almost inseparably connected. Next to the architectural attractions of the town, which are only the first as they are the first seen, the churches built by King Ludwig arouse the traveler's interest; and to Henry Von Hess the decoration of these churches is chiefly due. The frescoes in the Basilica of St. Boniface, and the Court Chapel, as well as the painted windows of the church in the Au, are mostly from his hand; and in naming these the most characteristic, as the most valuable, of their kind have been recorded. Probably no Englishman has visited Munich without carrying away a grateful recollection of that fresco in the Boniface church, in which the departure of the Saint from Netley Abbey is presented; and this picture, as well as others of the series, has been diffused over all England by means of engravings. Hess was born in Dusseldorf, in 1798, and came of an artistic family. King Ludwig made him Director of the Painted Glass Manufactory.—*Athenæum*.

ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined; or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements by the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

BOOKSELLERS AND AUTHORS.—The following anecdote is related of the late distinguished writer, Balzac: A bookseller who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise resolved to offer him 3000 francs for a novel, but on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would offer him but 2000 francs. On arriving at the house he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "Oh! in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer him but 1500 francs." But when he entered a poorly-furnished room, and saw a young man steeping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300 francs, and for this sum received the manuscript of what was afterwards considered a *chef-d'œuvre*—the *Dernière Fee*.

The Boston Society of Natural History has received, during the past year, with the balance from the year before, \$72,508. It is proposed to spend \$95,000 on its new building. The late Dr. R. D. Green contributed a library valued at \$30,000.

There are in the cotton factories of the Northern States 4,745,750 spindles. Of these, 3,252,000 were stopped June 1st, 1862; and 1,493,750 were in operation. In the following month, the number of spindles in operation was reduced to 1,200,000—about twenty-five per cent of the whole. The consumption of cotton in the last-named month was only 426 bales, of 450 pounds each per day, against a total capacity of 2666 such bales per day.

GLOOM NOT INTENDED.—If the world were intended for a house of mourning, every flower would be painted black; every bird would be a crow or black-

bird; the ocean would be one vast ink-pot—a black veil would be drawn over the face of heaven, and an everlasting string of crape hung around the borders of creation.

SOLVENT FOR SILK.—M. Persoz describes in *Comptes Rendus* his process for dissolving silk. He uses a concentrated solution of chloride of zinc, which has been boiled with an excess of the oxide of that metal until it does not discolor litmus. By means of Professor Graham's dialyser, the silk can be separated from the chloride of zinc, in the form of a colorless, inodorous solution, which gives on evaporation, a green-colored, brittle varnish. The chloride of zinc offers the means of separating the silk from mixed fabrics.

BLACK RAIN IN SOUTH-AMERICA.—(From the *Mercurio* of Valparaiso, December 17th, 1862.)—A strange phenomenon has been seen in one of the Argentine Provinces. The *Comercio del Parana* describes it as follows: "On the 12th inst., (December,) about seven A.M., it became so dark that in many houses in this city (San Juan) lamps had to be lighted; it soon began very slowly to clear up, but the day remained cloudy till about two P.M., accompanied by strong gusts of wind. During the night it rained black water. Some tubs that had remained out of doors were found next morning filled with muddy and very dirty water." A letter we have before us, says: Since the seventh of December it had been raining at intervals of half an hour. On the twelfth, tubs were found in the morning filled with black water, remainings of the rain we had last night. There are persons who assert that it has rained until eight this morning, and that the same rain stained the clothes that happened to have been left out of doors to dry. There is no doubt that on the twelfth of December, 1862, it rained black water. The people of the district were very much alarmed, and the female portion began to pray fervently."

FORCE OF WAVES.—*Cosmos*, speaking of the January storms, praises the admirable system of warning organized in England by Admiral Fitzroy, and then proceeds to mention some instances of the force exerted by the waves during the prevalence of the unusual wind. Blocks of stone weighing thirteen tons were hurled to a distance of more than thirty feet, and blocks of three tons to more than one hundred yards. The outer harbor of Fécamp was destroyed, and the mass of earth torn from the north side of Cape la Hève was estimated at more than 300,000 square yards.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—During the past quarter the sun has been very rich in spots, and many groups along the equator were seen at the beginning of March. A spot, seen on March 1st, to the western side of the sun, appeared of a spiral form; but two days later it did not seem to have shifted its direction, although it was considerably broken up and a quantity of luminous matter was mixed up with the penumbra and nucleus. Mr. Howlett questions the existence of the notch on the sun, photographed by Mr. Titterton (of Ely) on the morning of August 4th, which was doubtless seen by many at the Exhibition. He observed the sun three times on that occasion, and could still distinctly see its margin. It would seem that the eye on such occasions is more sensible than the collodion, Mr. Howlett being able throughout the day to perceive a brilliant streak of

photosphere between the spot and sun's limb, whilst the photograph makes the spot and sky run together, thus producing the notch. A similar occurrence took place on October 1st, the photograph showing a notch, and the telescope none.

ALUMINIUM.—This metal has risen suddenly to a position of great importance. Although isolated by Sir Humphrey Davy, and obtained in globules by Wöhler in 1845, it was not prepared in any quantity, until within the last few years, when Deville's improvements led to its being produced in considerable masses. Messrs. Bell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, now manufactures it largely by Deville's process, which essentially consists in the decomposition of dry chloride of aluminium by means of sodium. The metal was exhibited by this firm, and by Messrs. Morin & Co., of Nanterre, (Seine,) at the late International Exhibition, under the form of bars, wires, sheets, tubes, foil, castings, and forgings. It has been drawn into wire by M. Garepou, of Paris, and it is said to be from sixty to one hundred per cent cheaper than silver wire. It is exceedingly light, (its specific gravity being little more than 2.5;) thus, a sextant in brass will weigh 3 lb., which, if made of aluminium, weighs only 1 lb. 9 oz. Such a sextant, and also various other philosophical instruments of the same material, were exhibited by Messrs. Bell. They have recently produced a modification, which they term "whitened aluminium," in which the unpleasant zinc-like hue of the metal is obviated. They have also formed keys of aluminium, alloyed with two per cent of nickel, to increase its hardness. From aluminium wire and foil the lighter weights used for chemical purposes may be advantageously made, since, occupying something like seven times the space of those of platinum, they are more easily adjusted and handled, and less likely to be lost. MM. Collett, of Paris, have constructed a chemical balance, in which every part, down to the milled head by which the beam is released, is made of aluminium. It would appear, however, that this metal is destined to be more useful as a constituent of alloys, than in the unalloyed form.—*Popular Science Review*.

ALUMINIUM BRONZE is a beautiful alloy of copper and aluminium. Various articles made of it were shown in the International Exhibition; they attracted much attention, especially some watch-cases made by Messrs. Reid, of Newcastle, which so closely resembled gold as not to be distinguished from it by experienced persons. Aluminium bronze is made of three qualities—the first containing 10, the second 7½, and the third 5 per cent of aluminium, the rest being copper. These varieties are scarcely to be distinguished from gold, except by their specific gravity, which is scarcely half that of the precious metal. They tarnish much less readily than any metal usually employed for astronomical instruments, namely, gun-metal, brass, silver, cast-iron, or steel. In making the alloy extremely pure copper must be used. The best is that deposited by electricity, but that kind is very expensive; the next best is native copper from Lake Superior.—*P. S. Review*.

WALKING FISH.—An observer in Province Wellesley, passing along during a shower of rain over the wide sandy plain which bounds the sea in the neighborhood of Panaga, witnessed an overland migration of a fish much resembling the tench, called Ikaan Puya, from a chain of fresh-water lagoons lying

immediately within the sea beach, towards the second chain of lagoons about a hundred yards distant inland. The fish were in groups of from three to seven, and were pursuing their way in a direct line towards a second chain of lagoons at the rate of nearly a mile an hour. When disturbed, they turned round, and endeavored to make their way back to the lagoon they had left, but were caught by the Malay accompanying the observer. Upwards of twenty were taken during a walk of half a mile. The ground these fish were traversing was nearly level, and only scantily clothed with grass and creeping salsolacious plants, which offered very slight obstruction to their progress.

In Great Britain there are 336,000 persons actually engaged in mining operations, exclusive of those in quarries of all kinds. Of these 250,000 are coal miners. Probably not more than three hundred of the whole number are receiving any such course of instruction as is necessary to fit them for the labors for which they are destined.

BORING BY DIAMONDS.—Some time since it was suggested that black or rough diamonds might be employed for the perforation of hard rocks. This suggestion has been put into practice by a French engineer, M. Leschol. The instrument he uses is made out of a tube furnished with a circular cutter of rough diamonds.

CIRCULATION OF MODERN LITERATURE.—According to the *Bookseller*, the leading organ of the publishing trade of Great Britain, the press of this (that) country brought forth, during the last twelve months, from the commencement of December, 1861, to the end of November, 1862, no less than 4828 new books, including reprints and new editions. Of this number—to follow the classification adopted by the *Bookseller*—942 were religious works; 337 represented biography and history; 637 belonged to poetry and general literature; 925 were works of fiction; 216 annuals and serials. In book form: 61 were illustrative of art and architecture; 60 commercial; 278 pertaining to geography and travel; 283 law and parliamentary publications; 129 medical and surgical works; 243 oriental, classical, and philological books; 191 works on grammar and education; 81 naval, military, and engineering publications; 157 books on politics and questions of the day; 104 works on agriculture, horticulture, and field sports; and 148 books devoted to science and natural history. Consequently, religion stands at the head of English literature, and next to religion, fiction; while commerce is placed at the very bottom. The conclusion lies near, that either the great Napoleon has said something extremely stupid in calling us a nation of shopkeepers, or that we have very much altered since the days of the great Napoleon. It is not every nation in the world that publishes between two and three religious works and as many romances per day; not to speak of poetry at the rate of thirteen new volumes per week, with an extra quantity hidden in annuals and serials, in crimson cloth and gilt edges.

LOVE.—An insignificant word is Love; and yet of how many poems, books, stories, tragedies, and episodes in life has it formed the subject? The painter at his easel vainly endeavoring to transfer the semblance of the beauty that sits before him, looks into glittering eyes, and his heart is on fire

with Love; the poet, stealthily writes, in the ardor of the conflagration which consumes his heart, sonnets to his lady's eyebrow; the warrior, that his lady-love may smile upon him when again he comes within the range of *her* battery, hesitates not to face a more terrible but not more dangerous one in its work of destruction; the statesman battles in the senate hall that he may carry the triumphs of the victor to his entrancer's feet; and the historian, when in the course of his relation he touches the theme of themes, how his pen becomes inspired and how roundly glowing are his sentences. Love is a little word, but it expresses the controlling central passion of life; and it is, perhaps, well, after all, that its orthography is insignificant. Were it of many syllables, few maidens could be brought to pronounce it!

THE GOOD OLD WINTERS.—In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe—The Danube, the Elba, etc., were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, every thing was frozen, the crops entirely failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1184, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine-sacks were burst, and the trees split, by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1237, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1317, the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1308, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1422-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1568, the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1683 it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Conches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

A NEW INVENTION.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says, that a skillful engineer residing in Paris has invented a machine by which cotton rags of every description may be rendered fit for spinning. By this means rags, such as old sheets, shirts, and pocket handkerchiefs, worth not more than 20s. the 200lb. weight, can be converted into blue or red cotton equal to that imported from Egypt, which, though inferior to American cotton, brings a high price in the Havre market. It is expected that this invention will attract the attention of the cotton-spinners throughout France. One manufacturer of padding at Orleans, and a cotton-spinner at St. Denis, have already tried the new machine, and have found it to succeed perfectly. Other engineers have directed their attention to the subject, and it is not impossible that through the power of machinery, European manufactures may,

to a certain extent, become independent of America. This invention, which was unknown a few weeks since, is one of those which effect a revolution in industry and increase public wealth to an immense extent. When it is considered how many millions are expended in the purchase of raw cotton, and the short time the manufactured article lasts, any machine that can make worn-out cotton cloth available for fresh spinning, must render great service to the manufacturer.

RETRIBUTION.—What worse punishment could be the portion of any human being, than to bear about with him the hourly consciousness of having repaid trust with treachery, child-like confidence with betrayal, and of having worn to the eyes of innocence a life-mask, even though they be closed in death before the dreadful secret be discovered, which would have extinguished happiness, and poisoned peace for ever. Of the many who have and will suffer to the end of time through the unprincipled, none may suffer more than himself, to whom thought and silence are so intolerable, that oblivion must be purchased at any cost of present risk or future downfall. No wronged human being, how great soever the weight of sorrow and injustice he bears about with him, may, after all, suffer more than their diabolical inflictors.

A MADRID COURT BALL.—The Madrid journals of the 10th ult. say that the fancy-dress ball given by the Duchess of Fernan-Nunez, which took place on the previous evening, was a most magnificent affair. More than fifteen hundred persons of the highest rank were present. Their Majesties arrived at midnight. The Queen wore the costume of Queen Esther, and looked admirable; the King had the exact dress of Philippe V. The Duchess de Medina-Celi represented Queen Athalie of Racine. Amongst the other costumes were a great number of the Courts of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV. The wife of the French Ambassador was in the costume of the wife of Rubens; Mdle. Barrot represented a Hungarian; Mdle. Otway, Anne Boleyn, and Mdle. Lagrange wore the dress of Norma. The Count de Fuen Rubia appeared as Cromwell.

GREAT SALE OF SHORTHORNS.—Babraham achieved another triumph on Wednesday, when about half the late Mr. Jones Webb's herd of shorthorns were submitted to competition by Mr. Stafford and Mr. J. C. Jones, and realized upwards of £4000. Several of the cows made eighty, ninety, and one hundred guineas, and a few lots even more. The keenest competition of all was for Drawing-room Rose, a roan heifer, which fetched the heavy price of 225 guineas, the fortunate owner of that sum being Mr. Clarke Irving, from Australia. The bulls scarcely did so well perhaps as might have been expected, coming rather late in the day. Among those that realized high prices, we may notice Beauty, now ten years old, 100 guineas, and Red Rose, 160 guineas. The part of the herd sold comprised sixty two cows and twenty bulls. The eighty-two animals brought £55 15s. each, or a sum total of £4571 14s., an amount which must be considered highly satisfactory. Many of the animals were bought for Germany, France, some for our own home counties; several also will find their way to South Australia, and other distant colonies. The sale of the remainder of the herd is fixed for June 24th, when no doubt an equally good account will be rendered.



CHAUVERGNE & HILDEGARDIE.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Trans. by A. S. 1840.

